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MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," ETC.

AMERICAN EDITION REPRINTED ENTIRE FROM THE NINTH ENGLISH EDITION,
THE TWO VOLUMES COMPLETE IN ONE.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

F. D. HUNTINGTON, S. T. D.,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIAN BELIEVING AND LIVING," ETC.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

If it is a splendid service to men to make the way of duty look to them as the way of joy, to clothe the common drudgeries of obedience in garments of beauty, to render household routine sacred, and self-sacrifice attractive, then no ordinary honor belongs to these "Memorials of a Quiet Life." The saying of one of the noble persons whose characters form the chief value of the volumes, and whose pithy and pointed sentences are almost as wholesome examples in style as his manhood was in Christian magnanimity—"What we can do for God is little or nothing, but we must do our little nothings for His glory,"—which deserves to be placed along with George Herbert's encomium of holy sweeping, is one of the keys, found here and there on the pages, to the singular power of the impression which pervades the whole. There is a healing doctrine in it that would cure, if it could have free course, much of the fret and fever of our unquiet modern society. Very likely it would convert some of our infidelities, by sweetening their bitter springs. For there are two diseases that poison the people's peace, generating a chronic religious unbelief—the ambition of showy performances, and a forgetfulness of the divine

element and end in all strong and beautiful conduct. That element is always tranquil; and, accordingly, those lives where the Heavenly Presence is felt are always serene and steadfast. What needs to be demonstrated of the Christian Faith now seems to be not so much the credibility of its documentary evidence as the genuineness of its original quality; not so much its top-growth as its root; not so much its capacity of noise and distension as the blessedness of its patient, silent and yet intensely earnest waiting upon God. To be ardent without affectation, enthusiastic without inconstancy, vigorous without assumption, cheerful without irreverence, equal to all occasions without courting either applause or opposition, is the perfect type of piety. Thus far it appears to have been yielded nowhere in Christendom, in its purest and finest form, so often as in the Christian homes of England.

America need not be ashamed to acknowledge it. She will be wise if she learns from it. She will be foolish if she forfeits the highest charm of national and personal bearing by refusing, in a self-sufficient pride which is her peculiar temptation, to mould her temper and manner after that chaste model. English defects are obvious enough; but English household-religion is a very gracious thing, and we should do well to claim it as a part of our ancestral heritage. Sooner or later we must find out that gentle breeding, a child of Christianity, is a positive good, and that neither energy nor independence can

be a substitute for it in the true measurement of human greatness. We may go on multiplying enterprise and knowledge, making money and pushing discovery, but unless we crown these growths and gains with that supreme grace which is the fascination of the biography before us, we shall come to a discovery that will mortify us; namely, that eagerness and restlessness, hurry and clamor, are symptoms of vulgarity or of disorder; that even religion does not give the best peace unless its fountains are in secret and still places; and that "in quietness and confidence" is the abiding "strength" of the soul of man.

The special office of this work, therefore, is that it leads us into one of the most refined and cultured and lovely of those English homes; a home from which, as if by some wonderful breath from Heaven, almost everything that is not hallowed and generous seems to have been purged away; a home as much of prayer as of thought, of love as of learning, of spiritual humility as of intellectual superiority, where charities to the lowest of God's creatures flow from an unfailing spring, in an unstinted stream, and where all the amenities and dignities of a very fastidious training are lifted into the freedom and light of an atmosphere of tender devotion. Into this privileged circle every reader is permitted to enter at Hurstmonceaux, at Alton, at Hodnet. Unembarrassed by his own awkwardness, with no sense of intrusion—such is the benefit of books—he watches the moving figures; he hears the lof[illegible] witty and genial conversation; he catches, before

he is aware, the spirit of the scene. Those of our own friends who have actually been there assure us that the biographer does not paint any unreal features into the portraits, or over-color the picture. And so all who read are the better.

If we were to mention the one trait which more than all others marks the work itself, because it first marks the men and women whom it represents, we should call it moral healthiness. He is a great missionary to the modern world whose inner life has this complete health. In our age, and in the current literature, a book of characters where nothing is overdone or underdone, nothing is morbid, nothing is for effect, nothing one-sided or extravagant, in drawing or in tone, and yet all is fresh and bright, is surely worth a welcome. No sceptic, no worldling, no atheist pretending that there is no God because he has seen nominal Christians only pretending that there is one, can sneer at the argument for the Gospel and Faith and Church of Christ which shines in the mind and life of the principal personages that are here portrayed.

Those who are tired of tedious controversies about the sphere and work and education of woman will be drawn here, without disgust, towards some sound conclusions—not a syllable, however, being written on the subject,—because they will see womanhood at its best estate, witnessing the utter womanliness of it where its power is greatest and its ascendancy most undisputed. Preachers, no matter how well they preach, will be able to mend their

method by Augustus Hare's. And the lover of Letters will detect the hidden human sources from which the Guesses at Truth," the "Victory of Faith," and the "Mission of the Comforter," came out, on their errands of delight and cheer and inspiring help, not among scholars only but among all classes of English-speaking men.

It will materially assist the reader to know, at the outset, that Augustus, Julius, Marcus and Francis Hare were four brothers; that the writer of the "Memorials," A. J. C. Hare, is the son of Francis; that Maria Leycester was the wife of Augustus; Catherine Leycester the wife of the Bishop of Norwich, and mother of Dean Stanley; Lucy Stanley, the Dean's aunt, the wife of Marcus Hare, and Esther Maurice the wife of Julius.

The Author, Mr. A. J. C. Hare, has written another work, full of antiquarian and classical erudition, "Walks About Rome." But among all the trophies and tombs of that old civilization of a thousand years he has opened no treasures for the eyes of men like the simple living monuments, here placed before us, of that inward "victory of faith," overcoming the world, which is gained in every believing heart by communion with Him who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

F. D. HUNTINGTON.

PREFACE.

LONG ago, in the first months of her widowhood, these Memorials were begun by my dearest mother, as a Memoir of her husband, and of their common life at Alton. Many old friends of the family then gladly lent their assistance, and came forward with letters and journals which they offered for her use. But in her weak health she was unable to bear the strain of a work so full of conflicting excitements of pleasure and pain, and, after a long effort, she was reluctantly compelled to lay it aside.

Many years after, when, upon the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Julius Hare, the last link was broken with another portion of her sacred past, and when the remembrance of all that Hurstmonceaux Rectory had been, seemed likely to perish with the loving circle of those who had shared its joys and sorrows, my mother again took up the pen she had so long laid aside, and wished to continue her work as a Memorial of the Two Brothers, Augustus and Julius Hare, who were the authors of the "Guesses at Truth." But age

and infirmity were already pressing upon her, and she soon became unable to do more than arrange the materials in her hands, and add notes for my guidance as to the form and manner in which she wished them to be applied.

In the last two years of her life she yielded to my earnest wish, that—in carrying on her work if I survived her—I might make her who had been the sunshine of my own life the central figure in the picture. And she then consented to employ the short interval through which she was still spared to bless us, in writing down or dictating many fragments concerning those with whom her earlier life was passed, and who had long since joined the unseen "cloud of witnesses."

My mother had always tried to make the simple experience of her own quiet life as useful to others as it might be, and many who came to visit her had found in her gentle counsel that help and comfort which many books and much learning had failed to inspire. Her own heart was always so filled with thankfulness for the many mercies and blessings of her long life, so grateful to the Power which had upheld, guided, and comforted her, that she was ever filled with an earnest yearning to lead others to establish themselves on the same Rock; and whenever she felt that the story of God's dealings in her own life could lead others to a simpler faith and more entire trust in Him, she never allowed any self-seeking reticence to interfere with this instrumentality. "If I might only be a bridge upon which

any Christian might pass over the chasm of doubt and become altogether believing," was her constant feeling, and "Oh, that my past life, which has been so wonderfully blest by God, might be made useful for His service and lead others to more entire trust in Him." And in this feeling, when she was passing away from me, she permitted me, if I thought it could be made useful for others, to uplift the veil of her home life, and allow others to look in upon her private thoughts and meditations, and so endeavour to make them in some degree sharers in the blessing her dear life has been to me.

My mother's existence was so bound up with that of the immediate circle of her beloved ones, especially with that of her husband, her sister, her brother-in-law Julius, and her two sisters-in-law, Lucy and Esther Hare, that the story of her life becomes of necessity that of their lives also, and this I have tried to tell in no words of my own, but in such selections from their common letters and journals as may give the truest picture of what they were.

It has been rightly observed that no real interest can be derived from a memoir which tells less than "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and thus—while in collecting the fragments which remain from the lives of my loved and lost ones, I am chiefly urged by the desire of making others feel the influence of the sunshine of love which has lighted up my past life—I have striven to make my story no mere eulogy of those of whom I have written,

but to give such traits of their living, acting reality as shall present a true portrait to the reader's mind.

"They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

"I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

"O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love."

HOLMHURST, *August*, 1872.

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I.

CHILDHOOD.

"I begin
My story early—not misled, I trust,
By an infirmity of love for days
Disowned by memory—ere the breath of spring,
Planting my snowdrops among winter snows."
WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude.*

ABOUT a mile from the small town of Knutsford in Cheshire, an avenue of elm-trees leads to the pleasant old-fashioned house of Toft. No family but one have ever lived in that house. The family of De Toft claimed direct descent from Gunnora, Duchess of Normandy, grandmother of William the Conqueror, and the first De Toft who settled in England came over to this country with his royal cousin. In 1300, the property passed into the hands of the Leycesters, when its heiress, in the reign of Richard II., married Rafe Leycester, of Tabley, a younger brother of the family who then, as now, occupied the adjoining estate. Until late years the alliances of Cheshire gentry were almost always sought within the limits of "the good old county," and thus, in the time of Charles II., the owner of Toft again married into the family of his neighbour at Tabley, in the person of Eleanor, daughter of Sir Peter

Leycester, the historian, from whom therefore the families of Tabley and Toft are equally descended.

The "Hall" of Toft was built about 1600, on the site of an earlier manor-house, for the chapel of which the Pope had granted an indulgence in 1412. It consists of a central tower with a long, low wing on either side, once of red brick, but long since covered with stucco; and it looks, on one side across the richly wooded Cheshire plain to the rock which is crowned by Beeston Castle, and on the other upon a low-lying park, studded with fine trees, and upon a large pool into which the family threw their wine at the time of the rising of the Stuarts,* and whence it was fished up, not much improved, a hundred years after.

Rafe Leycester of Toft, whose widow was still living in the old family house at the time this story opens, had been the father of thirteen children of very different ages; several of these had died in childhood, others were dispersed by marriage or other causes; but the youngest, Oswald, at that time Vicar of Knutsford, was established at Toft with his mother and his eldest brother George, who was unmarried; and then, and long after, Toft was the centre and rallying-point of the whole family, and beloved and looked upon as one of the dearest and pleasantest of homes to the circle of relations and friends to whom it was ever open. Its very name as well as look cheered the heart and spoke of love and unity. An aged member of the family used to say that she always thought of this family home in reading that verse in Acts iv., "Neither said any of them that

* The family plate and the maids' hoops were at the same time buried under the mangers.

aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." It was such a spirit as this which was long manifested in the domestic circle at Toft—what was for the good and enjoyment of one, was also for the others; for all, *meum* and *tuum* was *tuum* and *meum* also.

Oswald Leycester had married Miss Mary Johnson, of Timperley; and at Toft, in the family home of many generations, his four children were born: Catherine, April 15, 1791; Edward, Sept. 16, 1794; Charles, March 10, 1796; and Maria, Nov. 22, 1798.

Among the notes which my mother has left concerning her childhood are the following:—

"When I (Maria Leycester) was born, my grandmother Leycester was still living, and the earliest record of my existence was a quaint Cheshire saying of hers on first seeing the new-born babe—'Well, she is hearty fow (very ugly), to be sure.' She died in the following February, at the age of ninety.

"My uncle George, with whom we lived, loved to play with me, and used to put me on the chimney-piece, and then laughed at my terror. When my nurse Sally was ordered to take me away, because I cried at the sight of visitors, he would say, 'Let them see her cry, for they have seen her laugh often enough;' and his question of 'why are your eyes so dirty, Maria?' was one which I fully believed to be founded on fact, and not on the brown colour of my eyes.

"The earliest recollections of my childhood centre around my mother and my nurse Sally. 'The days of my years are now threescore and ten,' but I remember them both perfectly. I have been told that in her earlier days my mother was very pretty, with a very delicate colour in

her cheeks. My recollection of her is as very pale, with light blue eyes, rather a long upper lip, and brown curls in 'a front'—as her own hair was shorn close, and she wore a turban of white muslin, and a clear white muslin handkerchief in folds under her gown. She taught me in all my lessons except French, but her weak health and bad headaches often prevented her hearing me, and many a time I had to stand outside her door waiting till I could be heard, which fretted me a good deal. When the lessons went ill, I was sentenced to sit on the staircase till I was good, and the task perfect. I imagine that though my mother was most gentle, she was firm in her management of me. In after years, her successor, Mrs. Oswald Leycester, used to say that when she had suggested my doing something because it would be *pleasant*, my mother appealed to me, 'I think my little girl has a better motive for it; what is it, Mia?' and, 'Because it is *right*,' was my reply.

"My nurse was as passionately fond of me as I was of her. Many years after, when she had married, and had a little boy of her own, she said, 'Oh, Miss Maria, I think I am beginning to love him almost as much as I did you.' She had been very well trained, for she had lived as a girl with my aunt J. at Wilmslow, who was so strict with her servants that she kept a pincushion on which she stuck a pin for every fault they committed, as a reminder. With this, my loving nurse, how well I remember the delight of our walks, on spring evenings, into the Toft fields, to see the young lambs and to pick spring flowers. We had also our gardens in the wood, and my brother Edward had a project of digging through the earth to the other side of the world, which gave us unfailing occupation. He and Charles went to school at Warrington before they went to Eton and Rugby. Their holidays were a joyful time to me, and Edward used to amuse me by taking me on his knee and

telling me stories of Sinbad and Ali Baba. The family habit was to dine at three, and to have a hot supper at nine; and on a Sunday evening, when my brothers were at home, we were allowed to sit up to this supper, having first been made to repeat the Church Catechism. When Edward repeated the explanation he had learnt at school, and ended that of the Lord's Prayer by calling its close the 'Doxology,' we looked upon him as a model of wisdom and knowledge. On these Sunday evenings also, when my sister Kitty was at home, she played a sonata of Haydn or Mozart for uncle George's amusement. This she did with great spirit and execution, and she taught me, though I shed many tears over her lessons.

"My stock of childish literature was limited to a very few books. 'Juvenile Travellers,' 'The Robins' (by Mrs. Trimmer), 'Evenings at Home,' 'Perambulations of a Mouse,' 'Dick the Little Pony,' 'Jemima Placid,' and Mrs. Trimmer's Old and New Testament abridgments, with her Roman and Grecian histories, were our whole library, till, by the recommendation of some one, my mother procured me 'Goldsmith's Geography,' 'Scripture Biography,' 'Sacred Dialogues,' and the 'Parent's Assistant,' which last I esteemed a perfect treasure, and read and re-read.

"My great delight was to go to Alderley Park and play with the 'Miss Stanleys'; and it was a joy when, standing by the breakfast-table, I heard it settled that the carriage was to be ordered to go to Alderley, and that I was to be of the party. In these visits to Alderley, one great source of pleasure was in the children's books which were lent me, of which 'Tales of the Genii,' and such like, were the most attractive. When my little friends returned my visits, we had tea under the trees opposite the book-room, and hide-and-seek followed.

"Another happiness of my childhood was derived from

the visits of the Ralph Leycesters, who came to Toft every alternate year. Charlotte Leycester and I were inseparable, and for the day before they went away our grief was uncontrollable. I remember vividly the misery of the dreary winter's morning, when little Charlotte came in before daylight to give me a last kiss and say good-bye, before another two years' separation,—and the sad day that followed. We slept in the same room, and many talks we had after we had lain down, ending sometimes with the request, 'When you are asleep, tell me.'

"I had another young companion in the orphan child of my mother's sister, Mrs. Bower, who, on the death of her father, came to live with my mother; but she was less congenial to me, and I was not sorry when she was sent to live under Mrs. Butler's care, by the seaside, where she died before she was grown up.

"One of my father's sisters having married a brother of Lord Stamford, a great intimacy was carried on between the two families, so that we were very intimate with Lord Stamford's daughters—the Ladies Charlotte, Maria, and Jane Grey, of whom the two elder were about my age. One of our amusements was to change our designations. The Ladies Grey thought it as charming to be called 'Miss,' as we did to be styled 'Lady,' and we thus always transferred our titles in our plays.

"The dress of those days was very different to that which children have now My white frocks were of lawn or Irish cloth, without any work or ornament; and, when I went out, I used to wear a little green-baize coat. My food also was of the simplest kind, consisting principally of buttermilk and potatoes.

"The church at Knutsford which we attended, and of which my father was vicar, was very large and very ugly. The most striking remembrance that I retain of that church

is of the Sunday after the news of Nelson's death, when every one appeared in the appointed mourning, with scarlet and black ribbons.

"Great events in the annals of our Toft life were the periodical visits of my father's cousin, Lady Penrhyn, who was prepared for as if she had been the queen; and she arrived with six horses, and always drove to church with this state. Having no children herself, she had no love for them, and in her visits we were always kept out of the way; but I amused myself by imitating her pomposity, and strutting about saying, 'Now I am milady Penrhyn.'

"When my sister returned from school, in 1806, she began to educate herself, and a little dressing-room out of our bedroom was furnished with a bookcase and bureau, where she read and wrote; and, in imitation of her, I also set up a little table with my books and writing things, where I prepared my lessons, which she taught me from that time.

"In 1809 my sister accompanied Mrs. Stanley (afterwards Lady Maria) to London, and I was then sent to a small school kept by Mrs. Butler, a widow lady, who had been governess to the Alderley children. She lived at Leighton Cottage, a pretty picturesque house, near Parkgate, and situated in a lane leading up from the sea-beach to some fields and a barn, which was the scene of our plays. Along the side of this lane flowed a clear brook, and there I first learnt my love of wild flowers,—cranesbill, speedwell, and forget-me-nots. Two of the Stanleys were my companions here, and many other girls. We were all devoted to Mrs. Butler, who wished us all to be like her own children, and we thought it the highest privilege when our turn came for a walk with her, or to have a private talk in her room.

"In 1806 my father's old college friend, Sir Corbet Corbet, had presented him to the living of Stoke-upon-Terne, but we only passed the summer months there for the first two years,

when my uncle George always accompanied us. This dear uncle of my childhood used to say that he did not see why we should pray against 'sudden death,' he thought it so desirable to avoid a long illness, and in 1809 he was found dead in his bed at Cheltenham, whither he had gone for his health. Upon this, my father resigned the living of Knutsford, and we went to live altogether at Stoke, and my uncle Ralph Leycester, with his children and grandchildren, came to reside at Toft.

"On the 8th of May, 1810, my sister was married in Stoke Church to Edward Stanley, Rector of Alderley. Upon her marriage I left Leighton Cottage, and until my mother's death I remained at home. My father gave me lessons in—it must be confessed—*bad* French and Italian, but it was my sister who still directed my studies by letter, constantly sending me questions on the books which I read, and expecting me to write her the answers. In this way I in a certain sense conducted my own education, and much did I enjoy these studies. Sometimes they were carried on in a little bathing-house on an island in the river Terne, which had been given to me as a possession to plant as I liked with primroses, violets, and snowdrops, and which was a great delight.

"Edward Stanley was to me the kindest of brothers, and great was the amusement he gave by the playful verses he wrote to please me, especially those on the death of one of my black bantams. These bantams were given to me by Lady Corbet, and were fed after breakfast from the dining-room windows: it was the time when Bonaparte's name was held up in terror to every one, so that when two of the cocks fought the hens, they were named Bonaparte and the King of Rome.

"A rival with Edward Stanley in my affections, as well as in his fun and humour, was my dear uncle, Hugh

Leycester. He was, both with his brothers and nieces, the great favourite of the family—his knowledge and kindness, his generosity and affection, his wit and anecdotes, alike conducing to render him beloved. The only fault which people could find in him was his violent political zeal and Tory partisanship, which made him intolerant of any opposition on these subjects. He had been an intimate personal friend both of Pitt and Perceval, and the sudden death of the latter was a great grief to him. In the later years of his life he was quite deaf, and we could only communicate with him by writing on a slate; but he continued his lively interest in us all, and after they were too infirm to meet, he kept up a witty daily correspondence with his old friend, Mr. Jekyll, who was his next neighbour in New Street, Spring Gardens.

"Another constant visitor at Stoke was our dear cousin, Eliza White, who often passed many months with us at a time, and who always made herself most pleasant to us all. Often did I sit on a little stool at her feet, pouring out all my childish joys and sorrows, and receiving her counsel.

"As I had no companion, I always accompanied my parents in their visits. Those to Sir Corbet Corbet, at Adderley, were always a great pleasure. Lady Corbet was most amusing. Every morning after breakfast she put on a gardening dress, and with a bunch of keys, knife, &c., at her side, sallied forth to make the round of her stable yard, poultry yard, pigstyes, and gardens, and I thought it a great treat to go with her. Then in the evening she would read to us out of her Italian journals, and my first longings to see Rome came from this source. The house was filled with pictures by old masters, and over the drawing-room chimney-piece was a very beautiful bas-relief of the Nine Muses. The only drawback to the pleasure of Adderley lay in the early dinners at three o'clock, and Sir Corbet's impatience of any

unpunctuality; when he was fidgety, Lady Corbet used to call him 'Sir Crab.'

"The autumn of 1811, which was one of several we spent at Penrhyn Castle, was most delightful, as Edward and I enjoyed it together, riding on Welsh ponies to the different mountains and waterfalls. How enchanting were the morning walks to the bathing-house; how pleasant the picnic expeditions to Ogwen Bank, with its waterfalls and garden seats shaped like mushrooms! Then also there were visits to the slate quarries, and the sight of all the different kinds of slate, called 'Duchesses, Countesses,' &c. In the afternoons, after dinner, we used to walk to Pennysinnant, an ornamented farmhouse, to see the poultry yard, on which occasions I gave great offence to Lady Penrhyn, by admiring the sight of the mountains more than her poultry, and she used to complain of it to my mother. She was very formal and stately, and we were greatly afraid of her, and many a hard gallop home did Edward and I have upon our ponies, to be in time for the early dinner, for fear of the scolding which should await us. Lady Penrhyn had three pugs, very ugly, and always dressed in little scarlet bonnets and cloaks. When she was in London, in her house in Grosvenor Square, they used to be taken out thus attired to walk in the square, with a footman to attend them. She left them each an annuity when she died, and they lived an immense time. Once, in Lord Penrhyn's time, when she and Lord P. were driving in their coach and six, through the streets of Northwich, the pugs were looking out of the windows, and the bystanders, mistaking their species, exclaimed, 'Eh! milord and milady are mighty fine, but their children are hearty fow.'

"On our way to and from Penrhyn Castle, we used to visit the Ladies of Llangollen. They were dressed in men's hats and cloth habits, with powdered hair. Lady Eleanor Butler was short and fat, but Miss Ponsonby was tall and

thin, and used often to be supposed to be a man in disguise. They had a romantic attachment for each other, and had forsaken their own family to be more entirely together, but though professing to lead a recluse life, few people could see more of the world, and their correspondence was with royalties and nobility of all nations. Their cottage was filled with *oggetti* of every kind, chiefly presents they had received, and it had coloured glass windows and carved oak furniture. It was they who first told Lady Penrhyn that my handsome brother Edward was like her, and it is said they thus gave her the first idea of making him her heir; but I believe that which really made her do so was her amusement when her young cousin in riding home had not enough money left to pay a turnpike gate, and was obliged to leave his handkerchief in pawn with the toll-collector.

"In July, 1812, my dear mother had a paralytic stroke. Though the immediate danger was averted, she was unable to do anything, or to speak clearly from that time. Every night I used to read to her, and kneel by her bedside to pray before going to bed. She had gradually been regaining her lost powers, could read a few lines, and had begun to knit some socks for her little grandchild, Owen Stanley, when, on October 12, we were waked in the night by her having another seizure, and on the following afternoon her spirit passed away. It was my first affliction, and a very great one. On the day of her burial, I saw the procession from my bedroom window, and realised the lines which I had long been familiar with in Cowper's Poem on his mother's picture:—

> 'I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
> I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,' &c.

My brothers were my chief comforters, and we all tried to soothe our father's grief.

"I do not remember ever hearing the slightest cross or angry word pass my mother's lips. She preferred everybody's opinion before her own, and thought no good office too trivial for her performance. She seemed only able to see the good in others, and was ever willing to make allowance for their faults. To the poor she was most kind and charitable, working for them herself with the greatest diligence, and assisting them in every way. To those who had displeased her she was always forgiving, and she never would show any impatience against them, but would reprove them mildly and gently, and during her illness she was always satisfied and grateful for all that was done for her. My brother Edward wrote some lines after her death, which I will insert here :—

'If filial love could animate the clay,
Or bid the flitting soul resume its sway,
Say, could I wish reversed the mournful doom
Which laid my mother in the silent tomb?
No; while with moistened cheek and downcast eye
I heave in selfish grief the bitter sigh,
Still let me own that lenient was the blow
Which put the period to a mother's woe,
Which bid disease and pain for ever cease,
And whispered, e'en in death, eternal peace.'"

Her mother's death was perhaps the first event which led Maria Leycester, young as she was, to seek the highest source of comfort, and to endeavour to make her life useful and helpful to others. An old yellow fragment of paper still exists on which she poured forth her soul in prayer in the first burst of sorrow.

"*Oct.* 14, 1812.—Oh! most holy and merciful God, now in this time of affliction I call unto thee. Oh! forsake

me not—give me strength and fortitude to bear this great trial with resignation to thy divine will. Oh! comfort and support my afflicted parent and his motherless children; make us sensible of the justice and wisdom of all thy decrees; and in thinking of and admiring *her* virtues, may we endeavour to imitate them, and become, as we hope and trust she is, partakers of thy everlasting kingdom. Oh! enable me to be a support and blessing to my dear father, may I make it the business of my life to console and comfort him, and may I never give myself up to my own selfish pleasures, but consider him in all my actions. I am deprived of the dear and excellent mother who has been the guide and protector of my youth. Oh! may I always act as she would wish me to do if she were present, and may I look for that motherly protection (of which I am bereft here on earth) to my heavenly Father. Direct and guide my steps in the paths of wisdom and virtue, make me sensible of the uncertainty of human life, and grant that I may be prepared for death whenever it shall arrive. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord'—'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Amen."

From the many letters which were written by Mrs. Stanley for the instruction of her young sister, the insertion of the following may not be deemed superfluous:—

C. S. *to* M. L.

"*July* 28, 1809.—The first and great object of your reading should be to improve your own knowledge, and thereby enlarge your mind and give you a guide in the most important duties of life, by furnishing you with the opinions and examples of others, and by enabling you to form opinions for yourself. When you sit down to your book,

then, consider that you are not taking it up to amuse and pass away the present hour, but to give you some information you have not had before, to acquire some new ideas, or perhaps to see some of your own ideas put in a better form than you would have been able to put them yourself. 'There are many who read with constancy and diligence, and yet make no true advancement in knowledge. They are deluded with the notions and things they read of as they would be with stories that are told, but they make no observations upon them, learn nothing from them, their eyes glide over the pages or the words over their ears, like the shadows of a cloud flying over a green field in a summer's day.' If, when you have shut your book, you have also shut your mind; if you never call yourself to account for what you have been reading and learning, if you skim over the pages and read only those parts which can amuse or divert your mind at the time, without bestowing one thought upon it afterwards, though you read every day and all day, you will have made no improvement in any way, and would have been doing almost as much in counting the grains of sand upon the sea-shore could that have been any amusement to you, though you would probably be shocked at the idea of so wasting your time. Books of amusement —mere amusement—are naturally pleasing and alluring at your age, and indeed at any age, and, with a disposition and desire to improve as well as amuse yourself, there is no book of mere amusement, unless it be very silly indeed, from which you may not gain something; and, even in a silly book, you may exercise your judgment by finding out what is foolish, and how it would have been better otherwise. What I mean to impress upon your mind is that you are not to fancy yourself fond of improving yourself merely because you are fond of reading, for reading, without observation while you are reading, and reflection afterwards upon

what you have read, is, as I have said before, little better than loss of time.

"I wish you to write down your observations and remarks upon every book you read, of whatever kind it is, in your MS. book. Put down in it the pages which have particularly pleased or interested you, or those which have given you any new ideas, if you think the subject sufficiently important to be remembered and fully understood, which a little consideration will soon enable you to judge of;—give a short account of the contents of the book, or the contents of any part of it which you have especially liked. Any book that is worth your reading is worth these pains, for your own experience will tell you that you have but a faint recollection of the books you read a year, or even half a year ago,—at least, if you were called upon to give an opinion about them, and point out any parts you liked or disliked, though you might have a general idea of whether the book on the whole pleased you, and of the general nature of its contents, its details will completely have faded from your remembrance, and you would be unable to give any opinion concerning it, or to recall any observations which occurred to you while reading it. What I have been recommending to you will obviate this entirely; you will have your opinions of books in their first clearness and freshness to refer to, besides having them more deeply imprinted on your memory by the very act of writing them down and thinking about them more than you would otherwise have done.

"You are now in a progressive state of improvement; every year makes a more sensible and perceptible difference in your powers of mind *now* than perhaps it will do some few years hence; if you would look back even into the *last* year of your life, into all your feelings and thoughts for one day, you would probably be surprised to find them so

different from what they are now, and you would wonder what pleasure you could take in things which then appeared to you the height of happiness, and how you could be so stupid as to find no pleasure in things you now delight in. And in future years, when you look back upon your present enjoyments, you will be able more accurately to estimate your advance in knowledge, &c., by having a few of the remarks and ideas of different periods of life to refer to, than by any other means I can think of. Do not let your observations be confined to the things you particularly *like;* mark also those passages you do not understand, either to have them explained by some abler head than your own, or that you may explain them yourself *to* yourself at some more advanced period of knowledge. A few books read in this way, I need hardly tell you, will be of more service than a whole library swallowed as children usually swallow books —*whole*, without either chewing or digesting them, so as to render them serviceable to the general welfare of the mind. You are not too young to begin this, because the moment you can know and feel that you have a mind capable of improvement, it becomes your duty to improve it to the utmost extent of that capability." . . . .

In the spring following her mother's death, Maria Leycester paid her first visit, with her cousins, the Ralph Leycesters, to London, where she had the benefit of masters. After the summer holidays, she returned for a time to the care of Mrs. Butler, but came to live at home again upon her father's second marriage, in June, 1814, to Eliza White, the beloved cousin of his first wife. The news of his engagement was a source of unmixed joy to his daughter Maria, to whom the friend of her childhood became thus a constant companion; and her warm reception of her step-

mother was never forgotten by Mrs. Oswald Leycester, who, while fulfilling to the utmost a mother's duties towards all her husband's children, reserved the principal warmth of her affection for his youngest daughter.

MISS WHITE *to* M. L.

"*May* 27, 1814.—You have gratified every feeling of my heart, my dear Maria, by your reception of the news of our future relationship, and I would not even have dispensed with your *tears* on the occasion. They were a just and feeling tribute of affection to the memory of her who so well deserved our love, and whose example will, I trust, through life, have an influence over both your character and mine. With my best ability I will strive *to be* what she *was* both to your father and her children—most particularly to you and Charles, as the only two about whom she was wont to express anxiety.

"On the 14th of next month the gig will be sent to fetch you to Stoke, where I hope you will be in readiness to receive me on the 27th. I have been so accustomed to see there so many dear faces brighten up on my arrival, so many kind hands extended to welcome me, that I confess I sickened at the thought of taking possession only of empty apartments. My dear Maria will in that moment seem all the world to me, for she will appear to me as the dear representative of her most dear mother. . . I wish you to be to me only what you have been ever since you could distinguish right from wrong. The terms 'authority' and 'obedience' must not be known or felt among us; we must live together as persons united for life in the bonds of mutual affection and social interest, each seeking to live for the happiness of the other, and striving to banish every selfish consideration . . . God bless you, my own little Maria."

II.

STOKE, ALDERLEY, AND HODNET.

"La jeunesse devait être une caisse d'épargne."
MADAME SWETCHINE.

"This life which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air,
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere,
And strive who can most motion it bequeath."
WILLIAM DRUMMOND, 1585—1649.

THE great interest and pleasure of my mother's early home life came from Hodnet, two miles from her father's rectory, where Reginald Heber held the living. Her first acquaintance with the Hebers began through her constantly walking across the heath from Stoke to the afternoon Sunday service, to hear him preach. From frequently seeing her at church, the Reginald Hebers began to invite her to pass Sunday with them; and the intimacy thus engendered increased till scarcely a day passed, part of which was not spent at Hodnet—Maria Leycester joining the Hebers in their afternoon rides through the delightful glades of Hawkestone, and remaining to dinner; while, in the evenings, Mr. Heber would read aloud, poetry, or Walter Scott's newly published novels, "Waverley," "Guy

Mannering," and "Ivanhoe," which, for several years, while their authorship remained a mystery, were generally attributed to Richard Heber, the rector's elder brother. In 1817, Miss Leycester spent her mornings also at Hodnet, where, when she wished to learn German in preparation for a foreign tour, Mr. Heber offered to become her instructor. At the same time, he frequently wrote songs to suit her music, as he greatly delighted in her playing and singing. His little poem, "I see them on their Winding Way," was written thus in October, 1820.

Nor was it only by lessons in literature that Reginald Heber instructed his pupil. No one could live constantly within the influence of his cheerful active life, devoted, either at home or amongst his parishioners, to the good of others, yet with the most entire unostentation, without praying that his mantle might fall upon them. "In no scene of his life, perhaps," wrote Mr. Blunt, "did his character appear in greater beauty than while he was living here, 'seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy.' His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child—eager to call forth the intellectual stores of others, rather than to display his own,—arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph,—equally willing to reason with the wise, or to take a share in the innocent gaieties of a winter's fireside; for it was no part of his creed that all innocent mirth ought to be banished from the purlieus of a good man's dwelling; or that he is called upon to abstract himself from the refinements and civilities of life, as if sitting to Teniers for a picture of the Temptations of St.

Anthony. The attentions he received might have made him selfish, but his own inclination was ever the last he consulted; indeed, of all the features in his character, this was, perhaps, the most prominent—that in him *self* did not seem to be denied, to be mortified, but to be forgotten. His love of letters might have made him an inactive parish priest, but he was daily amongst his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling, often to the hazard of his own life, by their sick-beds; exhorting, encouraging, reproving as he saw need; when there was strife, the peacemaker; when there was want, the cheerful giver. Yet, in all this, there was no parade, no effort, apparently not the smallest consciousness that his conduct differed from that of other men—his duty seemed to be his delight, his piety an instinct. Many a good deed done by him in secret only came to light when he had been removed far away, and but for that removal would have been for ever hid; many an instance of benevolent interference when it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness. That he was sometimes deceived in his favourable estimate of mankind, it would be vain to deny; such a guileless, confiding, unsuspicious singleness of heart as his, cannot always be proof against cunning. But if he had not this worldly knowledge, he wanted it perhaps in common with most men of genius and virtue; the 'wisdom of the serpent' was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound."*

* *Quarterly Review*, 1827.

The following extracts from letters give some glimpses into Maria Leycester's home-life during these years of her youth:—

M. L. *to* Miss Hibbert.

"*Oct.* 18, 1816.—I want sadly to know all you have been doing and seeing since the luckless day that bore me away from happy, happy Alderley. I only permit myself as a relaxation, as an amusement, to think of the six happy weeks at Alderley, when I have been very industrious . . in short, you do not know the pleasure I have in it.

"Part of last week we spent at Adderley, Sir Corbet Corbet's—the most comfortable, enjoyable house imaginable, and Lady Corbet the most agreeable woman, with a constant fund of anecdote and entertainment, and never-failing good spirits, which are surprising at her age, for I think she is above seventy."

"*Nov.* 22, 1816.—Did you ever read Foster's 'Essays.' E. Stanley gave them to me three years ago, and Kitty recommended me to delay reading them for some time. I scrupulously followed her advice, and looked at them with an envious eye every day till the present moment arrived, when I thought, that as a recompense for being eighteen, I might allow myself to open the tantalizing book. Oh that you were here, that I might show you passage after passage as it delights me; the thoughts are sometimes so exceedingly ingenious, the sentiments so exactly what one has thought oneself a hundred times, without being able to clothe them in the same language."

"*May* 24, 1817.—I have just spent two delightful days at Hodnet rectory. Oh, the charms of a rectory inhabited by a Reginald Heber, or an Edward Stanley! To be sure, splendour and luxury sink into the ground before such *real* happiness. . . . . I do not think I ever before enjoyed the beauties of nature as much as I have done this spring, and

you cannot imagine how interesting my solitary rides are made by the varieties of light and shade—the lightness and elegance of the newly come-out trees, backed by magnificent black or purple clouds, and the various pretty bits that strike my fancy. I attribute one cause of my increased pleasure to the having learnt to colour. A hundred beautifully tinted cottages, or trees, or mossy rocks which I never remarked before, now give me much pleasure, just as I felt before that the knowledge of drawing itself made me find out many picturesque things which my natural taste would not have discovered."

"*June* 2, 1817.—We have had the Stanleys here for ten delightful days, for two of which we all adjourned to Hodnet, and were extremely happy there. The evenings were perfectly delightful. We drank tea out of doors, and after tea, Edward Penrhyn* and I generally walked about till eleven o'clock. You have sometimes, I believe, heard me talk of his perfections, and yet, vain as you may have thought me then, I believe now, that I never knew him perfectly till this time."

"*June* 7, 1817.—I have spent a very agreeable week; but you will not be very much surprised when you learn that two of the days we had the Reginald Hebers here, and the rest I spent at Alderley. I never saw, or rather heard Mr. Reginald Heber so agreeable, though, indeed, I always say this of the last time of seeing him; but really, his stories are quite inexhaustible—the more he tells, the more he seems to have to tell. His brother, Mr. Heber, was here likewise one day, and was very agreeable too; but not so loveable as Reginald. How happy I am to be able to say I *love* him! I may thank *Mrs.* R. H. for that. I dine with

* Edward Leycester took the name of Penrhyn with the fortune of his father's cousin, Lady Penrhyn, upon her death.

them on Saturday, that I may ride with them in the evening, and in short, I see them continually."

"*June* 12.—Do you wish to have the overflowings of my happiness? Well, then, you shall be satisfied. After waiting in anxious expectation from five o'clock—hearing six strike—then seven—just meaning to go to dress—just trying to persuade my sanguine hopes that they would not come—the rattling wheels of a hack-chaise were heard, and the two dear faces of my two dear brothers presented themselves. . . . . You may imagine how I enjoy such companions after my solitude."

"*June* 14.—A most delightful evening with the Hebers—Reginald reading and reciting verses, and telling various entertaining stories. Among others, he mentioned that a letter had lately been received at the post-office directed 'To my son,' and great was the difficulty as to whom the letter should be delivered, till a sailor solved it by asking if there was a letter 'from my mother,' when it was given up to him at once. Late in the evening he recited a poem of Coleridge's—'The Ancient Mariner.'"

A letter from Mrs. Stanley at this time presents an idea of the happy relationship which existed between the sisters:—

"*Alderley, Dec.* 4, 1817.—Your letter was just what I meant to draw forth by a little sentence in my last, and I know you so well that I was pretty sure such would be the effect, and that is one great charm of perfect acquaintance and confidence in character—the certainty that everything will tell, and that there will be a certain rebound, and that there are no hidden irregularities or *unsoundnesses* to make that rebound a false one, or, to speak more plainly, that there is the certainty that one mind will feel in reading exactly what the other felt in writing; and perhaps it is

necessary to have more experience than can or ought to be had at nineteen of the inconceivable bizarreries of human character, which so often interfere with this kind of confidence, to make this certainty sufficiently valued. I have often thought with you that we have not made use enough of this mutual advantage. I believe it is on the principle that very different people often make the best companions and friends—that there is a certain difference of conformation necessary to give variety and piquancy to conversation, and that the interchange of thought is more interesting when things are seen under different aspects—and that we should not do to live together literally because we are too much alike, so that it would be like talking to oneself, and our faults would meet with no counterbalance to check them.

"However, we have friends enough, and different enough, to secure us from all dangers of this sort, and I think we may find advantages enough in our similarity to do away all apprehension of not being the greatest mutual pleasure and comfort to each other all through life. I think I was two years older than you at nineteen, that is to say, the thoughts which are passing through your mind now probably went through mine at seventeen—the different circumstances which called me so much sooner from my state of childhood to take my part in life being probably the cause of this earlier development, which I apprehend that all minds which are minds feel sooner or later. I do not think there is any advantage in this; rather the contrary; we are sure to grow older, mind and body, sooner than we wish, and so the longer we can keep to the earlier stages the better. Then I used to read Miss Hamilton and Akenside as you do, and I delighted in the latter; but now I look back to my old marks, and find many blemishes to take away some of the delight, and I find that the taste becomes

more nice and refined, and that many things which appeared insipid then, as a very beautiful Claude Lorraine picture would to an ignorant eye, strike me now from their harmony, just proportion, delicate touches, &c., which are overlooked when the mind is seeking for vivid impressions, strong feelings, &c. You are not much given to romance or imagination, therefore there is no necessity to guard against any excesses of this kind, and I would rather talk with you of what I was then than what I may be now, not to forestall those observations and improvements and changes which are good for nothing, unless they are worked out in a regular course of operation by the mind itself. I would always rather that you expressed the feeling and opinion first, and left me to say that I had thought and felt so before you, than that I should tell you what had been my case, and then that you should find out yourself in it, for there is always a danger of spoiling the originality of thought and character in any degree of following after another; and so I would have you rather encourage than check any thought which may happen to rise different from mine. Trust implicitly to your own heart to inform you whether I shall ever be tired of reading all you can write about yourself. I should be more interested in it than any other subject, even if you were not my sister, but being as it is!—"

In May, 1818, the Edward Stanleys decided on accompanying the family from Stoke in a long continental tour, but their departure was considerably delayed by an accident which befell old Mr. Hugh Leycester, who broke his arm by falling down-stairs, on coming out of the opera-house. While he was being nursed in London, his niece Maria remained at Privy Gardens with her friends the Stanleys,

and much enjoyed seeing many people of whom hitherto she had only heard, but especially making the personal acquaintance of Lady Maria Stanley's niece, Miss Clinton, with whom she was ever afterwards united in the closest bonds of affection.

The family tour lasted more than five months, in which they visited a great part of France, the north of Italy, Switzerland, and the Rhine, Mr. Penrhyn joining the party in Switzerland.

M. L. *to* L. A. S. (Lucy Anne Stanley).

"*Paris, June* 14, 1818.—We left Calais with four horses, which in England would be considered as far below the rank of cart-horses, harnessed together with ropes, which, being extremely loose, gave them the opportunity of going one to one side of the road, the other to the other, *ad libitum*, whilst the sole office of the postillions seemed to be to crack their whips over their own heads, making a noise I never heard equalled by anything before. But this, amusing as it was, was nothing compared with the excessive drollery of the postillions themselves—their powdered heads and long pigtails, and their jack-boots. Of these last no description can give an adequate idea; one little fellow, who with some difficulty had got into them, no sooner attempted to walk than over he went, jack-boots and all, and had a fine roll. . . . . Here all is new, all is amusing: one hears and reads of all the things, but it is astonishing how little impression it makes on one. I have felt surprised with many things, and only remembered afterwards that I have known them before. I expected to have a fine view of Paris, or at least some intimation of it before arriving; but no, we went on through avenues and corn-fields, close to Montmartre, up one hill and down

another, expecting each to give us a view of the town, but no sign of a great capital appeared till we got close to the first gate, and entered in a moment upon high houses and long streets, in which the lamps suspended across, and the large gutters down the middle, give the first different appearance from London. We arrived at a place looking like a prison, with one large door, heavy and massy, and windows barred doubly and trebly with iron. The outside of a hotel is not inviting, but inside is a grand court, and our rooms are handsome. . . . . This morning, Sunday, we have been to the Chapelle Royale; the squeezing almost intolerable, first lifted up, then pushed down, sideways, forwards, threatened with broken arms and legs; and after all, by peeping over and under some dozens of heads, and standing on tiptoes leaning against a pillar, contrived to see the fat but not unpleasing Louis XVIII., the Duc and Duchesse de Berri and the Comte d'Artois, with all their old courtiers, in their bag wigs and swords and lace ruffles. . . . We have also been to Malmaison. Little remains of the interesting Josephine but the saloon where she lived, a most delightful room, filled with pictures still, though all the statues are gone, and with her tiny chapel at one end, deprived of all its ornaments, nothing remaining but her little altar. But though the house has suffered from those who have succeeded her in the possession of it, the grounds are all most wild and beautiful: in the middle of them is a little temple dedicated to Cupid, than the situation of which you can imagine nothing more delicious, close to a pretty rivulet, the banks of which are covered with the most flourishing rhododendrons and azaleas, and quantities of beautiful flowers, which seem to grow quite wild. . . . . French people in general seem much more ready to talk of the Emperor and Empress than of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. It is a curious specimen of French character

that during the bloody days of the Revolution, when numbers were every day guillotined, a mock guillotine was placed at the corner of most of the streets, and as fast as real heads were chopped off in one part of the town, Punch was guillotined in ridicule in another.

"*June* 8.—One cannot much wonder that the French should regret Bonaparte. There is hardly a part of the town, which is very handsome, of which we are not told 'l'Empereur l'a fait,' and the only parts which want anything are those which are despoiled of what he placed there. . . . St. Cloud is enchanting, and one cannot imagine how Louis XVIII. can prefer the gloomy Tuileries to this delightful spot, where his rooms open on fine lawns and groves of trees down to the banks of the Seine; yet it is with the greatest difficulty that he can be persuaded to leave Paris *whilst his chimneys are swept.*

"*Milan, July* 17.—Here we are really in Italy, hearing the sweet sounds of the Italian tongue, and having been introduced to Italian roofs and to lovely Italian vineyards, hung in festoons like the wreaths of a grand festival. . . . The sun had set when we reached the Lake of Como, but its rays still illumined all the mountains, which rise abruptly from the water. There was a gentle swell; the splashing of the oars and the rippling of the waves was the only sound heard. Some of the mountains gradually assumed the dark shades of twilight, whilst others were still tinged with the last rays of the sun. In this delightful scene imagine a moon more clear, more beautiful than any you ever saw, rising in a sky of the most lovely blue, and reflecting its silver light far upon the lake. You would be quite enchanted with the moons of Italy; the sky and atmosphere are so excessively clear, the deep blue makes the moon still more beautiful, and in the lake one side is most brilliantly illuminated, whilst the other remains in darkness."

M. L. *to* Miss Hibbert.

"*Stoke, Oct.* 20, 1818.—After an absence of nearly six months, a return to one's home is not at all disagreeable. For the first day I could hardly fancy where I was, and now that I find out that I am really at Stoke, I begin to fancy all that I have seen a delightful dream—too delightful to have been true. When I left Stoke I left it full of hopes and expectations which have been more than fulfilled and surpassed; not a cloud has obscured the bright sunshine of a tour the most delightful that could be taken, and to me infinitely endeared by being enjoyed with the two people I love best—my sister and Edward Penrhyn. In short, I cannot imagine it possible for any one to enjoy more perfect happiness than I have done for the last six months—'les plus beaux de ma vie.' It is well that you are away from me, or your ears would be perfectly stunned with the never-ceasing Ranz des Vaches or Tyrolean airs echoed through the house, and your eyes would be quite wearied in always seeing Switzerland, Italy, or the Rhine on my table in the form of sketches and journals.

"*Nov.* 12.—I am still wild about the Ranz des Vaches. Every day sees me at the top of the field making the air resound with the *calling of my cows*, but they answer not to my call; no little bell tinkles as they feed on their green pastures, and it is a most extended stretch of my imagination to transform the flooded meadows into a beautiful lake, the wooden barns into Alpine châlets, and the pointed clouds into snowy Alps; but still the remembrance is there, and how dear, how delightful it is to me!

"*Dec.* 14, 1818.—My brothers and I have had such a pleasant visit at Hodnet! There were only Mr. and Mrs. R. Heber, Mr. Heber, and Mr. Augustus Hare there. The latter is the oddest and most agreeable person I have seen for a very long time— very clever and enthusiastic, but quite

unlike other people, which is a relief sometimes, for every-day people are so common in this world. I was very happy in reading some of my German with the dear Reginald, and found myself infinitely advanced since the last time I read with him."

"*March* 25, 1819.—There is something in the feel and appearance of a bright sunny spring day which makes one feel pleased with everybody and everything in spite of one-self. It gives an elastic spring to one's feelings, which is very delightful, and the sun seems to light upon the bright side of every prospect and recollection, and to leave in oblivion every less pleasing part. I have been spending two whole days with the Reginald Hebers; he was very, very delightful, and our evenings were most snug and comfortable. Reginald Heber made songs for us as fast as we could sing them."

"*Alderley Rectory, May* 10, 1819.—We live here in such perfect retirement and tranquillity that it is more like Stoke than Alderley, and I enjoy excessively the exemption from all interruption to the happiness of my life here. I believe you will not have any difficulty in imagining how great that happiness is, in the society of two people that one loves excessively, with children that are as interesting to one as if they were one's own, and with all the luxury of delicious spring weather in beech woods and green fields. I would defy you to tantalize me with the greatest temptations London could offer; as far as happiness, real *true* happiness is concerned, nothing in London could present to me half as much as one perfectly retired uninterrupted day at Alderley."

The autumn of 1819 was spent by Maria Leycester in travelling through Scotland with her brother Edward in a gig—considered a most adventurous enterprise for a young

lady in those days—seeing Arran, Staffa, and a great part of the Highlands, and paying visits at Blair Athol and Taymouth, at both of which places they fell in with Prince Leopold, for whose recent bereavement great interest was then excited.

M. L. *to* C. S.

"*Kenmore, Sept.* 13, 1819.—It was by the most curious piece of good fortune that we arrived at Blair the very day that Prince Leopold came there. Thomas was sent on before us with my father's letter and a card to the Duke of Athol, and in great curiosity to know the result, we arrived at the inn, and found our answer awaiting us. They should be very happy to see us at dinner at seven o'clock, and were very sorry not to have it in their power to offer us beds. I was obliged to summon up all my courage at the idea of being ushered into an immense party of utter strangers with no other chaperon than Edward, and wished the day over many times, especially as I had little power, with the contents of our small gig-box, of making myself sufficiently dressed for such a party. However, there was nothing now to be done; the chaise came to the door, and we were soon rattled down to the castle. At the entrance, we were received by the piper, dressed in a very handsome complete Highland costume. He showed us into the hall, where we were met by a very fine gentleman, who, in the most awful silence, preceded us through many long passages, and up a flight of stairs to the drawing-room. At the door, we were met by the Duke, who, after inquiring a little about the difference in our names, which had puzzled him much, led us into the room. Fancy my unhappy situation, with a most formidable circle of ladies before me at one end of the room, and a crowd of gentlemen at the other. Fortunately the Duchess was near the door, and I was quickly presented

to her, and, I believe, to the Prince, who was seated by her; but I really have no recollection of what was before me at that moment. The Duke then led me to a chair, by some of the ladies, and I was very happy to find myself seated, after being introduced to nine in succession. Dinner was soon announced, and the Duke assigned me to the care of Colonel Grant, whose grey hairs were rather comforting to me. On my other hand, I found seated next me at dinner, a pretty and very unaffected girl, who, in the course of dinner, assisted me in discovering the names of all the party. . . . First let me introduce you to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold. He is very dark, very handsome, and when listening to conversation, he looks under his eyes very much; but there is something in his manner particularly graceful and charming, and quite unaffected, though with a great appearance of depression. His suite consisted of Baron Hardenbroke, a complete German in appearance, with a large nose, and of a circumference which looked as if eating, drinking, and sleeping were his sole occupation; Sir Robert Gardiner, a courtier-like man; and Dr. Stockmar, the physician. Besides these, there was Lord Huntley, a good-humoured, sprightly little man of about fifty; Sir John Oswald, a remarkably gentlemanlike and pleasant military man; Lady Oswald, an extremely pretty and sensible young woman, about your age, married at the same time, and with the same number of children. She and her two sisters were nieces of the Duke, one of the latter being my pleasant lively neighbour, and the elder, Miss Murray, excessively pretty. Then there was Lady Emily Murray, wife of Lord James, and daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, fashionable, and with plenty of small-talk; and several other nieces of the Duke and Duchess. Besides these, there was Dr. M'Culloch, a very learned and scientific man, employed in drawing, and

seeming to understand it very thoroughly. I have not yet mentioned the Duke—an oldish man, very like Lord Penrhyn in face and size; or the Duchess, a fine-looking woman, very duchess-like, speaking with a very pretty Scotch accent, and excessively good-natured. These, I think, were the principals of the party before me. Do not you wonder how, out of my gig-seat, I could make myself fit for such a party? I assure you the Duchess complimented me greatly on my good management. You can have no idea of the excessive kindness of her manner towards us, and she succeeded very soon in making me feel quite comfortable and at my ease. The evening passed away pleasantly enough, the Prince playing at cards, the others talking in different groups. On Friday morning Edward went off early with all the gentlemen to the mountains to shoot deer. They had little sport, but he says it was beautiful scenery, and very interesting following them and trying to catch them, and the train of Highlanders looked very fine scattered about. The Prince is a great geologist, and was much pleased with finding great curiosity in the rocks, &c., and Dr. M'Culloch said he seemed to know a great deal about it. I had some beautiful walks meanwhile with the Miss Murrays. So passed Friday, though I should not omit how much honoured I felt by being spoken to in the evening by the Prince. On Saturday morning he went away. Then they lent me a very nice pony, and sent two servants on horseback to attend us, one to be the guide, the other to hold our horses—to see some waterfalls and a lake at some distance from Blair; and in the evening we had Highland reels. Edward and I intended to go away on Sunday, but the Duchess pressed us so much to stay, that we willingly gave up our intention, and stayed till to-day. I enjoyed myself excessively the last day or two. We had an addition to the party in two Italians, very handsome,

pleasing young men. The Conte de Velo was a Venetian, well acquainted with Parolini, so we talked a great deal to him; the other, Marchese Capponi, was a Florentine. There was very little formality, and everybody extremely good-natured; and I got quite accustomed to all the different titles, and did not feel alarmed lest I should say, 'My Lord' where I ought to say 'Duke,' &c.; and I learnt to curtsey in the right place, and, in short, felt very much at home. Lord Huntley made us a very pretty speech about his sorrow that we were not going northwards, that he might have the pleasure of receiving us. It is a very different style of living from the English houses, everything on a magnificent scale, but very little show or decoration, the grounds not at all dressed or ornamented, as in English parks, but very wild and beautiful. I forgot to say that after dinner the first evening the Duchess told us that she had not been able to offer us beds, because she had not been sure how many persons the Prince would bring with him; but he had brought fewer than she expected, and she was very glad to be able to find two beds for us in consequence, so we stayed in the house all the time. It is an immense house in length, and almost the ugliest I ever saw, and without much furniture.

"As nothing but princes will do for us now, we came today to Taymouth, sent up a note to Lady Breadalbane to ask when we might wait upon them, and received for answer that they hoped to see us at dinner, but had no beds. No post-chaises are to be had here, and as it was impossible for me to go into such a party dressed for dinner in a gig, I was obliged to give it up with great reluctance, and send Edward alone, and he is now dining with the Prince, Lord Lauderdale, and I don't know who else, and to-morrow, perhaps, they may have beds for us.

"There has been a grand dinner for the tenants, and I

have been well amused all evening watching them as they assembled in the village before going home,—some hundreds of Highlanders, whose dress exceeds in gaiety and variety everything you can imagine: it looked just like a scene in a play, seeing one after another pass out of a gate in the park, dressed in bonnet and kilt, sporran and hose and plaid. There was a very fine scene at Lord Huntley's to surprise the Prince the other day,—he was at the top of some high hill, when all of a sudden up started five hundred Highlanders just like Roderick Dhu's troop.

"It is quite comical how much society we have had. At Fort-William we met with Mr. E. Lomax again, and at Inverness with Mr. Augustus Hare, so we have not had much time to get tired of each other. We get generally envied for our independent and comfortable way of travelling, and nothing can have more enjoyment than we have when it is tolerable weather.

"*Sept.* 14.—Edward had a very pleasant dinner. We have refused their invitation for to-day, and have been making the tour of Loch Tay instead. To-morrow we go to stay at Taymouth, and shall see the interesting Prince again, as he stays there till Thursday.

"*Sept.* 24.—I left you last just as we were going to Taymouth. That you may go on with us in idea through all our proceedings, I must go back, I suppose, to that time. I was exceedingly glad to be spared all the awful entrance into the drawing-room full of strangers, which I had to encounter at Blair, for by going in the morning I made acquaintance with all the ladies, and felt much more at home amongst them. The dinner presented nothing formidable to me. Would you know our party? Prince Leopold and suite to begin with, and I must tell you that when he came into the room before dinner he came across to me, and said in his sweet manner, 'How do you do, Miss Leycester? I

was not aware that you were here;' and then he went to Edward and inquired from him why I had not come with him the first day to Taymouth, and whether he had been back to Blair to fetch me. He has that happy faculty for a prince of never forgetting anything. There was his great friend Lord Lauderdale, an odd-looking little man, dressed like a groom, yet quite the gentleman in his manner, and with a very intelligent countenance and style of conversation, —Sir Peter and Lady Mary Murray,—Sir Niel and Lady Menzies, and Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. We had a very agreeable dinner, not certainly from the ladies' agreeableness, but from Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Kinnaird, and the Prince. I was fortunate enough to sit opposite his Royal Highness, and he talked a great deal, and told many anecdotes of Bonaparte, &c. In the evening we had music, dancing, and cards, and the Prince joined in singing 'Auld Lang Syne' with Miss Murray: he has a very fine bass voice, and sang with much taste and a thorough knowledge of music. I was so sorry that there was none of *Don Giovanni* there for him to sing, for he seemed so well acquainted with that, and hummed it so well, that he would have sung more, I daresay, but unfortunately Lady Elizabeth Campbell was from home, and had taken all her music with her.

"Thursday morning was beautifully fine. We breakfasted with the Prince at seven o'clock, and afterwards he embarked with some of the party in a boat on Loch Tay. I went with Lady Breadalbane in her carriage to meet them at the other end of the Loch, fifteen miles off, at a very pretty cottage of Lord Breadalbane's. We arrived before the boat. A cold dinner was prepared, and when the Prince landed, a troop of Highlanders, preceded by bagpipes playing and colours flying, escorted him up to the cottage. At two o'clock he left Auchmoor, the cottage, and proceeded on his journey to Callendar, and it seemed really quite a blank

when he was gone, his manner is so very engaging and pleasant. We had a capital specimen of a Highland chieftain in the Laird of MacNab, who came to wait upon the Prince in full chieftain dress,—eagle plumes in his bonnet, &c. He was a fine-looking man, and seemed to consider himself by far the greatest person in the company. . . .

"On Friday we left Taymouth and proceeded to Dunkeld and then to Loch Katrine. Every step of the way from Callendar, as we traced the progress of Roderick's cross of fire, was interesting, and I cannot tell you how every bush and tree, every copse and mound, seemed animated, or how exactly Scott has pictured the character and style of scenery. I expected to be disappointed from having so high an idea of Loch Katrine in my own mind, but never were expectations of beauty more fully realised. I have enjoyed no day so much on our tour as this one: we spent many hours on the lake and in the Trosachs, scrambling up Ellen's Isle, visiting the pebbly beach, the aged oak, &c., and feeling every line in the 'Lady of the Lake' echoed in one's own sense of great delight. It is quite curious how completely it is all considered as reality by the people of the place, and you are shown with as much gravity where the gallant grey was lost, and where Fitz James or Ellen stood, as if they had been real persons and real events.

"We have since had another interesting day on Loch Awe, the scenery in which 'Rob Roy' is laid. We had an introduction to Dr. Grahame, who went with us, and as he had been with Walter Scott there before 'Rob Roy' was written, he knew all the spots he particularly noticed then, and has since most accurately described. He showed us the rock from which Morris was thrown, the tree by which Baillie Jarvie hung, and the beautiful spot where Helen Macgregor gave her breakfast, which Scott has

described quite with minute accuracy. Here Dr. Graham said Walter Scott sat without speaking for twenty minutes, looking at the waterfall and rocks. It is a wonderful power of sketching in his own mind a scene as accurately as any drawing could render it, and describing afterwards."

M. L. *to* Miss Hibbert.

"*Stoke Rectory, Oct.* 24.—I have not yet told you of the pleasantest part of our tour, our visit to Walter Scott. He lives about three miles from Melrose, and our first day's journey from Edinburgh was to his house. We had a letter to him from Reginald Heber, and Mr. Scott persuaded us to stay three days with him, during which time we had full opportunity of becoming acquainted with him. We were the only strangers, and therefore had his conversation all to ourselves, and most highly were we gratified. He is unaffected and simple in his manner to the greatest degree, and at first his countenance only bespeaks good humour; but mention any subject that interests him, and he lights up in an instant into fire and animation. He is a kind of person one could not feel afraid of for a moment. Whatever subject you begin is the same to him; he has something entertaining to tell on every one, and the quickness with which he catches up everything that is passing, even at the other end of the room, is surprising. His family consists of a very insignificant little wife, a French woman, quite inferior to him, and his daughters, who are fine sensible, clever girls, quite brought up by him. The eldest sang Jacobite songs and border ballads to us with such spirit and enthusiasm, that it was delightful, and their love for Scotland makes them quite worthy of it.. Their chief delight is in the Border stories and traditions, in which they are very rich. His house is built by himself, and is very odd and picturesque. There is a little armoury with painted

glass windows, and the walls and chimneypiece covered with antiquities—Claverhouse's pistol, Rob Roy's gun and purse, Highland arms, targets, and claymores, quaighs, thumbscrews, trophies from Waterloo, ancient armour—in short, it is the most interesting and curious little room.

"Then at every step about the house you come to some curious thing. He has got the gate of the Old Tolbooth, and the great keys which have locked up so many victims, and the real tower, removed to his house. But I have no room for more about Walter Scott now, except that we came away quite enchanted with the *poet*, and still more with the *man*."

"*Jan.* 17, 1820.—All last week Charles and I passed at Hodnet, and I need not say if we enjoyed it. Only Miss Heber was there, and Mr. Stow, a friend of Reginald's who is at present living at Hodnet as his curate. Of this latter person I must say a little more, for I never met with any one so like Edward Stanley as he is, no less in his jet black eyes, eyebrows, and hair, than in the energy and enthusiasm of his character, the extent of his information on every subject, and the excessive quickness and activity of his mind and body. After this description I need not say whether he was an addition to the party. We had every kind of amusement in the evenings in dancing, singing, and acting. Reginald Heber and Mr. Stow are both excellent actors, and we acted a French proverbe one night, and the 'Children in the Wood' another, forming in ourselves both the performers and the audience, and very amusing it was. It was all extempore, and our dresses we got up in a few minutes at the time, so there was no trouble attending it, no spectators to alarm us, and perfect unanimity and good-humour to make it enjoyable. In the mornings one of the party read Scott's new novel, 'Ivanhoe,' aloud to the others . . ."

Maria Leycester's religious impressions became much strengthened about this time by the opening of a correspondence on spiritual subjects with her friend Lucy Stanley —an intercourse which was continued through their whole lives. On January 6, 1820, she had first written :—

M. L. *to* L. A. S.

"I cannot tell how much pleasure it gives me to think that you have become interested in that subject, which to those who think seriously about it must be the most interesting that can be found—the comfort, the assistance, the support it affords, are so far beyond that which anything else can give, that, having once found it, I am not afraid you should forsake it. For my own sake, too, I am glad, for I always feel a great reluctance to express to another person feelings which I am not sure that they will perfectly understand ; and I feel, and I daresay you have felt this far more with regard to religion than to anything else. There is a sacredness about it which prevents one entering upon it except where it will be entirely entered into—where there can be no mistake about the nature of one's feelings. It is not a feeling which can be explained ; it must be felt, as that which leads one to aspire to an ambition higher far than we can find here, as that which affords a noble and exalted motive for every exertion . . ."

In March, 1820, a great sorrow came to the family at Stoke, in the sudden death of Charles Leycester, from—what was not then known as—diphtheria. To his sister this grief was aggravated by her not being permitted to see him for fear of infection, but he was most devotedly nursed by Mrs. Oswald Leycester.

M. L. *to* Miss L. H. *and* L. A. S.

"*Stoke, March* 29, 1820.—It was so sudden, so unexpected, that I was almost stunned, and hardly knew what I felt for a time. We had been so peculiarly happy together that I could not believe in the danger to the very last. Every recollection from my earliest years, every interest, every prospect, every pleasure, was united with him. For the last three months we have never been separated, and there is not a room or a thing in the house which does not recall him to my memory, and make me feel in its utmost bitterness the dreadful vacancy. But I feel it is the hand of God, a means for leading us more to Him who has given us all; and his mind was so pure, his thoughts so serious, and he was so convinced that he should not live long, that I feel confident he was prepared. I saw him after his spirit had fled, and his countenance was so heavenly and beautiful, that it was the greatest comfort to me; and when I think of it now I feel how selfish is all my sorrow. I have yet one brother left, and many, many blessings—but Charles, dear Charles!

"*April* 14.—I can feel quite composed now in writing or thinking of him I have lost; but when they talk of other things I feel a sinking—a weight that I cannot overcome; and if my thoughts can be diverted from the subject which is almost ever present to it, it is a bitter return to it. We have been so uninterruptedly blest that I feel it is good for us to be afflicted, to lead our hearts to Him who hath given us all. I was too confident, too presumptuous in the expectation of a continuance of such happiness, and now to Him who gave and hath taken away I have turned for consolation and support—and oh! if that feeling of *nothingness*—of resignation into the hands of an Almighty Will could last which we feel in the hour of affliction—how different we should be! No one who has felt the

purifying, elevating effect of such feelings could wish to put them away or return to the same round of worldly occupations or pursuits, without one thought beyond the present hour or day.

"There is no bitterness, no harshness, in our grief. It is so softened down by every recollection, so chastened, so subdued, that I cannot bear to put it away or try to forget it, and those who wish to divert and turn one's attention to other things, know little of the feeling of real affliction, which is of so elevating a nature that it cannot be wrong to indulge in it. There is something so sacred and hallowed in one's affection for one who is called to another world, it seems to unite one's heart with eternity—to refine it from any exclusive attachment to earth. I feel fears mingled with my love for those who are left, and shudder at the thought of their being taken too, but I can think of *him* without fear or dread, and feel that the affection which was begun and cherished here will be perfected hereafter.

"I cannot bear to think of the time when the impression of Charles will be less strong than it is now. It is such a pleasure to fancy I see him by me—to remember, till recollection almost becomes reality, everything he said, the tone of his voice, the expression of his eye, to imagine he is not dead but parted for a time, even though the illusion is very short."

The summer of 1821 was spent by Miss Leycester with the Stanleys in Anglesea.

M. L. *to* Mrs. Reginald Heber.

"*Penrhos, August* 13, 1821.—The last has been a most interesting week. It was just before dinner on Monday that the report was spread through the house that the blue flag was hoisted on the signal station on Holyhead moun-

tain. This we knew to signify that a number of ships were in sight. In an instant the balcony was filled and every telescope in requisition, and having ascertained the fact to be so, we went to dinner. We had not half finished dinner when a gun was heard, announcing the red flags being substituted for the blue ones. The dinner-table and house were speedily deserted, and we hurried to Holyhead, and took our station at the top of the lighthouse which is at the end of the pier. There we waited for some hours, watching a tremendous thunderstorm, and seeing all the vessels in harbour sail out to meet the King. It grew darker and darker, and at last we were obliged to return home in despair. About 2 A.M. Sir John was waked by a letter from Lord Anglesea, saying that the King was anchored in the bay, but had not yet decided on landing. At six we all sallied forth to see the beautiful squadron, consisting of two fine frigates, four large yachts, and sloops of war and innumerable cutters. The morning was spent in hearing divers reports of what the King intended to do, sending him presents of fruit and flowers, which were, I believe, very acceptable, and watching him while he was walking on deck, and visiting the *Active* and *Liffy*. Whilst on board the *Liffy*, intelligence came that the King designed to land. We hurried back to the lighthouse, from the balcony of which we had the most extensive and uninterrupted view imaginable. The scene which followed was really magnificent. It was a most beautiful day, a bright sun shining upon all the vessels, and the sea a deep dark green colour. At four o'clock the guns of Holyhead and Penrhos batteries fired the royal salute—a sign that the King had got into his barge; in an instant every yard was manned, every vessel covered with flags of every colour and form, and every gun was fired from each vessel, giving one in some degree an idea of what an engagement must be, as the clouds of smoke and

fire issued from each and echoed through the bay. The sun shining on the flags, and little regiments of men on every yard, and beautiful cutters sailing about in all directions, really exceeded all one could imagine in beauty. By degrees the royal barge approached, attended by the boats belonging to each ship, the crew dressed in black, scarlet, and gold, the oars tipped with gold, and the royal standard at one end. It reached the shore, and as the King placed his foot on the first step, the guns fired, the band (which attended in one of the boats, struck up 'God save the King,' every hat and handkerchief was waved, and loud hurrahs and cheers came from the crowds of people assembled on the pier. It was a moment never to forget, for every recollection of individual folly and unworthiness was banished from one's mind in the overpowering feeling and enthusiasm of the moment, and the deep silence which followed the burst of applause when he landed on the pier was very striking. There, in the midst of the two rows of people, Sir John knelt to receive him. The King made a speech expressive of his gratitude for the attention shown to him, and his pleasure at seeing the country of which he had so long borne the name. Sir John then read the Address, again knelt and kissed hands, and the King then proceeded to his carriage, attended by Lord Anglesea, followed by several carriages, and the crowd cheering all the way as he drove slowly through a triumphal arch erected at the end of the pier.

"On Wednesday the King returned from Plas Newydd, and the greater part of the scene was again repeated. On Thursday morning a King's messenger arrived with the news of the Queen's death. We saw the despatch was carried down to him in his cabin. Of what might be his feelings we of course knew nothing; every outward mark of decency has been shown, all the flags being, by his order, put half

mast high, and he not appearing on deck at all, and dining alone in his cabin. One could not help a feeling of melancholy at the idea that while he was receiving the homage of his people, surrounded by all that could be of grandeur and magnificence, his poor Queen was lying on her deathbed, deserted by all who had any natural ties to lament or regret her loss."

In December, 1822, the Bishopric of Calcutta was offered to Reginald Heber, with but little hope that he would be willing to sacrifice the comforts and interests of his Shropshire living for a mitre on the banks of the Ganges. He was, however, led to its acceptance by the consciousness of how wide a sphere of usefulness he would reject in its refusal, and almost immediately began to prepare for his departure from Hodnet. Greatly as his approaching loss was felt by many in the neighbourhood, the blow was incomparably most severe to Maria Leycester, who for many years had been like a sister to him, and who had derived her chief home-pleasures from his society, and that of Mrs. Heber.

M. L.'s JOURNAL.

"*Feb.* 8, 1823.—The extreme suffering I felt on first hearing of the intended departure of the Hebers for India, has now passed. Those vividly painful feelings seldom continue long in the same form, when the necessity for exertion, variety of society, and change of place, call upon the mind for fresh thoughts. But though the immediate shock is over, and my mind is by time habituated to the idea, so that I can now think and write of it calmly, it is no less a source of the deepest sorrow to me. Nor is it merely in

the pain of parting with such friends that I shall feel it. It will be in the daily loss I shall experience of kind and affectionate neighbours, of an interest always kept up, of the greatest part of my home enjoyments.

"I had so little foreseen, at any time, the possibility of this event, that I was totally unprepared for it, and although now it appears quite natural that Reginald, who is so peculiarly fitted for the situation, should wish for it, I could hardly at first believe it to be possible. . . . The remembrance of the last two years rises up before me so much the more endeared from the thought that those happy days will never again return. There is nothing out of my own family which could have made so great a blank in my existence as this will do. For so many years have they been to me as brother and sister, giving to me so much pleasure, so much improvement. It will be the breaking up of my thoughts and habits and affections for years, and scarcely can I bear to think that in a few months those whom I have loved so dearly will be removed from me far into another world—for such does India appear at this distance."

"*April* 3.—So much has one feeling occupied every thought for the last two months, that it seems but a day since I wrote the last few lines—with this only difference, that the reality is so much more bitter than the anticipation, and that the certainty of my loss is now brought back to me by the knowledge that I shall never see them again, here or at Hodnet. The chord is snapped asunder, and I feel in its full force the effect it must have on my future happiness. I look around in vain for a bright spot to which to turn. All that I valued most, out of my own family, will be at once taken from me, and it will leave a blank that cannot be filled. To find a friend like Reginald, with a heart so kind, so tender, and a character so heavenly, must be utterly impossible, and the remembrance of all the interest he has

shown in me, and all his kindness, makes the feeling of his loss very difficult to bear. . . ."

August 1, 1823.—This evening I have, for the first time, ventured to go by Hodnet. It must be done, and it was better alone than with others. So, having dined early, I took a long ride—one of our old rides which I have so often taken with him. There stood the poor deserted Rectory, with its flowers and its fields—the green gate, which I have so seldom passed before unopened, all looking exactly the same as in days of happiness, and now how changed from their former merriment to solitude and silence! Those beautiful park-fields where I have so often walked, and where I shall never walk again, lay shining in the evening sun, looking most tranquil and peaceful, as if in a world so beautiful unhappiness could not be found. Scarcely could I believe, as I looked around me, that all were gone with whom I had enjoyed so many happy days there, and that those same trees and fields were alone remaining to speak to me of the past, every step recalling to me some word or look. As I rode along, recollections crowded on me so fast that I felt hardly conscious of the present and its gloom, in living over again a period of such happiness. . . ."

But the feelings of grief with which Maria Leycester watched the departure of the Hebers for India, did not solely arise from the pain of losing their society. In losing them she lost also the only means of communication with another, who had become, in the last few years, even more closely endeared to her, and with whom her acquaintance had begun and ripened under their roof, and been fostered by their sympathy and protection. It was in the autumn of 1819, upon her return from Scotland, that she first met with Mr. Martin Stow, a person who was to have much in-

fluence over her future life. Though regarding him as "a mere country curate," she was at once interested in him by the likeness which many perceived between him and her beloved brother-in-law, Edward Stanley. Early in January, 1820, she spent a week at Hodnet Rectory, during which they were constantly together, sharing in the many amusements of that happy home, in all of which Mr. Stow was a most willing and able assistant, and in which his high spirits seemed to communicate themselves to every member of the party, and to spread a spirit of life and vivacity around him. In the following summer, the acting of Mr. Heber's little play of *Blue Beard* again assembled the party at Hodnet, where there was always the most enjoyable kind of society, no form or dulness, but conversation of every kind, sometimes playful and sometimes serious; a bright colouring seemed to invest everything, and those who were admitted into the little circle of intimates of which Reginald Heber was the centre, found a charm in every occupation and pursuit which they had never felt before. It was not to be wondered at, that, meeting on such terms, two persons whose pursuits and tastes were similar, should become intimate.

It was in the midst of this happiness (March, 1820) that Charles Leycester's death occurred after a single week's illness. His sister at the time was almost crushed by the blow, and the first person to whom she turned with interest, when she began to recover from the stunning force of sorrow, was Mr. Stow, who had been the intimate friend of the brother she had lost; and in the following summer in her rides with her brother Edward, he constantly joined

them, and the three rambled together over the woods at Hawkestone, discovering new paths, and enjoying their beauties.

In the following summer of 1821 Maria Leycester was constantly urged by the Hebers to form one of their party, and her visits to Hodnet Rectory were of almost daily occurrence. Mr. Stow was generally there; the walks with him and Reginald Heber had an indescribable charm, and the affection which had gradually and unconsciously been drawing their hearts together, could not but daily gain strength.

In June, Maria Leycester was again staying at Hodnet, at the time of the christening of the little Emily Heber, at which she and Mr. Stow knelt side by side as proxy godfather and godmother. During this visit he begged permission to make known to her family the feeling with which he regarded her, but his advances were coldly received by them, and both his daughter and Mr. Stow became aware how impossible it would be ever to obtain Mr. Leycester's consent to their union. Without this she would not marry. In that autumn Mr. Stow accepted the British chaplaincy at Genoa, whence he maintained a constant correspondence with the Hebers, through whom a certain degree of communication was preserved.

In February, 1822, Mr. Stow was recalled to England by his father's death, and came again to Hodnet, bringing his sister with him, and he and Miss Leycester met with that calmness of intercourse which arose from no change in the degree of their attachment, but from the confirmed steadiness with which it had now become part of themselves, and

which it had acquired in the experience of many months separation, and when he returned to Genoa it was with a mutual though unspoken assurance of unchangeable affection on either side.

The following summer was passed by Maria Leycester in a happy state of tranquillity, not unenlivened by hope. The summer was a very hot one, and she passed whole days in the open air, living under the lime-trees, which crown the steep mossy bank at Stoke Rectory, with her table and books, reading "Spenser's Fairy Queen" for the first time, listening to the Hodnet bells, and existing in a world of her own, where all was peace and happiness. The Hebers were at this time in London, Reginald Heber having been appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn; but every evening, when it became cool enough, Maria Leycester would mount her horse Psyche and ride over to Hodnet Rectory to visit their little Emily, who rewarded her with her many smiles.

It was in January, 1823, that Maria Leycester was first told that Reginald Heber had accepted the bishopric of Calcutta. A thunderclap could not have stunned her more. To his preferment in England she had long and anxiously looked forward as involving her own prospects also, but for this she was wholly unprepared. It was cutting off at once not only all present connection with Mr. Stow, but all hopes of future preferment; it was taking away the only society in which she felt any interest, and the only friends who had ever been her support and consolation in her separation from him, both in their sympathy, and the means of communication they afforded. Whichever way she looked,

her loss appeared heavier. On their return to Hodnet every visit became more and more melancholy, as everything around reminded her of their approaching departure. The whole of Passion Week was spent by them at Stoke Rectory, and they were then accompanied by Mrs. Heber's favourite cousin, Augustus Hare, with whom Maria Leycester had become intimately acquainted during his many visits at Hodnet, and who was also the dearest friend of Mr. Stow. It was a party that in happier times would have been delightful, but it was now filled with too bitter recollections and anticipations. The spirits, however, in which Reginald Heber spoke and thought of this new sphere opened to him did much to turn their thoughts towards the interests and occupations of his future life. Each day was employed in walks to Hodnet Rectory, which looked more and more deserted as it was gradually emptied of all its contents, and little left but the bare walls of the rooms which had been the scene of so much enjoyment. On Easter Sunday the whole party went to Hodnet Church, where Reginald Heber preached a beautiful and deeply affecting farewell sermon, in which he expressed his anxiety to partake with his friends for the last time of the Holy Sacrament, which he afterwards administered to them, "as strengthening that feeling in which alone they would in future be united, till the East and West should alike be gathered as one fold under one Shepherd." On the following day the Hebers left Stoke. Maria Leycester walked up with them to Hodnet for the last time, and through life remembered the kindness of Reginald Heber during that walk—the affectionate manner in which he tried to soothe her grief at parting with

them, and to talk of future happy times—the assurances he gave her that amidst the new interests of India he should often turn to former friends and think of the days they had passed together—and that they should still ever be united in prayer. The whole warmth of his heart was shown in those last moments, till they parted, when he and Mrs. Heber turned in at the gates of Hodnet Hall.

As Maria Leycester returned to Stoke across Hodnet Heath, Augustus Hare walked with her, and his brother-like sympathy and affection gave her great comfort, and inspired her with the utmost confidence, especially as he alone, except the Hebers, was acquainted with all the circumstances of her relation to Mr. Stow. He spent the rest of that day at Stoke, while waiting for the coach which was to pass in the evening.

Meantime, Bishop Heber had made the offer of his Indian chaplaincy to Mr. Stow, who gladly accepted it, in the hope that Miss Leycester might consent to accompany him, and that her family, in the knowledge that she would in this case remain with the Hebers and form part of their family circle, might be induced to assent to their marriage. But these hopes proved entirely fruitless; and when Maria Leycester accompanied the Stanleys to London to see the last of the Hebers, she had an interview with Mr. Stow at Lincoln's Inn, which she quite believed to be a final one.

The following letters belonging to this period are not without interest to the story:—

REGINALD HEBER *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Hodnet, March* 3, 1823.—I take abundant shame to myself, my dear Augustus, for not having sooner answered

one of the most gratifying letters which I have received for many months; but you will, I am sure, impute my silence to any cause but indifference either to the intelligence which you communicated or to the friendship of the kind communicator. It was, indeed, a very great and most unexpected honour which the University conferred on me; and, perhaps, the distinction of all others which, if it had been named to me, I should have most desired. Yet I will fairly say that I derived more pleasure still from the kind and cordial manner in which you congratulated me, and the renewed conviction which I felt of your regard and favourable opinion. I heartily wish I may through life retain, and continue to deserve them both. Your cousin and I are here in the midst of packings and leave-takings, both unpleasant operations, and the latter a very painful one. I do not, indeed, feel so much parental emotion as many people profess under similar circumstances, and as I myself partly expected I should, in bidding adieu to the stones and trees which I have built and planted. But, besides my mother and sister, and besides the other kind friends with whom I have passed so many hours here, there are among my parishioners many old persons whom I can never expect to meet again, and many, both old and young, who evidently lose me with regret, and testify their concern in a very natural and touching manner. My comfort is that Emily, who is as much regretted as I can be, and who has, if possible, more ties than I have to bind her to England—now that the first struggle is over—is not only resigned, but cheerful and courageous, and as resolute as I am to look only on the bright side of the prospect."

MARTIN STOW *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Feb.*, 1823.—The dream is at an end. In losing the Hebers I have lost Maria Leycester. Not a hope, nor a

shadow of a hope, can remain. It is not only that Reginald was the only quarter from which I had the least chance of preferment or recommendation, but they were the only links between the Leycesters and myself; they are taken away, and their departure, as far as I am concerned, is utter and absolute ruin. . . . Do not think that I suppose Reginald wrong in going; far from it. I look upon it as a high and noble self-devotion to the cause of God and the good of mankind; nor do I know any man whom I would so willingly see at Calcutta. The difficulties to be encountered in India are precisely those with which he is especially qualified to cope—obstinacy and prejudice on the one side, and notorious evil living on the other. He is in his own person the confusion of both."

MARTIN STOW *to* REGINALD HEBER.

"*Rome, April* 10, 1823.—The last post brought me your kind letter, and I lose no time in returning you my sincerest thanks for the considerate kindness and attention to my interest which has led you to make me so noble an offer of preferment. . . . I do not know whether Maria Leycester may have been aware of your intention, or whether she would regard it as favourable or otherwise to our hopes; but as I can hardly suppose that you did not mention it to her, or that she was averse to the place, I have ventured to enclose a letter to her father, stating the nature of the preferment in my power, and requesting his permission to declare my affection to Maria. . . ."

MARTIN STOW *to* MRS. R. HEBER.

"*Rome, April* 14, 1823.—Do you think there is any chance of my being able to carry my dearest Maria to India? I think this would give *you* pleasure; we should then have so much to remind us, even on the banks of the Ganges, of

former days of happiness. Her great love for you both would, I think, outweigh any personal objection of her own, but I fear that I have scarcely a hope of her father's consent. . . . The little note you have transmitted from Maria is so mournful, yet so resigned, so evidently without hope, that it almost breaks my heart. . . . Addio, and may God bless you for all you have done, and intend to do, for me."

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* MRS. R. HEBER.

"*May*, 1823.—So Stow has accepted! He has written to me to implore me to set before Maria Leycester, not his misery, but the certainty of their love being destroyed, if he goes to India without her; and to prove to her how happy she would be, making one of that circle in India, which has been so very dear to her in England. He wishes me to see her before his arrival, and as he wishes it, I wish it too. Surely, you can contrive this for me. Excellent as she is, I am sure he deserves her, and I am sure he loves her enough to make ten ordinary husbands. Would it not be a great point to familiarise her mind to the *possibility* of going to India? So many excellent things are never done, because the parties concerned vote them impossible—'Cela ne se fait pas' is the only argument to which I can never find an answer. It is out of my power to say how anxious I feel that this matter should be brought to a good issue. Objectless for myself, and loving no one (in the technical sense of the word, for in its more enlarged meaning God knows I love many people, among others, you and Reginald much), all my wishes tend to furthering the love of a friend from whom, during the last twelve years, I have received so many marks of confidence and affection, and some real services that no other, perhaps, could or would have rendered me—scoldings, by the way, not a few, among the number."

The meeting at Lincoln's Inn was not the last. When Mr. Stow was about to leave England, he could not resist the desire of seeing Miss Leycester once more, and followed her to Cheshire. Their last meeting was in the beech-wood at Alderley. Augustus Hare then accompanied his friend into Cheshire, and remained with him till the 1st of October, when he sailed for India in the *Ganges*, with his sister.

In the following winter, during visits in the neighbourhood of London, Augustus Hare was the only person Miss Leycester had any pleasure in seeing, and she gratefully received his kindness and sympathy. Though he was more reserved and cautious in speaking of the future than he had hitherto been, he talked much of past days, and but to hear and talk of them was sufficient happiness for her. From him she learnt of the safe arrival of the *Ganges* in India, and of the welfare and well-being of his friend.

Meantime (in 1823, 1824), Maria Leycester's home life was diversified, and her attention to a certain degree diverted from sorrowful thoughts, by many visits to Knowsley, and by the happy marriage of her brother Edward (Dec. 16, 1823) to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Lord Stanley, and granddaughter of the twelfth Earl of Derby.

On the 1st of February, 1825, Maria Leycester went to Shavington to visit her friend, Lady Frances Needham, from whom she had long been separated, and to her, whose sympathy she had always received, she spoke much of her prospects and hopes, regardless of the sad tone in which she was answered, and the turn which Lady Frances judiciously

gave to the conversation. The visit was to have lasted some days, but, on the second day, there came a note from Stoke, begging that Miss Leycester would return home immediately. It excited her surprise, but nothing more, till the sudden recollection that Lady Frances had disappeared from the room on receipt of a similar note, awakened alarm. But in vain did Maria Leycester seek to discover its contents from her friend, and in all the wretchedness of suspense she rode home, feeling an inward conviction that the blow, in some form or other, must come from Alderley, as there was no other quarter from which, in her absence, she imagined her family would have heard. She turned to every possible and impossible shape she thought it could assume, but of the right one never did a moment's suspicion cross her mind. She reached Stoke, and in a few minutes the truth was before her—Martin Stow had died of fever at Dacca, on the 17th of July, 1824!

REGINALD HEBER *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Delaserry River, near Dacca, July* 22, 1824.—My dear Augustus,—Little did I anticipate when we parted, with how heavy a heart I should commence what (I am almost ashamed to say) is my first letter to you. We have lost poor Stow! He set out with me five weeks since on my visitation, leaving his sister with Emily and her children, who were dissuaded by our medical advisers from accompanying me on the formidable journey; but whom we hoped to meet in February next at Bombay, whither they were to proceed by sea, while we found our way across the continent, through Rajpoohana and Malwa. Stow had been seriously ill in Calcutta, of something like a dysentery; but it was anticipated by everybody that a sail of three

months on the Ganges, and a subsequent journey to a cooler climate would be of the utmost service to him, and he was not only permitted, but strongly advised by Dr. Abel to accompany me. These favourable expectations seemed verified by the experience of our first fortnight; the cool breeze of the river seemed to revive him most essentially, and his spirits and appetite increased perceptibly, while he took an increasing interest in the wild and sequestered, but beautiful and luxuriant scenes through which we passed, while threading the great Delta of the Ganges in our way to Dacca. Unhappily, as his strength returned, he became less cautious; he one evening particularly exposed himself to the sun while yet high, and to the worst miasma which this land of death affords, by running into a marsh after some wild ducks. From that time his disorder returned, and he reached Dacca on the 5th of this month so weak and exhausted, as to be carried from the boat to the bedroom prepared for him. The means of cure usually employed were tried without success. He struggled, however, against the complaint with a strength which surprised both his medical attendants and myself, and which long flattered us, alas, with a delusive hope of his recovery. During the three last days of his life, he was fully sensible of his approaching end, and I trust I shall never forget the earnestness of his prayers, the severity and deep contrition with which he scrutinized all the course of his (surely) innocent and useful life; the humility and self-abasement with which he cast himself on God's mercy through Christ, or the blessed and still brightening hope which—after his first mental struggle was over—it pleased his gracious Master to send him. He sent his love to you with a request that all his papers might be sent to you 'to do what you thought best with them.' He observed that the anniversary was just passed of the day in which he

parted with M. L. in the woods of Alderley. 'Dear, dear Maria!' he said, 'I hope God is not offended with me for thinking of her in this hour.' He often named his 'poor sister,' recommending her to Emily's care and mine. But all the rest of his time was occupied in praying, with me, or mentally, and in listening to different texts of Scripture, which he took great delight in my reading to him. 'God,' he said on Friday evening—'God and his dear Son are mercifully making this passage more and more easy to me.' He slept very little, being interrupted by constant spasms. At length, in the course of Saturday, a slight wandering came on, though he never ceased to know me, or to express uneasiness if, by any alteration of position, or any other cause, he, for a moment, lost sight of me. His end was visibly fast approaching, and his face had assumed that unequivocal character which belongs to the dying, when he called me closer to him and said in a half whisper, 'Do you think I shall see my poor, poor sister to-night?' I could not help answering, 'It was by no means impossible.' I know not in what sense he meant the question; but, indeed, I cannot think it even *unlikely* that the spirit of a just man may be permitted for a time to hover over those objects it has loved most tenderly. Some violent but short spasms succeeded, after which he sank into a calm slumber, and a few minutes after twelve, literally *breathed* his last, without a struggle or groan. I myself closed his eyes, and, with the help of a surgeon (whom, in the forlorn hope of some favourable turn taking place, I had got to remain in the house the last three nights), composed his limbs. It was necessary that we should do this, since the superstition of the wretched people round us had put them to flight.

"He was buried in the evening of the next day (Sunday, the 18th), in the cemetery of the station, which, that day week, I had consecrated. A wild and dismal place it is, as

ever Christian laid his bones in, at about a mile's distance from the inhabited part of Dacca, but surrounded by ruins and jungle, and containing several tall, ruinous tombs of former residents in the days when the commerce of this province was the most important in India. Some of these have been very handsome, but all are now dilapidated, and overgrown with ivy and the wild fig-tree. There is, however, a high wall, with an old Moorish gateway, which protects the graves effectually from the jackals, and I have given directions for a plain monument to be erected over my poor friend. His illness, his youth, his amiable manners with the few in Dacca who saw him, and his general character, excited a great sensation in the place. Inquiries came every day, with presents of fruit, or often of books, which might elucidate his distemper or amuse him, and similar marks of attention and interest, not only from the English residents, but from the Nawab, from the principal Zemindar of the neighbourhood, and from the Armenian Bishops of Ecmiazin and Jerusalem, whom I met here, engaged in a still larger visitation than my own, of the different churches of their communion in Persia and India. All the English residents, and the officers from the military lines, with a detachment of artillerymen, came, unsolicited, to his funeral. We were the guests of Mr. Masters, the principal judge, whose nephew you may have known at Baliol; and from him more particularly, and from Mr. Mitford, the junior judge, brother to my friend Mitford of Oriel, we received daily and unwearied kindness. Mrs. Mitford, on finding that poor Miss Stow thought of setting off for Dacca to nurse her brother, not only wrote to ask her to their house, but offered to accelerate a journey which Mr. M. and she were meditating to Calcutta, in order to take care of her in the dismal homeward voyage. I trust, however, that my letters would arrive in time to stop her,

and lest they should not have done so, I am now diverging from the great stream which is my direct course towards Patna, in order to ascertain whether she has really set out, and, if so, to meet and take her at least the greater part of the way back again.

"Emily had entreated, on hearing the first alarm, that, in the event of poor Stow's death or inability to proceed, I would not refuse her permission to join me at the Rajamehal Hills, and to go with me, at whatever risk, through the rest of the journey; and I know her so well that, though there will certainly be some circumstances trying to her strength, I am disposed to believe she would suffer more by not being allowed to follow me; so that, in about a month's time, I may hope to see her and my children. Whether Miss Stow will accompany them, or immediately return to England, I know not; her brother seemed to think she would prefer the former, and I have written to invite her to do so. Yet, alas! what motive has she now for lingering in India?

"This is the second old and valued friend (poor Sir C. Puller was the first, though my intimacy with Stow was far greater) which this cruel climate has within a few months robbed me of. In the meantime, I have great reason for thankfulness that, in all essential points, my own health has remained firm; that my dear wife, though she has been an invalid, has been so from causes unconnected with the climate; and that my children are pictures of health and cheerfulness. How long this is to continue, God knows, and I thank Him that my confidence in his mercy and protection has not yet been shaken. Meantime, I am far from repenting my coming out to India, where I am sure I am not idle, and hope I am not useless—though I have, alas! fallen far short of my own good intentions, and have failed, to a greater extent than I expected, in conciliating the

respective bigots of the High and Low Church parties. But I cannot help feeling most painfully the loss of my most sincerely attached and intelligent friend, to whom, under any difficulty, I could open myself without reserve—whose cheerful conversation was delightful to me in health, and to whose affectionate solicitude and prayers I looked forward as a sure resource in sorrow or in sickness.

"I write this letter from my boat. I am writing also to Mrs. Stanley, to beg her to break the sad tidings to Maria. But I have been so long in my letter to you, that mine to her must be a short one. If you think these details likely to interest them, you may send this letter. God bless you, dear Augustus.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"R. CALCUTTA."

MRS. STANLEY *to* AUGUSTUS W. HARE.

"*Alderley, Feb.* 5, 1825.— . . . . I feel for you *truly*. I know what you have lost, and how you valued him you have proved too well. I fear there is no hope now, the news coming from two other distinct quarters is only too strong confirmation. I shall be thankful if Maria can be kept in ignorance till not a shadow of doubt remains, for in her present state I should dread anxiety more even than grief for her. . . . . It will be a relief to you to know that Mrs. Leycester had the presence of mind to let her mount her horse and ride to Shavington, while she was actually engaged in the act of reading your first letter, taking the precaution of writing to Lady Fanny Needham to say that unpleasant reports were afloat from India, and begging her to take care that Maria did not see a paper unguardedly.

"However melancholy the source of our acquaintance will now be to us both, let me trust it will still be continued, and

that no opportunity of improving it will be neglected. I shall ever feel the warmest interest in you, and a high value for your friendship. I shall write to you again without scruple, if there is anything to say about my sister that you will like to know, and I do know you will be anxious about her.

Feb. 6.—I have heard again from Mrs. Leycester, who dreaded Maria's hearing at Shavington, and made an excuse to send for her home; and, after that preparation, broke the news.

"*Feb.* 28.—I have been to Stoke, and after being with Maria for a few days, she improved more than I dared to hope at first. Constant talking on the subject with the greatest freedom relieved her, and when I left her about ten days ago she could do this with calmness. I left my two little children with her, and she was able to play with and talk to them when she could do nothing else."

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* (HIS AUNT) LADY JONES.

"*Feb.* 3.—Truly Stow was, after yourself and my brothers, the person I most had loved in the world. . . . . He was the only person with whom Reginald would lay aside the bishop, an indescribable happiness to a man of his simple turn of mind. With him, and with him alone, Reginald could be and could feel as he formerly did by his rectory fireside. Now that is over. I need not say how much he would have gained himself by what he would have seen and done, for he is now gaining and learning infinitely more. As he was to be taken from me, thank God it was in God's service. It was in doing what the Apostles, had they been alive now, would have been doing too, and because he was doing it, that he died.. This fact is like a rock of comfort to me. There is no moving or shaking the con-

viction that those who die for God shall also live with Him. He is quite safe."

M. L. *to* Augustus W. Hare.

"I must write a few lines, although I feel it almost needless to do so, for Augustus Hare knows all my feelings too well to doubt what they must be now. I have received every comfort that the tenderest, the most affectionate kindness could give; but it is to you I turn as the sharer, the fellow-sufferer, in my grief. You only know what the loss is. I cannot help at times feeling that if I had been there this might not have happened, but I believe it is presumption to think so. The God who has willed to take him away had the power to have preserved him had He seen fit to do so, and ought we not to rejoice that his spirit is removed from a world of sighing and sorrow to one where it will be perfected in happiness and joy? I have not felt the resignation I ought to have done, but sorrow is very, very selfish. I am sensible that I have much to be grateful for, that few women have had the happiness of being loved with affection so strong and so disinterested—few can have had the means of loving such excellence and noble-mindedness; but to feel that this is gone for ever, and that we can live only in the past, is very hard to bear; and yet when I think of that sister to whom he was friend, protector, everything—I feel it almost wrong to grieve for myself. I know that if you can you will come here. When we have once met it will be a comfort to mourn together. I look to one only source of comfort, and you too, my dear friend, must, in a Hope which can never fail, seek for that consolation which nothing earthly can afford."

Here our narration must pause. Augustus Hare and his family have henceforward so large a share in it, that it seems necessary to go back into their lives, and connect their story with this.

III.

THE HARES OF HURSTMONCEAUX.

"The true Past departs not, nothing that was worthy in the Past departs; no Truth or Goodness realised by man ever dies, or can die; but all is still here, and, recognised or not, lives and works through endless changes." — CARLYLE'S *Essays*.

LESS than four miles from the Sussex coast, at the point where the huge remains of the Roman Anderida break the otherwise monotonous sea-line, but divided from the sea by the flat marsh meadow-lands known as Pevensey Level, stand the ruins of Hurstmonceaux Castle. Once, before the Level was reclaimed, the sea itself must have rolled in almost as far as the ancient manor-house which preceded the castle upon the same site; and the plain is still wholly uninhabited, except by one or two farmers, who watch over the immense herds of cattle which pasture there and who live in small houses amid solitary tufts of trees, on slight rising-grounds, which were once islands, and whose names still show their origin, in the ancient termination of *ey*, or island, as in Pevensey, Horsey, Langney. From the churchyard above the castle, the view is very strange, looking down upon the green, pathless

flat, into the confines of which no one ever wanders except the cowherds, or those who cross to Pevensey by the distant highroad. The church and castle are literally the last buildings on the edge of a desert.

The castle is still most grand and stately in its premature decay; nothing can be more picturesque than its huge front of red brick, grown grey here and there with lichens and weather-stains, than its arched gateway and boldly projecting machicolations, or the flowing folds of ivy with which it is overhung. Though only built in the reign of Henry VI., it is said to have been the earliest large brick building in England, after the time of Richard II., when De la Pole's house was built of brick at Kingston-on-Hull; and it is considered a most valuable specimen of the transition of domestic building from a fortress to a manor-house. The front is pierced with loop-holes for crossbows, and œillets for the discharge of matchlock guns, which are relics of the former intention, while the large windows of the dwelling-rooms, and more especially the noble oriel known as "the Ladies' Bower," are witnesses to the latter. Bishop Littleton,* writing in 1757, states his opinion that Hurstmonceaux was at that time the largest inhabited house in England belonging to any subject, its rival, Audley End, having been then partially destroyed.

Unfortunately the castle is built in a damp hollow, and, as Horace Walpole observes,† "for convenience of water to the moat, it sees nothing at all." All the present surroundings of the building are in melancholy harmony with

* Archæologia, vol. ii. p. 147.

† Walpole's Letters, edit. 1837, vol. i. p. 176.

its condition. Dim mists, which float upwards from the great dykes of the marsh, shroud the whole hollow towards evening, and seem prophetic of rheumatism and ague. The moat, which even in Elizabeth's time was converted into a garden for the sake of salubrity, is now an undrained wilderness of dank grass and rushes; beside it, a line of tall Spanish chestnuts fling up their antler-like boughs against the sky, and are nearly the only relic of the many stately avenues which once crossed the park in every direction. Almost all the other trees near it are cut down, or blown down by the salt-winds, which blow savagely over the unguarded hill-side, and only a few mutilated beeches, a few plantations of the last century, and some thickets of furze, which afford shelter for innumerable rabbits, remain to show where rich vegetation has once existed, and to contrast with the brown turf, which scantily covers the poor unproductive soil. Ivy alone flourishes, clinging and clustering about the walls with a destroying vigour, which makes one regret the day when old Marchant, the gardener, who died only a few years ago, used to tell us that he "turned the first plant out of a penny flower-pot." But that which contributes most to the sadness of the place, is the shortness of the time since it fell into decay, for less than a hundred years ago the castle was perfect and inhabited, the antler-hung hall was filled with guests, Horace Walpole was coming down from London to hunt up the antiquities, and Addison was writing a play about the castle ghost-story.* Now, not a single room remains perfect, but the empty mullions of the windows frame broad

* See "The Haunted House," Addison's Works, vol ii.

strips of blue Sussex sky, and in the interior the turf is everywhere strewn with masses of red and yellow brickwork, which lovers of Rome have compared to the huge fragments which litter the Baths of Caracalla.

The name Hurstmonceaux is a combination of the Saxon word "hurst," meaning a wood, and "Monceaux," the title of one of its lords, who came over with the Conqueror.* The family of Monceaux built the early manor-house, which existed long before the castle, and was coeval with the foundation of the church on the adjoining hill. In the time of Waleran de Monceaux (1264), Henry III.† visited and slept in this building, and one of his nobles, Roger de Tournay, was accidentally killed by an arrow as he was hunting in the park. In the reign of Edward II., Maude de Monceaux brought the castle by marriage to Sir John Fienes. The head of this family bore the title of Lord Dacre of the South. In 1405, died William Fienes, whose magnificent brass remains in front of the altar of the church. In 1440, the old manor-house where William Fienes died was pulled down by Sir Roger Fienes, Treasurer of the Household to Henry V., by whom the present castle was built, at a cost of £3,800.‡

In 1534, died Thomas, second Lord Dacre, whose grand altar-tomb in Hurstmonceaux Church bears his effigy, with that of his son Thomas, who died before him. It was the grandson of this Lord Dacre, and not himself, as Horace Walpole affirms, who was beheaded in his twenty-fourth

* Sussex Archæol., vol iv. p. 128. † Id., p. 134.
‡ Pat. Roll., 19 Hen. VI., "licentia kernellandi."

year on Tower Hill * for accidentally killing a gamekeeper in Laughton Park,† "chiefly," says Camden, "because of his great estate, which needy courtiers gasped after, and which caused them to hasten his destruction." ‡ In 1593, his daughter Margaret, Baroness Dacre, brought the property by marriage (for the strictness of the entail saved the estates from forfeiture) to Sampson Lennard, described by Camden as "of great worth and politeness," with whom she lived in the castle. This couple built the great staircase, and adorned the chimney-pieces with carving in stone, and they are buried at Chevening under a splendid monument. Their grandson Richard, Lord Dacre (the builder of Chevening), died at Hurstmonceaux, and was buried there, August 18, 1650. The last Lord Dacre (Thomas) who possessed Hurstmonceaux married Lady Anne Fitzroy, a natural daughter of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland, and they adorned the castle with fine carvings by Gibbons. In 1708, Thomas, Lord Dacre, sold Hurstmonceaux to George Naylor, of Lincoln's Inn, who was a very handsome man, of stately presence and large fortune. His wife, who was a picturesque little woman with curls, sparkling eyes, and a snub-nose,§ was Lady Grace Holles, sister of Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle.

George Naylor and Lady Grace were married in 1705, and kept a most bour tiful house at Hurstmonceaux, where

* This is the subject of a tragedy by Mrs. Gore.

† Hollinshed says the catastrophe occurred at "Pikehaie" in Hellingly, a parish joining Hurstmonceaux on the west.

‡ Camden's Britannia.

§ See their portraits by Sir P. Lely.

all guests were hospitably received, according to their degree, while butts of beer were left standing at the park gates for the refreshment of chance passers-by. If the exterior of the castle was damp and gloomy, it was amply atoned for within the walls. The visitor, upon crossing the bridge, was received in a vaulted portico, on one side of which the porter had his lodge. Hence he entered the great courtyard, generally known as "the Green Court," surrounded by slender pillars of brick, and shaded in part by the great holly which stood in the centre of the quadrangle, and of which a fragment still remains in the ruins. Above the cloisters, a line of windows on every side lighted the galleries into which the principal apartments opened upon the upper floor. That on the left was called the Bethlehem Gallery, and was hung from end to end with gilt stamped leather, a fragment of which, Dame Burchett, an old woman in a red cloak, who showed the castle till a few years ago, used to wear in her bosom as a kind of talisman, till the day of her death. This, and the other courtyards, were always kept bright and free from weeds by twenty old crones, who were constantly employed about the place under the title of "the castle weeding women." Immediately beyond the Green Court was the great hall, paved with square glazed tiles, and covered by an open timber roof, whose massive beams were supported on corbels adorned with the alant or wolf-dog—the badge of the Dacres, and which ended in a music-gallery. Beyond the hall was the Pantry Court, whose picturesque gable lighted the great staircase built by Margaret, Baroness Dacre, which led to the upper galleries, of which the Green Gallery, hung with

green cloth, was filled with pictures, and the Bethlehem Gallery derived its name from the guest-rooms which opened into it, and which were always reserved for the entertainment of strangers. Beyond the Pantry Court a paved passage led to a gateway and bridge, opening upon the garden. On the right of the main artery of the castle, occupying the east front, were the principal dwelling apartments, including the great drawing-room, adorned by the Earl of Sussex, where a vine, the masterpiece of Grinling Gibbons, was represented as springing out of the ground near the fireplace, and spreading its branches and tendrils over the ceiling, whose pendants were formed by the hanging bunches of grapes; the chapel, whose tall windows contained "the seven long lean saints ill done," described by Horace Walpole; and on the upper floor, "the Ladies' Bower," whose peculiar oriel window is so conspicuous a feature. On the west side of the castle were the kitchen and bakehouse (in the great oven of which, guide books declare that a coach and six could turn with facility), and a small court, known as the Pump Court. The chambers on the upper floor are described by Grose as "sufficient to lodge a garrison." "One was bewildered," he says, "by the galleries that led to them, while on every window was painted on the glass the alant, or wolf-dog, the ancient supporters of the family of Fiennes.

In the time of Lady Grace Naylor, these vast suites of guest-chambers were constantly filled with visitors, who frequently included the lady's own two brothers, both important persons of their time. That Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, did not forget the poor friends he made while

staying with his sister, is testified by a weather-beaten tombstone still standing beneath the vestry window of Hurstmonceaux Church, and inscribed to the memory of "Richard Morris, who died the 21st day of July, 1749, aged sixty-three, who himself desired that it might be remembered that he owed his bread to his grace the Duke of Newcastle, his great benefactor." *

An aunt of George Naylor had married Richard Hare, the descendant of a family which had been settled at Leigh, in Essex, for many generations, and had died, leaving an only son, Francis, who was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, where he had formed an intimate friendship with Sir Robert Walpole, and where he had the care of John, Marquis of Blandford, only son of the great Duke of Marlborough, who died in his college of small-pox, in 1702, and is buried there in the chapel, under a monument, which bears a long Latin epitaph, composed by his tutor.†

In 1704, Francis Hare was appointed Chaplain-General to the army in Flanders, under John, Duke of Marlborough, and was present at the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies. He described the campaign in a valuable series of letters to his cousin at Hurstmonceaux, and in a journal, pre-

* This Duke of Newcastle married Henrietta, grand-daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, in 1717. The younger brother of Lady Grace was the famous Henry Pelham, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Her sisters were Frances, Viscountess Castlecombe; Garthwright, Mrs. Polhill; Margaret, Lady Shelley; and Lucy, who married Henry, seventh Earl of Lincoln, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark, Paymaster-General in George I.'s time, and Knight of the Garter.

† In the novel of "Esmond," "Dr. Hare" is portrayed as being called in to whip the Duke of Marlborough's children.

served among Archdeacon Coxe's papers in the British Museum.

In the autumn of 1709, he returned to England, and was married to his first cousin, Bethaia, sister of George Naylor, who thereupon removed with her mother to "Amen Corner," where Francis Hare appears to have possessed some description of home, and where members of his family were previously residing. But, in the following April (1710), he was again obliged to join the camp near Douay, when he left his wife with her family at Hurstmonceaux, which ever after continued her principal home; for Lady Grace died in 1711, after an illness of two years, her husband only survived her loss a few months, and the Duke of Newcastle dying at the same time, little Grace, the heiress of Hurstmonceaux, was left to the guardianship of Francis and Bethaia Hare.

The story of Grace Naylor is a very sad one. Left an orphan at five years old, she grew up in her home, the idol of her father's tenants, equally endeared to them by her beauty of person and natural sweetness of character. In her twenty-first year (1727), she died mysteriously in Hurstmonceaux Castle. Her aunt was already dead,* and it is said that the desolate girl was starved to death by the malice of a jealous governess, in whose care she was left; the fact probably being, that, in order to give her one of the slim waists, which were a lady's greatest ambition in those days, she was so reduced by her governess, that her constitution, always delicate, was unable to rally. She has no monument at Hurstmonceaux, and the beloved name of

* Bishop Hare married his second wife, Miss Alston, in the year succeeding Grace Naylor's death.

Grace Naylor is only commemorated upon that of her nurse, Margaret Beckett, who died December 27, 1750, aged seventy-eight, and who is mentioned as having "all her lifetime daily and hourly lamented" the decease of her young mistress. There is a beautiful portrait of her extant. Very little is really known of her life, but tradition and truth have woven themselves together in many stories, which are still told in her old home, where the bower-window, in which "the last of the Naylors was starved to death," is the object of chief attraction to those who visit the ruins of Hurstmonceaux Castle.

Of the life of Francis Hare, whose son Francis (born May 14, 1713) succeeded to the Hurstmonceaux estates on the death of his cousin, we are less ignorant. His sermons and pamphlets had long been keeping the ecclesiastical world alive, and were constantly arousing the abusive energies of the press; but at the same time, bringing his great talents before the public, which, aided by the protection of the Duke of Marlborough, and the friendship of Sir Robert Walpole, led him rapidly up the ladder of preferment.

In 1709, he enjoyed, in addition to the chaplaincy of the Duke of Marlborough, and the office of Chaplain-General of the Forces, a royal chaplaincy, given by Queen Anne, a Fellowship at Eton, a Canonry at St. Paul's, and the Rectory of Barnes, in Surrey. Thus, when he married Bethaia, he was already well provided for. In 1715, he received, in addition, the Deanery of Worcester. In 1722, he was appointed Usher of the Exchequer, which brought him another thousand a year, by Henry Pelham, the younger brother of Lady Grace. In October, 1726, upon the

resignation of Dr. Godolphin, he exchanged Worcester for the richer deanery of St. Paul's; and, in the same year, was advanced to the episcopal mitre (without resigning St. Paul's, which he held till his death), being on the 17th December, 1727, consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph, where he sate for barely four years. This double elevation was the more remarkable, because, during the latter part of the reign of George I., he had fallen into disgrace on the strength of party prejudice; and, in 1718, had been dismissed from his royal chaplaincy, together with Dr. Sherlock and Dr. Moss. But on the accession of George II., he was restored to the court favour, and Queen Caroline had already intended to have nominated him to the see of Bath and Wells, but yielded to the remonstrances of the ministry, who alleged that it would disoblige the whole bench of bishops to have the newly consecrated ones let into the best preferments at once.*

That Bishop Hare was considered one of the famous preachers of his time, we learn from the verses of Pope :—

> "Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
> While Kennet, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain."†

When the estates of Hurstmonceaux came to his son, who forthwith took the name of Naylor, Bishop Hare consented to pass as much time at the castle as his various offices allowed him; but he brought up the young Francis there in the most severe manner, "obliging him to speak Greek as his ordinary language in the family."‡ The property was already much impoverished. Not only were the repairs of

* Nichols's Literary Anecdotes. † Dunciad, bk. iii. s. 199.
‡ Cole MS.

the great fabric itself a continual drain upon the income, but custom had imposed a burden of hospitalities, and a display of liveries and retainers, which the Bishop found great difficulty in abolishing. His letters complain bitterly of the expenses of the unremunerative deer-park, from which "half the county expected to be supplied with venison," of the weeding women, the public beer-butts, and the number of useless hangers-on who by custom were attached to the estate, and whose number may be estimated by the fact, that there were four persons whose only duty was that of clock-winders.

After his son came of age, Bishop Hare never returned to Hurstmonceaux. While visiting his paternal estate of Skulthorpe, near Fakenham,* he had become acquainted with the family of Mr. Joseph Alston, of Edwardstone, whose wife was Laurentia Trumbull, niece of Sir William Trumbull, the Secretary of State.† Joseph Alston's eldest daughter, Margaret, was married to Bishop Hare in April, 1728, and brought him a large fortune in the estate of Newhouse, in Suffolk, and the Vatche, near Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire, where they always resided in the later years of his life. This property had descended to Margaret Alston through the Claytons : who, in their turn, derived it from the Fleetwoods, through whom the Bishop's second wife was related to Oliver Cromwell, of whom she possessed a valuable portrait. The Vatche took its name from the

* Sold by his son Robert in 1780.

† Minister Plenipotentiary in Turkey in the reign of William III., and the great friend and patron of Pope, who wrote his epitaph in Easthampstead Church, Berks.

Vache, a dairy-farm of King John. The estate was a rich one, and the house, in the Bishop's time, was a fine old residence, standing on high ground, surrounded by noble trees. It was approached by a long lime avenue from the picturesque village of Chalfont, well-known to lovers of great men, as having once been the residence of Milton, who took refuge there from the plague in 1665, and wrote his "Paradise Lost" in a gable-ended cottage, built by one of the Fleetwoods, which still exists.

The comparative economy of the Vatche, and its nearness to London, made it a far more popular residence with the Bishop than Hurstmonceaux. He fitted up a desecrated chapel in the grounds for divine service, which was performed by one of his chaplains, and hung a gallery, a hundred and fifty feet in length, with the portraits of his ancestors.* At the Vatche, the seven children of his second marriage were born.†

Meanwhile, his eldest son, Francis, gave the Bishop considerable uneasiness, by avenging himself for his strictly guarded youth, in extravagance and dissipation of every description, and by eventually joining the Medmenham brotherhood, or "Hell Fire Club," a society of wits and humorists, who called themselves Franciscans, from their founder, Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer. They met in the deserted abbey of Medmenham, on the banks of the Thames, where they spent six weeks every

* Sheahan's Hist. of Bucks, pp. 822, 823.

† Four of these lived to grow up, Robert the eldest son; Laurentia who died 1760, aged thirty-one; Anne who died 1816, aged eighty-one; and Francis, who died in the East Indies, 1771.

summer in the wildest orgies, during which, a cordon was drawn round the abbey, to prevent the approach of the uninitiated. "Fay ce que voudras" (the inscription in Rabelais' abbey Thelme) * was their motto, which they engraved over their porch at Medmenham, where, time-stained and ivy-mantled, it may still be seen; and whatever they chose that they did, though they sometimes chose to do things which the present century would never allow, and the last century was greatly scandalized at.† When he consented to leave the brotherhood, the first step which Francis Naylor made towards reform, was one most displeasing to his father, by engaging himself to his stepmother's younger sister, Carlotta Alston, who was penniless, though beautiful. The Bishop prevented their marriage in his lifetime, but it took place after his death, when they went to live permanently at Little Thurlow, in Suffolk, with the third Miss Alston, who was married to a Mr. Stephen Soane, leaving Hurstmonceaux to the rats and mice. Had Francis Naylor married during his father's lifetime, "the Bishop and his son had been brother-in-law," says Cole, "and by that means would have added yet another scandal."‡ That the Bishop's own second marriage had created some scandal at the time, we learn from Whiston, who writes, "And I will venture to say that Bishop Hoadley and Bishop Hare seem to have been among the first, pretending to be Christian Bishops, that having children already, and being in years,

* See Cole MS. under the head of Soane.

† For details concerning the Medmenham brotherhood, see "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," vol. iii. c. 17.

‡ Cole MS xvi. 107.

have married twice, and ventured to officiate as Christian Bishops afterwards."* But Bishop Hare did not regret the course he had taken, and his second married life was a very happy one, saddened only by the deaths of little Mary, Charlotte, and Frances, taken away in their childhood.

His leisure time at the Vatche was constantly devoted to literary pursuits. In 1724 he had published in London a new quarto edition of Terence, according to that of Faërnius, with notes and a dissertation upon comic metre. This publication led to a dispute between Bishop Hare and Dr. Bentley, heretofore his intimate friend, which lasted many years.† In this dispute Bishop Hare is generally considered to have had the worst of it, but Dr. Parr, who thought him one of the best Latin scholars of his or of any age, gave it as his opinion that "he proved himself quite a match for his antagonist in his knowledge of the genius and spirit of the language." Bishop Warburton had also the highest opinion of his critical skill, saying, "Good sense is the foundation of criticism; this it is which has made Dr. Bentley and Dr. Hare the two greatest critics that ever were in the world."‡

Bishop Hare had a considerable knowledge of Hebrew; and in 1736 he published an edition of the Psalms in that language. Concerning this, as about all the works of the Bishop, opinions differed widely. Dr. Richard Grey, in the preface to his Hebrew Grammar, highly extols it, as recover-

* Whiston's "Memoirs of Himself," vol. i. p. 540.

† See a letter from Dr. Salter of the Charterhouse to Dr. Nichols, Gent. Mag. for 1779, pp. 547, 548.

‡ Nichols's Lit. Anec., ii. 96

ing what for ages had been lost, the knowledge of Hebrew poetry, and in several places restoring the text to its original beauty and accuracy, as also teaching the method of learning the Hebrew language without points; but Bishop Hare's arrangement of the Psalms was ably confuted by Lowth in 1766.

Meanwhile the Bishop's sermons continued to excite increasing attention, and to be the signal for a warfare of attacking and defending pamphlets. For the defence of a single sermon on King Charles's martyrdom (preached 1731) no less than six pamphlets were issued by different persons.*

In 1731 Bishop Hare was translated from the see of St. Asaph to that of Chichester. In 1736 he narrowly escaped elevation to the primacy. The case is thus described in Lord Hervey's Memoirs: "During Archbishop Wake's illness, in 1736, there was a question who should succeed him. Lord Hervey proposed Potter, but Sir Robert seemed much more inclined to take Hare, provided he could get the Queen to accept of him. Hare having been his tutor at the university, gave Sir Robert some prejudices for him; and the good correspondence in which he had lived with him ever since made his vanity, I believe, more inclined to Hare than Potter, as the promotion in that case would have been more marked out to have been made solely by his influence. Lord Hervey told him, 'You will certainly repent of it, if you take Hare. He is a haughty, hard-natured, imperious, hot-headed, injudicious fellow, who, I firmly believe, would give you more trouble at Lambeth than even Sherlock himself; and besides that, is so tho-

* Cole MS. vol. xvi.

roughly disliked in private and feared in public life, that I do not think you could lodge power in more unpopular hands.' This did not weaken Sir Robert's bias towards him, but Lord Hervey's constantly talking to the Queen in this strain strengthened the natural bias she had against him; and his lordship never lost any opportunity of doing Potter as many good offices as he did ill ones to Hare, and as all he said on these two subjects had the ground-work of her own inclination, it made an impression which, without that aid, would have sunk less deep, and been much easier effaced."*

That Bishop Hare's character was not such as to conciliate court favour or form new friendships may be seen from much contemporary evidence. Cole says, "That the Bishop was of a sharp and piercing wit, of great judgment and understanding in worldly matters, and of no less sagacity and penetration in matters of learning, and especially of criticism, is sufficiently clear from the works he has left behind him, but that he was of a sour and crabbed disposition and behaviour is equally manifest."† The few friends who remained faithful to the Bishop in his later life, were chiefly those he had made in his early youth, the Pelhams and Walpoles, and other friends of the old Naylor connection. Another firm ally was Dr. Warburton, who was first introduced to the notice of the court by his influence.‡

Bishop Hare died at the Vatche on the 26th of April,

* Lord Hervey's Memoirs, ii. 110.

† See also on this subject the author of the *Critical Review* for Feb., 1763, p. 82.

‡ See the Life of Bishop Warburton affixed to his Works, vol. i. p. 17.

40, and was buried in a mausoleum which he had built for his family adjoining the church of Chalfont St. Giles. Great was the lamentation for him both in private and public. Bishop Warburton wrote, "In the death of Dr. Francis Hare the world has lost one of the best patrons and supporters of letters and religion. How steadily and successfully he employed his talents of reason and literature, in opposing the violence of each religious party in their turn, when court favour was betraying them into hurtful extremes, the unjust reproaches of libertines and bigots will never suffer us to forget. How generously he encouraged and rewarded letters, let them tell who have largely shared in his beneficence, for his character may be trusted with his enemies or even with his most obliged friends. In him the author of the 'Divine Legation of Moses' has lost the most candid of his readers and ablest of his critics; what he can never lose is, the honour of his esteem and friendship."

Many other persons have awarded a favourable verdict to Bishop Hare, and since Bentley was dead, he left no avowed enemies behind him; but the belief in his orthodoxy as a Churchman was by no means universal. Spencer's Anecdotes mention him as "engaging to prove very clearly that the Book of Job was written a little before Ezekiel's time.' Dr. Conybeare quotes him as saying, "The Book of Job is, perhaps, the finest dramatic piece that ever was written. It is evidently a tragedy, and the design of it is to show, 'cur malis bone, et bonis male.' Taken with that single precaution, it is very easily understood all through, and the performance is very well for a young man."

Upon the death of Francis Naylor, in 1775, the Hurst

monceaux property devolved upon his half-brother Robert, son of the Bishop by Margaret Alston. He received his name from his godfather Sir Robert Walpole, who gave him as a christening present the sinecure office of sweepership of Gravesend, worth £400 a year, but divided for some time between him and a Mr. Gee. This he held till his death. Its only duty was to go down to Gravesend once a year, and to give ten guineas to the watermen there. Bishop Hare had decided from their cradles that his sons must follow his example in marrying heiresses. "The estate is charged to raise £3,000 apiece for the younger children, and one would hope that Master Hare's wife's fortune would clear that encumbrance," wrote the Bishop's widow, immediately after his death. The wife and her fortune were very easy to fix upon. Only two miles from the Vatche was the beautiful estate of Chalfont St. Peters, belonging to a Mr. Lister Selman, who had no son, but two lovely daughters. Of these, one, Helena, married John Lefevre, of Heckfield, and was the grandmother of the present Lord Eversley; the other, Sarah, married Robert Hare in 1752, and died in 1763 of a chill brought on by eating too many ices when overheated by dancing at Sir John Shaw's, at Eltham, leaving to the Hares a diamond necklace, valued at £30,000, and three children, Francis, Robert, and Anna Maria.

In 1768, Robert Hare married another heiress, Miss Henrietta Henckell, a woman as extravagant as she was ambitious. She preferred Hurstmonceaux to the Vatche as the grander residence of the two, and after the death of the Bishop's widow in December, 1784, she persuaded her husband to sell the latter, together with his property at the

White House and Burfield in Hampshire, and at New House in Suffolk, and to settle the proceeds upon her children, who were seven in number, though only two daughters—Caroline and Marianne—lived long enough to bear any conspicuous part in the family history. But far more distressing to her stepsons was the idea of Mrs. Henrietta Hare, that if she could pull down the castle, which was necessarily entailed upon the eldest son of her predecessor, she could build with its materials a handsome house on a higher site in the park, which could be settled upon herself. With this view she called Wyatt to her assistance, who declared that the castle was in a hopeless state of dilapidation, though another authority had just affirmed that in all material points its condition was as good as on the day on which it was built.

In 1777 the castle was unroofed. Those who began to pull it to pieces found how strongly built it was, and the materials were so injured in the taking down that they were quite unfit to use again. A great sale was held in the park, whither the London brokers came in troops, and lived in an encampment of tents during the six weeks through which the sale lasted. Almost everything of value or interest was then dispersed. The great vine of Gibbons's carving is said to have been bought for Petworth. Even the portrait of Grace Naylor herself was sold to a farmer at Hellingly. Mrs. Henrietta Hare and her husband afterwards resided at Hurstmonceaux Place, the new house which Wyatt was commissioned to build, and lived there with such extravagance that they always spent a thousand a year more than their income, large as it was, and annually sold a farm from

the property to make up the deficiency. It was a proverb in the neighbourhood at that time that "people might hunt either Hares or Foxes."

Robert Hare was a clergyman. In the later years of his life he had a canonry at Winchester, and there he died. It was upon one of the rare visits of his eldest son, Francis Hare Naylor, to Winchester (for he was upon the most unhappy terms with his stepmother) that he made an acquaintance which was of the utmost consequence to his future life.

About two miles from Winchester is the picturesque village of Twyford, having an old church with a magnificent yew-tree in its grave-yard, and close beside it a handsome, substantial red-brick house of the last century, standing rather too near the high-road. Beyond the road is, however, a fine avenue of chestnuts called "The Grove." The house itself is apparently only two stories high, for the third is concealed by a parapet, with round holes opposite the windows, after the fashion of the time. Below the house and the churchyard a green bank studded with elm-trees slopes down to the river Itchen, which is here crossed by a wooden bridge. Altogether Twyford is a far pleasanter residence than any other place in that generally bleak but healthy neighbourhood.

In the earlier part of the last century Twyford House was inhabited by a family called Davies, whose heiress married Jonathan Shipley, a London merchant. Their only son, Jonathan, rose high in ecclesiastical honours. In 1749, being then a doctor in divinity, he was made Canon of Christ Church, and in 1760 Dean of Winchester. He

was next advanced to the bishopric of Llandaff, whence he was translated to St. Asaph in 1769. The sermons of Bishop Shipley obtained great praise, though no collection of them was published till after his death in 1792. He was celebrated by the poets of his day.

> "Who views St. Asaph, e'en with envious eye,
> That dares his learning, wisdom, worth, deny?"

The following letter to the newly-appointed prime minister, Lord Shelburne, seems worth insertion as showing the boldness with which Bishop Shipley asserted his principles, regardless of self-interest.

"*Chimbolton, November* 21, 1782.—My dear Lord,—Permit an old friend, who has told you many an honest truth, and has never in any instance imposed upon you, to return a very serious answer to an official letter. I need not remind your lordship that it was my constant endeavour and warmest wish to bring about a cordial reconciliation between yourself and Lord Rockingham. I always considered you as the respectable heads of the same party, and I considered your difference as arising from mutual jealousies and little personal offences, and far unworthy to be the ground of a serious division among the friends of their country. Your lordship need not be reminded of the warm, the frequent, and perhaps impertinent remonstrances I have made on this subject, and I have a right to be credited when I assure you that I never omitted any opportunity of expressing the same wishes to Lord Rockingham, as far as a very inferior degree of intimacy would allow of. Almost the last words I ever spoke to him were these: 'My lord, you see the arts and intrigues that are used to disunite you

and Lord Shelburne: that very circumstance ought to convince you both that it is your interest most cordially to agree.' I flattered myself, indeed, that my wishes were accomplished when you so nobly concurred with Lord Rockingham in forming the late Cabinet. Two or three more such acts would have made you what I always hoped to see you,—a great, independent, popular statesman, heading a most respectable band of honest men, the friend of your country, and the most powerful man in it. Your memory will justify what I say, if you recollect the tendency of all the political conversations with which your lordship has formerly honoured me; and though my endeavours have perhaps been too officious, and certainly fruitless, and even though they have made me lose your lordship's friendship and confidence, yet I shall have the spirit to consider the part I took as the most virtuous act of my life. I congratulated your lordship with the warmest approbation and love on your short-lived reconciliation with Lord Rockingham, and I own I could not congratulate you on a promotion that occasioned the desertion of so many worthy men. That great and solid combination ought at all events to have been kept entire. Before the death of that valuable man I left town, and have been resident either at my diocese or on my living in an utter ignorance of all State transactions since that period. I pay no regard to papers or common reports, and my correspondents have been either silent or mysterious. God forbid that I should suspect your lordship has abandoned your good principles and your generous views for the public service; pursue them with firmness, and you will have my weak support, and much better than mine; but if you find yourself entangled and embarrassed, like Lord Chatham, in Court artifices, break through the mercenary chains at once, and assert your liberty and honour.

"If from different views of things I should at any time

find myself obliged to differ from you, it will give me some comfort to show that my long attachment to your lordship was not of an interested kind. I am, my Lord, your most obedient, faithful, humble servant,

"J. St. Asaph."

Bishop Shipley married Anna Maria, daughter of the Honourable George Mordaunt, and niece of the famous Earl of Peterborough, who, in her youth, was celebrated as "the beautiful Miss Mordaunt," and was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. They had one son and five daughters. The son, William Davies, took orders; and, while still a young man, was appointed to the Deanery of his father's Cathedral of St. Asaph, where, by residing on the spot, he was enabled to perform many duties which would otherwise have devolved upon his father, and to allow of his passing a great part of the year on his own estates at Twyford, and at Chimbolton, near Andover. Dean Shipley married a Miss Yonge, coheiress with her sister (who never married, and lived with the Dean), of Bodryddan, a fine old house, embosomed in woods, and backed by rocky purple hills, about three miles from St. Asaph. There he lived, full of enjoyment in hunting and shooting,—rollicking, popular, and good-natured,—though not very ecclesiastical.

The daughters of the Bishop, unlike their decanal brother, were entirely devoted to literature. The eldest, Anna Maria, was of a stern character, which caused her to be regarded with considerable awe by her sisters, and lived principally with her cousin, Lady Spencer, at Althorpe, where she attracted the attentions of the handsome young tutor, afterwards the celebrated Sir William Jones. In spite

of the disparity of position, Bishop Shipley entertained so great an admiration for the genius of young Jones, that he would probably not have refused his consent to their union, especially as he had himself been permitted to make his own happy marriage with Miss Mordaunt, while he was a tutor in the family of her uncle, Lord Peterborough. But William Jones determined not to seek the hand of Miss Shipley till his own efforts placed him in a position which he considered worthy of her, and he was thus stimulated to greater exertions. "It was a fixed principle with him, never to be deterred by any difficulties that were surmountable, from prosecuting to a successful termination, what he had once deliberately undertaken." In the course of his short life, he acquired :

Eight languages studied critically :—

English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit.

Eight studied less perfectly, but all intelligible with a dictionary :—

Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runick, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish.

Twelve studied least perfectly, but all attainable :—

Tibetian, Pâli, Phalari, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, Chinese (twenty-eight languages).

It was not, however, till April, 1783, when his services to Oriental literature had won the honours of knighthood, and the appointment of Judge at Fortwilliam, in Bengal, that he claimed the hand of Miss Shipley, who almost immediately after accompanied him to India. The marriage gave great

pleasure to all the friends of the family; most of all to the venerable Benjamin Franklin (there is a beautiful letter of his written upon the occasion), who was Bishop Shipley's most intimate friend, and with whom he used to walk for hours up and down "the Grove" in eager conversation, during the summers he spent at Twyford. The loss of Lady Jones was bitterly felt by her family; her sisters never passed a day without writing to her in a long journal letter every most trifling event of their lives; and her father confided to her his every care, and watched for her return with the most unwearied affection. Thus, after hearing that a serious illness was likely to send her home, he wrote:—

BISHOP SHIPLEY *to* LADY JONES.

"*May* 31, 1787.—I admire Sir William's sense and goodness in a hundred instances, but in none more than that, though he knows your value so well, he will for that very reason consent to part with you. The great difficulty I foresee, will be to gain your consent to leave him in India alone. I conceive how deeply so long a separation must affect your sensible and worthy minds, but your own reasonable thoughts will suggest that you only part to preserve your life, and increase your happiness. I fear I may appear selfish in saying that you will meet with love, and friendship, and kindness at home, that may atone for everything but the loss of Sir William; but all the rest will be slight and superficial in comparison of the joy you will bring to your own family, and chief to the bosom of your anxious parents. Shall I once more see and embrace my dearest Anna? Shall I hear from her own mouth her dangers, her adventures, her observations? That thought revives me; it lessens the infirmities of age, and shows me there is still

something worth living for. I cannot help anticipating the pleasure in thought of receiving my dearest daughter once more into my aged arms : it makes me wish to live a few years longer. Give my blessing and ever affectionate respects to Sir William, and think often of your wishing and doating father,

"J. St. Asaph."

A great contrast to Lady Jones, both in appearance and character, was her sister Georgiana, the fourth and most interesting of Bishop Shipley's daughters. As she passed from a happy childhood, spent in the sisterly circle, into her brilliant girlhood, she displayed a degree of beauty which caused her to rival her cousin, a more celebrated Georgiana, "the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire," to whom she bore a striking resemblance. From her earliest years, she delighted her father by displaying the most ardent love for learning of every kind. Not only was she thoroughly versed in all the modern European languages, but she was also deeply read in Greek and Latin authors, which she studied with him. Her extraordinary artistic talents were cultivated under the eye of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, when they were in London, was almost a daily visitor at her father's house ; and, in the remarkable literary circle which frequented her home, the enthusiasm with which she entered into all the political questions of the time, and the originality of her conversational powers, made her a general favourite.

To Georgiana, the marriage of Lady Jones made an especial blank in the home circle ; for Mrs. Shipley had always brought up her daughters "to go in pairs," and, sympathizing most in all their pursuits, Anna Maria and

Georgiana had always "gone together." The separation, too, took place at a time when she most especially needed the support and advice of her elder sister. During her father's residence at Twyford, while wearied with the dull society of the country squires of the neighbourhood, she had found a congenial spirit in Francis Hare Naylor, the son of the Canon of Winchester. His good looks, and his hopeful disposition amid much poverty and constant unkindness from his father, not only interested her in his behalf, but the Duchess of Devonshire also, who looked upon him as the hero of a living romance, and who, when Georgiana Shipley came to London, never omitted an opportunity of throwing them together. Bishop Shipley, who had more ambitious views for his beautiful daughter, tried in vain to break off their intimacy, for meetings were contrived almost daily at Devonshire House; and, as Georgiana Shipley wrote to Lady Jones, "each day was a blank" on which they did not take place. At length, seeing the hopeless state of his daughter's affections, the Bishop was induced to invite Francis Hare Naylor to Twyford. The following day he was arrested for debt, while driving in the episcopal coach with Georgiana and her parents. He was then forbidden the house; but, on his release, he contrived to communicate with his beloved by dressing up as a beggar, and appearing at her carriage window, as it ploughed its way through the muddy lanes between Winchester and Twyford. She recognised him, and kissed her hand in the presence of her family. The scene of indignation and reproach which followed brought matters to a crisis. Robert Hare refused to do anything for his son, but the Duchess of Devonshire gave

them an annuity of £200, with the promise of a place in Ireland, and on this they married. The place in Ireland never came; and, soon after the marriage, they retired to Carlsruhe, and afterwards to the north of Italy, where their pittance was comparative riches. Here their eldest son was born, at Vicenza, on January 6, 1786, and was baptized by the names of Francis George in the following June, when the Duchess of Devonshire, passing through Italy at the time, officiated as his godmother. In 1792, the Hare-Naylors proceeded to Rome, where Mrs. H. Naylor gave birth (November 17) to her second son, called Augustus William, after his royal godfather, Prince Augustus Frederick, and Sir William Jones.

The first years she spent in Italy were devoted by Mrs. Hare-Naylor to painting, and she has left many fine copies of the pictures in different celebrated galleries. Her perfect mastery of languages and immense knowledge enabled her to enter fully into all the intellectual interests around her. Rome afforded her the most entire enjoyment. The following verses, written during her stay there, remain among her papers:—

"What art thou, Rome? An empire's cemet'ry?
The skeleton of greatness still thou hast:
Thy shattered Coliseum stern and vast,
Thy long, long aqueducts—from water free!
Thy mould'ring fanes—without a deity!
Grey columns too, whose very names are past,
Yet, still erect, their length'ning shadows cast,
As though they mark'd the hours of destiny.

"What art thou, Rome? I look again around.
There meets mine eye the grave procession's gloom,
And in mine ear the swelling anthems sound,

And nearer still the clouds of incense loom,
And lofty cupolas my mind astound:
What art thou, Rome? a temple, or a tomb?"

In 1795, wearied of wandering, the Hare-Naylors formed a fixed residence at Bologna, where they could live more economically than in the south. Bologna, which still maintains an intellectual supremacy over all the other cities of Italy, was at that time the resort of many especially eminent and learned persons who were attracted thither by the university, and who formed a society at once literary and agreeable. Chief among its eminent citizens was the famous Mezzofanti, with whom the Hare-Naylors became very intimate; and it used to be one of the delights of their little Francis, in his childhood, to swing the censer upon the steps of the altar, when the future cardinal was celebrating mass.* "At this time, also, the chief instructors in the Scuole Pie of Bologna were members of the recently suppressed Society of Jesuits. In Spain the order had been exiled long before it was suppressed, and its members, taking refuge in Italy, were warmly welcomed in the Papal States, and were led to establish themselves at Bologna by finding in its schools a field of labour almost identical with that of their own institution. One of the most remarkable of these refugees was Father Emmanuele Aponte, a native of Spain, who had been for many years a member of the mission to the Philippine Islands. An enthusiast in the study of Greek, Aponte possessed a solid and critical knowledge of the language, of which he wrote an excellent and practical grammar for the schools of the

* Francis Hare's Reminiscences.

university, frequently republished since his time; and it was probably to this habit of close and critical examination, which he acquired under Aponte's instruction, that his pupil Mezzofanti owed the exact knowledge of the niceties of the language, and the power of discriminating between all the varieties of the Greek style, for which he became so eminently distinguished." * Living with Aponte, as his adopted daughter, was a lady whose acquirements were even more remarkable than his own. This was Clotilda Tambroni, whose bust and picture now decorate the walls of the university, where, in spite of her sex (though not the first lady so distinguished), she was appointed to the chair of the professor of Greek, and where her lectures were eagerly attended. In appearance and dress, if we may judge by her portrait, she resembled the Sibyl of Domenichino.†

With the utmost devotion Mrs. Hare-Naylor now gave herself up to the education of her eldest son, whose welfare, spiritual or temporal, was never absent from her thoughts. To teach him, she again applied herself to the classical studies, which had been the delight of her unmarried life, and with the assistance of Clotilda Tambroni, for whom she formed a passionate friendship, acquired a knowledge of Greek and Roman literature almost unequalled in a woman. From the best Italian, Spanish, French, and English authors she collected all passages which she thought might prove useful for her son's edu-

* See Russell's Life of Mezzofanti.

† She lived till 1840, and is buried in the cemetery of Bologna, where her tomb has a marble medallion and a long inscription.

cation or guidance. She compiled a book of "Maxims" for his constant reference, writing on the first page—"As for the diligent, their minds are at ease; their time is employed as they know it ought; what they gain they enjoy with a good conscience, and it wears well, nor do only the fruits of their labours delight them, but even labour itself becomes pleasant;" * and "Nam cætera neque temporum sunt, neque ætatum omnium neque locorum; hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, perigrinantur, rusticantur." † Above all, Mrs. Hare-Naylor sought to interest her son in religion, but on that subject alone not to bewilder himself with useless inquiries. With this view she also introduced in the beginning of her maxim-book the following words of Secker: "It is our duty to believe with humility and simplicity what the Holy Scripture hath taught us; and to be contentedly ignorant of what it doth not teach us, without indulging speculations or conjectures, which will only perplex the subject." She taught her little Francis early to compose prayers and meditations of his own, and commit them to paper. Of these, the following remains to us in his large round child's hand of 1795. "I beseech thee, O my God, to be indulgent to what I have been: to assist me to amend what I am; and, of thy goodness, to direct what I shall be; so that the love of virtue and the love of thee may always be first in my heart, Amen."

Before he was four years old Francis Hare had begun

* From Secker. † Cicero pro Archia poeta.

to display the talents which afterwards distinguished him, speaking (said his mother in writing to Lady Jones) English, French, and Italian with equal facility. Before he was ten, he could read easily with his mother in all the easier Greek and Latin classics, and he was familiar with many of the best authors in French and Italian. The only recreation he cared for was the work of a carpenter. He had no young companions except during his fifth year, which he passed in England with his parents, when a childish friendship was begun with "Harry Temple" (afterwards Lord Palmerston), which was never laid aside. At Bologna his mother was his constant companion, and with her, and her dog Smut, and her favourite bird in its cage, he used to pass long days in the woods and olive gardens near the town. The family group was painted thus by Flaxman, whose friendship was one of Mrs. Hare-Naylor's greatest pleasures, and whose advice and assistance added much to the perfection of her paintings. It was for her that he made his drawings of the Iliad and Odyssey.

To the little Francis, on his birthday of Jan. 6, 1795 his mother addressed the lines:—

"Beneath yon mountain's venerable brow,
The youthful oak adorns its native wood,
And guarded by that Power who bade it grow,
Defies the whirlwind and the raging flood.

Its trunk enlarges and its roots extend
As health and strength each vital part pervade:
In foliage rich the tufted boughs ascend,
And the gay sunbeams gild its verdant shade.

Thus, O my darling, comes the tenth glad year,
Which from thy birth receives its joyous date,

While the loved object of thy parent's care,
Thy life has passed in childhood's happy state.

Thy ductile heart is fashion'd to revere
That Power benign on whom we all depend,
And thy young bosom glows with love sincere
Tow'rds God, thy Maker, Father, Judge, and Friend.

Blithe health is thine, and gaiety of heart,
With spirits light, as breath of fragrant morn,
And all the genius Nature can impart,
And all the charms, which playful youth adorn.

No tale of woe has pain'd thy tender ear,
No thought impure has stain'd thy spotless mind;
Unlearn'd in flattery and untaught to fear,
Yet mild to all, as loving all mankind.

Instructed virtue, more than fame to prize
To help the helpless, to relieve the oppress,
The use of wisdom, to make others wise,
The use of riches, to make others blest.

Yet, much I fear the ardour of thy soul,
Which prudence vain would check, and reason still,
Once left to lawless passion's fierce control,
May change the fervent love of good, to ill;

Convert thy parent's imaged dream of joy
To deep regret and unavailing tears;
Shade ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace destroy,
And blast the promised harvest of thy years.

The vivid light'ning bursting o'er the plain
Resistless as wild passion's boundless tide,
Consumes the oak, of strength, of beauty vain,
And levels with the ground the forest's pride."

In the summer of 1795, Mrs. Hare-Naylor retired from the heat of the plains to the valley of Valdagno near Vicenza, and there she gave birth (September 13) to her third son, Julius Charles.

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Valdagno, Oct.* 10, 1795.—My third boy is at present the beauty of the whole family—fine dark eyes and a lovely skin. On Monday we are to have the christening, and a great dinner afterwards. The Duchess of Brissac holds the child, and is to be the only sponsor, for they will not admit of Protestants standing even by proxy, and she is the only Catholic I ever saw whom I could wish to answer for a child of mine. She gives him the name of Julius—a name dear to her, as being her father's, and that of her only son, whom she lost young. When we return to England I shall have many drawings to show you, and any you like will be yours, as much as myself and all which belongs to me, for my gratitude is only exceeded by your kindness. . . We live so happy in each other, so happy in our children, so unmolested by any extraneous tracasseries, that I often doubt whether any change in our situation be desirable, could I but be gratified in my earnest wish of once more seeing you, my best friend and dearest sister. This place much resembles the most beautiful and romantic parts of North Wales. Hare and I ramble all day long, cross torrents, and climb rocks, and converse with the peasants, who are here a simple, intelligent, natural set of beings, with better understandings and more goodness of heart than any Venetian noble; you cannot imagine the pleasure it is to be able to comprehend their patois, which I now speak to perfection."

On the 9th of November in the following year, a fourth son, Marcus Theodore, was born at Bologna, and received his name of Marcus from his godfather, the Marchese Marescotti, a cittadino of Bologna, who had married Lady Sophia Butler, a friend of his mother's.

In 1797. Robert Hare died, and it was then discovered that his intention of leaving everything he had to his second wife was frustrated by the fact that she had unwittingly built Hurstmonceaux Place upon entailed land. Upon the receipt of this news, the Hare-Naylors determined at once to set off for England, though it was a time of war, and travelling difficult. They settled only to take their little Augustus with them, for whose education Lady Jones had undertaken to provide.

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

Bologna, August, 1797.—A very, very happy week have I spent with my beloved friend, Madame de Brissac, who came from Valdagno on purpose to visit us before her return into France. We talked over many plans and built many castles, and I was gratified, after a long absence, in again enjoying all that social pleasure can bestow, in a union of sentiment and principles. Hours passed in her conversation seem to give one a foretaste of the happiness to be enjoyed hereafter. . . . . I have not mentioned your kind offer with regard to my boy to any one in England, and perhaps you had better not mention it either, because if he is not so fortunate as to gain your affections when you know him, I have still two remaining for you to choose from, for the contributing to your happiness is as much my object as the real good of my child. The account you give, my beloved sister, of your own health and spirits renders me doubly anxious to come to you, and I shall be most thankful to God if my presence shall give you either comfort or pleasure, and I think it will both, because you will see in me your own G., the child of your earliest affections, unchanged from what I was when we parted, and

preserving a grateful memory of the long series of kindnesses and favours you have unremittingly shown me."

Julius and Marcus were left with Betta, a trustworthy Bolognese servant, under the eye of the Marescottis, and Francis was placed in the house of Dom Emmanuele Aponte, as a joint pupil to him and Clotilda Tambroni. Nothing will give a better idea of the atmosphere in which Mrs. Hare-Naylor brought up her children than a few extracts from the letters of the little (half-Italian) Francis to his parents.

FRANCIS HARE (aged eleven) *to* HIS MOTHER.

"*Bologna, Sept.* 16, 1797.—Dear mama, I wish that you and Pappa and Agustus are all arrived perfectly well in England, and have finished the journey without any accident or quarrel. On Monday I went with Don Tineo and the Rector to Ranizzi, which is really a very pretty place, and after dinner we had a dancing bear. On Tuesday morning we began our studies. Thucydides and Herodotus I read with Dom Emmanuel together with the Spanish and its grammar, Callimachus and Xenophon with the Clotilde, and Hesiod by myself, and in Latin Horace. In the evening we went up to see Betta and the children, and at night after tea we read Sallust. . . . . I hope that you will soon settle your affairs and see Housemonseux, and write me word how my friend the castle stands, and what classics you have—I mean those that the unnatural (for this is the only epithet she merits) Mrs. Hare left you."

"*Sept.* 23, 1797.—We go on very well in our studies, which last every day at least seven and a half hours I read every day for one hour in the morning one of those

prayers that you left me, and thirteen chapters in the Bible, and two psalms, and some of the 'Grandeur de Dieu.' Then from nine to two we continually study, in which time we read Thucydides and Callimachus, which is a very fine poet (but tell Pappa he will not understand it, and that I hope, when he comes back, I will give him the choice of any Greek authors, even one that I have not, and I will certainly beat him; but by that time Dom Emmanuel hopes I may be a perfect Grecian); then we read Xenophon's 'Cyropaidia,' which is sometimes obscure, and in Latin Horace, which I agree with you is a very fine poet. After dinner I read a little Hesiod by myself, and after tea, if the Rector comes, we read Sallust; if not, Herodotus, which is the prettiest and most interesting history I ever read, and written very beautifully."

"*Oct.* 21.—Monday morning we went to see the casino of the college with the Rector, Don Tineo, and Colonneo (from whom I have learned to play at chess and at dama), Marescalchi and Carlino, Padre Scandellari and Don Puero, and the chaplain of the church of Castenazzo, where we had a very good rural dinner. My brothers, both Jule and Marcus, have come into the town, and I have seen the house, which I did not much like, but the room where Betta sleeps is not a bad one.

"*Oct.* 24.—Pray tell me how Agustus goes on in learning and in goodness. Pray give me some news of the poor old castle and of the gardens, and if you can find a room for me to work in. Pray send me word how you like England, and if it is disposed to change, for if it is I hope to go over and serve my country.

"Jule loves especially Dom Emmanuel, and Marcus the Clotilde. Jule is very fond of me. Pray give one kiss to Agustus from us three. Jule shows great wish to learning, for yesterday, when we went to the library of the college,

he did nothing else but want to carry away some of the books."

The next letter is signed "F. G. Hare. I attest and subscribe myself a true English citizen and a perpetual defender of its liberties, and never to be persuaded by the tempting power of monarchy. Justice—*fraternité!* An English citizen who swears himself an enemy to all that dare to touch the rights of the people. A preserver of the English liberty and an eternal opposer to the encroaching tyranny of the king and ministry, and of the detestable parliament which now exists, which, except a few, are the greatest raskels and slaves that ever existed, who for a little money given them by ministry, will sell the sacred rights of the people to tyrannism; and if Pitt have any virtues, one may say of him, as Cato says of Cæsar, in Addison's famous play,

'Curs'd are his virtues, for they have undone his country.'"

(This, and all the other letters of young Francis, bear the dates and months of the French Republic.)

"*Nov.* 17, 1797.—I hope you are all very well, so are Julius and Marcus. Jule knows very well all the letters.

"Every evening we go to see the Rector, who is not well, upon which account Don Tineo shows all his goodness in assisting the Rector. Don Tineo is certainly a man in whom, without knowing him intimately, one does not find out all the virtues—a man of great talent, and indefatigable towards study, and of great goodness. Together with a good deal of learning, he is very humble. At first knowing him he seems rather serious, but that is his temper; but knowing him, he is the mildest person you can imagine, and his virtues are most shining in comparison with Don Puero, who does not understand anything but about operas, and I

may rightly think him one of the best friends I have. Pray always remember me as I remember you."

"*Dec.* 16.—Smut and the bird do very well, but the cat is lost that Betta took to Bologna, to which you passed three pauls a month. The other is up in the Casino getting very beautiful and tame. I like my mathematick master much; he is one of the most famous in Italy, and the most famous in Bologna for Il Calcolo Differentiale and Integrale and Algebra. We now study algebra problems, and he says before the month of May he will make me, if I study, a profound Algebrist, and then study geometry and consecutively all the other parts of mathematicks. He wants punctually done all he sets, and if not he redoubles the portion, and makes me do it another time."

"*Jan.* 27, 1798.—For Monday I have made a new division of time. From seven to nine I do my penso; from nine to two, Greek and mathematicks; from three to seven, French and Greek, or Latin and mathematicks, and read the Bible; then from seven to nine read, and at twelve go to bed—that I may be worthy when you come back of the things I have asked you to bring me."

DOM EMMANUELE APONTE *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR
(*from the Italian.*)

"*Sept.* 16, 1797.—Francis is well and happy, and most diligent in his studies. Yesterday after dinner we all three went to visit the two children, and found them most flourishing. Julius constantly repeated, 'Mama is away, papa is away, but Nono is at home,* Clotilde is at home, Betta is at home.' As soon as he catches sight of me he runs towards me quite breathless with joy. Marcus laughs, and holds out his hands to snatch my cap from my head, and then gives it back to me with gracefulness itself, to begin the

* Grandpapa—Dom Emmanuele.

same play over again. I cannot describe to you how well Francis goes on, and his daily diligence is such that he will have gone through all the best Greek authors with us in a very short time. He is good, and obtains the love equally of all the inmates of my house and of all who visit it."

CLOTILDA TAMBRONI *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR.

"*Oct.* 28, 1797.—At this moment my two dear children have left the house—Julius and Marcus, whom Betta brings daily to see me. I love them more than ever, indeed I cannot say how much I love them. They daily become more beautiful, more graceful and full of life, and as they increase in health so they grow in understanding. The Nono is entirely devoted to Julius, who caresses him even more than he does me; but, on the other hand, Marcus never sees me without being in a frenzy to jump into my arms, and to show me his intense affection. He has acquired an incredible strength and health, and I cannot restrain myself from giving him all the kisses which his mother would give him now, and indeed I do the same to my beautiful little Julius. Betta takes great care of them, and they could not be in better hands. Oh! what a satisfaction it would be to you if you could see them now, but since this is impossible, rest peaceful and satisfied that they are as happy as if they were before your own eyes. If I were their real mother I could not love them more, and the very sight of those two little angels fills my heart with such an intensity of joy that I forget every trouble I have ever had. Francis is perfectly well and entirely happy. All who know him think that he has grown much since you left; he studies hard, eats with appetite, and takes walks with us or with Pipetto. He is not without amusements which are suited to his disposition and his tastes; indeed, he is the beloved, the Benjamin of every one in my house, and of all my visitors. Don Tineo,

the Rector, and Colomeo love him sincerely and tenderly, and the two first show him a thousand kindnesses, which he gladly receives. He is becoming a good chess-player, and amuses himself in this way every evening after his Greek and Latin studies. In short, he is thoroughly good, and we are perfectly satisfied with him. Your dog is well, your bird is chirping. I have written all these trifles, knowing that they would not be disagreeable to you, and knowing also that Francis would not have the patience. . . . . Love me, and believe in the fulness of love which I feel for you and your children, of whom I rejoice to be called the mother, as I really am in affection."

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR.

"Francis is the object of my care, of my thoughts, and of my prayers, and I believe that he will reward all my labours and the hope of his parents. He is good, industrious, and employs every hour of the day in the manner for which I have assigned it. From four to half-past five after dinner he takes exercise, and goes out walking when the weather allows; in the evening he reads either Greek or Latin for two hours, and his progress is an astonishment to the Rector, to Don Tineo, and to Colomeo. All these love him much, and he deserves their favour by the judicious manner in which he behaves to them. . . . . I am filled with love for the other two little angels, and Julius interests me most of all, because of his especial devotion to me, for he never sees me without shouting out, 'Nono, Nono,' and he looks at his father's picture, and kisses his tiny hand, calling out, 'Papa, papa.' Then he asks for his letters, and picking out the M, says mamma; the P, papa; the N, Nono; the B, Betta; the C, Tilda. Oh! what a beautiful lovable little being he is!

"*Jan.* 6, 1798.—This is the happy day on which our Francis fulfils his twelfth year. May it please the Most

High to hear the fervent prayers which I offered this morning at his altar, that He would ever prolong in happiness the days of this youth, that He would never leave him without the guidance of his omnipotent hand, and that He would so protect him with his favour, watch over and enlighten him, that never losing a holy fear of his Maker, he may to-day, and always, and every day, grow more and more conformed to the divine will, obedient to the sacred precepts, and in the exercise of every virtue which belongs to that citizen who would render himself pleasing to his parents, beloved by his equals, and truly useful to his country. Such, I am persuaded, and even more fervent than these, are your prayers for him.

"You may truly rejoice in having one like the Clotilde near your dear children. Francis is certainly deeply attached to her, and I can say with sincerity, that I believe the Cassandra* and Don Tineo are the two persons he most thoroughly esteems and appreciates. Francis reads with the Clotilde the hymns of Callimachus, the Cyropedia of Xenophon, and some odes of Horace, taking real delight in it himself, and thus without interval he employs all the morning. He never goes to bed before ten, and sometimes it is almost eleven; but I have no need to call him in the morning, on the contrary, he is up before me, at six A.M. at the latest. Then, whilst I am at church, he says his prayers, reads the Bible, washes, and on my return has his breakfast of a bowl of milk, to which a little chocolate is added, with bread and butter; and then without loss of time we all three read Thucydides till half-past ten o'clock, when my young Spanish pupil comes. Then he goes into the next room with Cassandra for the lessons already spoken of, until the young man is gone, when we immediately return to our united

* Mrs. Hare-Naylor's playful name for Clotilda Tambroni.

studies till two o'clock strikes, when we dine on soup, a boiled and a roast dish, and fruit. After this he amuses himself a little with chess, or if the weather allows, we all three go out to walk together; when we return home we have tea, and our lessons recommence. . . . . I cannot express the love which fills me for all these your children. Julius is most passionately devoted to him, whom he always honours by the sweet name of Nonoro. Marcus now also knows me quite well, and when asked 'Where is the Nono?' turns round and points his finger at me with a most sweet smile. . . . . I cannot conclude without repeating a thousand times, that I am more than satisfied with the care which Betta bestows upon my dear little 'nipotini.' She is indeed a treasure."

From CLOTILDA TAMBRONI.

"*Jan* 13, 1798.—The dear Marcus is becoming so fat and strong that he seems much older than he is. He tries to speak, and is always laughing, and the friend of everybody, and in their little struggles, he can conquer Julius, being the stronger of the two. This last preserves his angelic beauty, expressing his feelings in words, of which he gains more daily, and it is impossible to imagine a more heavenly little creature."

It is singular that in the numerous letters of little Francis to his mother, in which he is most lavish in his praises of all his other friends at Bologna, there is no word of Mezzofanti, whom he continued to see constantly, and from whom he occasionally had lessons. Russell tells how Francis Hare spoke of the great linguist in after life. He said that "with the keys of the knowledge of every nation in his hand, he never unlocked any real treasures"—that in all the count-

less languages he spoke, "he never said anything,—that he left no work or none of any value behind him; that he was utterly ignorant of philology; that his theology was mere scholasticism; that he had no idea of Biblical criticism; and that even as a critical Greek scholar, he was very deficient." The only published composition of Mezzofanti was a panegyric on Dom Emmanuele Aponte.

Owing to the war and to the revolutionary sentiments with which little Francis insisted upon heading his correspondence, many of the letters from England were intercepted at this time. It was now two years since Bonaparte had taken possession of Bologna. At first the Bolognese were flattered by a revival of their old municipal institutions; but before the end of 1796, the name of Bologna was merged in the "Republica Cisalpina," of which in 1797 it became the "Dipartimento del Reno." The new rulers exacted from all employés an oath of fidelity to the Republic; this was especially enforced with ecclesiastics, and deprivation was the consequence of a refusal. Mezzofanti was so far exempted that any seeming act of adhesion to the new state of things would in his case have been accepted instead of an oath, in order to retain his services in the University, but he declined it and was deprived of his offices about this time.* His friends Clotilda Tambroni and Emmanuele Aponte displayed equal firmness, and were both deprived of their professorial chairs. Their chief means of subsistence was thus swept away, and the

* On leaving Bologna, Mezzofanti went to Paris, where he became librarian to the family of Count Marescalchi, one of whose sons—Carlino—had been his pupil. He was made cardinal 1838, died March 15, 1848, and is buried in St. Onofrio at Rome.

little household fell into continual trouble, almost into absolute privation, from want of money, the supplies sent out from England failing to arrive. The faithful Clotilda Tambroni, however, continued to do her best to support the family, and worked for the children of her friend,—and Father Aponte, though almost wanting necessaries for himself, and living in continued dread of the order to return to Spain, which came a few months after, never relaxed his care of young Francis, though sometimes sorely tried by the insubordination which he now began to show.

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* MRS. HARE-NAYLOR.

"*March* 17, 1798.—If Francis had been willing to obey me, and not always write with republican phrases, our letters would perhaps have arrived safely. To-day we receive your favour of the 16th of February, and with it the note for £25. Truly, the Cassandra was in great need of it, not knowing how we could live through the ensuing month, if this help had not arrived; but if I am not mistaken, this will suffice us for some time, though it will not allow of our paying the debts we have contracted. I am partly glad that our letters are delayed, and I hope that this may be the first to come to hand, because in them I spoke of faults in Francis, which I now see corrected, especially in the point of religion, for he never passes a day without saying his prayers in a morning, or, what is better, as soon as he rises, he goes into the church and remains there half-an-hour and then returns home very quietly and willingly. I now never hear any irreligious sentiment from his lips, nor is it necessary for me to order or suggest anything, but he does it of his own accord. This change began after he went with me, with Don Giovanni Tineo and Colomeo, to the convent of St. Catherine, where the sisters promised me to pray to God for him,

and I believe that they do so most fervently, and I know that there are many devout spirits among them. Nothing can be more agreeable to me than to hear how soon your Excellencies think of returning to seek your dear children."

"*March* 24.—Francis is good, good, good; and I am now entirely satisfied with his conduct in everything. He is respectful, obedient, quiet, has no follies in his head, and gives me no anxiety, so that I almost repent of having written of the faults which I now see amended. But not the less would I thank his excellent parents for their last letters, which produced the greatest effect upon him, so that I saw him weeping bitterly, and was obliged to console him. The few lines written by his mother pierced him to the heart. . . .

"All the emigrants are driven out of this Republic, and are also exiled from the Romagna. My chair is at an end, for they will not employ foreign professors, by which my income is greatly diminished, and I fear that I may perhaps be obliged to return to my country, or to go somewhere else. For these reasons I would urge your return to this place as soon as possible. The Rector does a thousand kindnesses to Francis, inviting him to dinner every Sunday, and sometimes taking him to the theatre. Don Tineo is setting out for Spain very soon: we shall lose in him a true friend, and Francis one of those who love him most. Marcus continues to be the delight of every one, and this morning has been running about alone all over the house, and galloping backwards and forwards between my room and that of the Cassandra, calling out 'Tilda, Tilda.' I am astonished at the way in which he understands everything and explains himself after his own fashion. The goldfinch sings and is well, but Smuth (Smut) ran away last week and followed some strangers to Modena, whence he was brought back to me this morning. . . ."

"*May* 12, 1798.—I have found a very respectable place where I can leave Francis, under eyes which will carefully watch over his conduct, besides the surveillance which he will receive from Count Fava and from Scandellari. I have put off my departure to the utmost possible limit, but I cannot defer it beyond the last day of May or the beginning of June. Your Excellencies may well conceive what is my greatest source of anguish at present, if they reflect a little upon the changed circumstances of this country, and the insufficiency of the sum of money which they have sent me. We are absolutely penniless! The Rector's fate is also hanging by a thread, and there are circumstances which prevent my venturing to trouble him. I have written two letters to ask help from Marescotti, and he has now sent me a well-weighed and deliberate negative. Fava also is not in condition to lend me even the smallest sum. Thus no hope remains for me if it is not in one single resource, and that is in imploring De Lucca (the banker) to have the kindness to advance me a sum sufficient for the decent maintenance of the children for two months, by which time I trust that we may receive from you a less scanty remittance than the last, or a determination to recall your children. If this hope to which I cling fail us, we are absolutely lost, and I know not where to turn to. I shall endeavour to obtain the advance of 150 scudi if I can, that I may if possible have some margin, and provide against any unusual expenses which may occur. My health is still very feeble, and my powers are so weakened by illness, that I am unable to give Francis his lessons, and let the Cassandra take my place and make him read at least two hundred verses of Homer daily. Senni* is in despair from want of money. He attempted to make a journey into Tuscany in the hope of re-

* The Hare-Naylor's Bolognese man-servant, who had married Mrs. H. N.'s English maid.

covering part of that of which he was robbed at Radicofani, but he has returned with empty hands, and with the expense of his journey in addition. Soon they will publish a law here which we have already seen in the Milanese newspapers, which will impose a fresh duty upon letters, especially on those which come and go beyond the limits of the Cisalpina, and which will pay the triple of what they cost at first; whence I must entreat you for the future only to write on a quarter of a sheet to save expense. Francis is good and obedient, but is becoming idle in his studies, and, from what the Cassandra tells me, has gone back much in the few weeks in which I have been ill in bed. In health he is perfectly well, and so are the little Julius and Marcus, who become daily more beautiful, more lovable, and more winning. The Clotilda can scarcely bear to be separated from her dear Marcus, she is so entirely devoted to him: he asks for 'bread,' 'bonbon,' and things of the sort. . . . I repeat once more that you must make up your minds what to do, and must do something at once that these little angels may not suffer, and that we who are so much interested in their well-being, may be set free from our anxieties."

On receiving this last letter of Aponte the Hare-Naylors hastened their return to Bologna, where the admirable Dom Emmanuele gave up his charge of Francis to his parents in person, before leaving with Clotilda Tambroni for Parma, whence they proceeded in the following year to Valencia.

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Parma, July* 5, 1798.—I received your most welcome letter from Bologna of the 2nd, written in Spanish, but which, ἐιρήσεται τὸ ἀληθές, seems to me to have been dictated by the polyglott citizen. Nevertheless it has given

me the greatest pleasure, because it shows a grateful recollection of me which I think I have deserved. Perhaps in this, as in so many other things, that old proverb is true, —'One knows one's good things when one loses them.' But if you would do what would be most pleasing to me of all, it would be, not so much to remember me, as to recollect those maxims of sound virtue which you have heard from me so many times. Entire, sincere, and hearty submission to your parents; kindness and courtesy towards all; familiarity with and confidence in no one whom you do not know to be honourable and virtuous; continual restraint over your little passions, and most of all over your tongue, which you should never allow to run away with you into evil speaking or discontented expressions, which should abhor deceit and lying, always mindful of the precept, *τὸ σῶμα ψευδόμενον μισεῖ καὶ ἀποκτείνει τὴν ψυχήν*, but, above all, fear of the Most High God and perfect faith in his words, especially in those which come to us inscribed in the Gospel: this is what I would desire for you: this it is which will make you a useful member of society, this it is which will make you grow in favour with God and man. Add to this the love of study: let no day pass without reading with attention at least fifty lines of Homer, and some passages in Isocrates or Demosthenes, and then I, though absent from you in body, shall be near you in spirit, and you may picture me and see me always by your side just as you saw me, when we were together in the middle room of the Casa Campeggi.

"I would beg your dear mother to receive my most respectful salutations, and speak the name of Nono with a hundred kisses to Julius, as well as to my sweetest Marcus. I would not impress upon you, because I am sure that it is needless, that you should never quarrel with your brothers. Dear children! how it goes to my heart not to

see them! Would that Heaven may hear my prayers, and render them as prosperous and virtuous, as from my heart I desire. They were tenderly loved by me, and their pictures will ever be stamped in my memory. To the poor and good Betta I would send a salutation, assuring her that I can never forget her constant care of my dear 'nipotini.' Farewell, my dear Francis, be well and happy, and think that in every time and place I am your true friend,

"E. M. APONTE."

From Padua, Aponte returned to Spain, whence his next letter.

"*Valencia, March* 5, 1799.—My dear, my dearest Francis,—It is impossible to tell the comfort your last letter has been to me. I can only say that your image, with that of your excellent parents, is always engraven on my heart; that Francis, the little Julius, and Marcus are continually before the eyes of my spirit, and that I cannot often restrain my tears at the recollection of my four little angels. I never thought to have loved anything so much, at least with the tenderness which I feel. Everything that concerns you is most interesting to me. I rejoice in hearing of your advancement in learning—mathematics especially I am anxious that you should study thoroughly, but that you should not the less continue your reading in Greek for my sake; read, indeed, Isocrates, because he appears to be the favourite orator in Padua,* but I should be more anxious that you should suck the sugar from Demosthenes, whose δεινότης will be most delightful to you; with the help of the Greek professor endeavour to penetrate to the foundations of his style, of his legal phrases, of his intellect; and

* Francis was removed to Padua when Aponte left Bologna.

then without difficulty if you wish it (and you ought to wish it) you may read Thucydides by yourself, without neglecting the occasional reading of the poets, which will serve not only as a relief and recreation amid your other studies, but for practical use in life and its labours, if you learn like the bee to collect from their flowers the juice which forms that sweet, strengthening, and life-giving honey, sweeter than sugar. But that which I have more at heart than anything else, is none other, you well know, than your progress in virtue. You are already beginning to enter upon young manhood: your passions will daily become stronger: if you do not make a courageous stand now, there will be danger lest they should get the upperhand, and lest, when you wish to restrain them, it may be too late. Read with attention the 'Ercole al bivio,' which you will find amongst the works of Xenophon. Or if you do not wish to read it, listen to the advice of your mother, submit to the will of your father, consider how much you are indebted to your parents, and how both nature and the law of God call upon you to honour and please them, persuaded that you cannot show your love to them better than by proving your understanding, appreciation, and love of what is right. . . . . Our affairs are still not in the state we hoped for, and will take time to set in order; but the Clotilde hopes to return to her country, and I do not lose the hope, so I flatter myself (who knows) σὺν Θεῷ of being able once more to give you a tender embrace before closing my eyes—nevertheless it should be the care of the younger of us to give this consolation to the old man. Farewell, my dear one, ἔῤῥωσο, καὶ μέμνησο τοῦ φιλοῦντός σε Γεφυραίου."

The same sheet contains the following from Clotilda Tambroni to Mrs. H. Naylor:—

"My dearest lady cannot imagine with what overflowing feelings of pleasure and tenderness I read her affectionate lines, or how precious they are to me. If you desire to see me again, I do indeed desire it perhaps with even greater eagerness, and yet I cannot conceal from myself that I feel it almost impossible, as well because of the difficulties of the journey to England, as because filial love urges me to return as soon as possible to my poor mother, and to assist her, if not otherwise, at least with my personal care in her old age. Certainly next to my mother, there is no one nearer my heart than yourself, and every individual of your dear family. I do indeed love you and your children, whom I constantly remember, and never without a deep sigh in the grief which I feel in not seeing them, and the almost certain probability that I shall never embrace them again. My love for your dear children must, I think, be something like the love of a real mother, and even while I write of them, my eyes are blinded with tears. But one must resign oneself, and say, 'Sic erat in fatis.' You will nevertheless bear me in your heart, and will rest assured that I bear you in mine. I beg you to give a thousand kisses for me to each of your, and my, children. Oh, my most precious Marcus, who will already have forgotten us, tell him that he is engraven upon my inmost heart, and that I shall always be, even though far off, his second mother; to my dear little Julius say that I love him with my whole soul, and to my sweetest Francis that I shall feel the tenderest affection for him to the last moment of my life; in one word, that I look upon them always as my own property, and that their happiness is mine. What is my dearest little Augustus doing? . . . . May you be the happiest of all mothers in seeing these dear children healthy, happy, and crowned with spiritual blessings, and together with your husband, may you enjoy a long life of

maternal love, for their happiness, and for my comfort. Never, I entreat you, let me be far from your remembrance, and believe me your true friend and sister,

"'THE CASSANDRA.'"

A year later Aponte and Clotilda Tambroni had fulfilled their wish of returning to Bologna.

EMMANUELE APONTE *to* FRANCIS G. HARE.

"*Bologna, May* 15, 1800.— . . I am more than persuaded that you could never even suspect me of forgetting you. . . . You know me well enough, and the sincerity of my affection. I answered your former letter as soon as I received it, with that tenderness and pleasure which true friends feel who believe that they deserve, as I think I do from you, the name of a second father. I congratulated you on your love of study, and I urged a choice of the best teachers upon you with the same zeal and anxiety for your advantage which I felt while I had still the care of you. In reading I would urge you, as a help to your memory, to set aside a little extract book or two, for making copies of the passages which strike or please you most, especially in regard to morals, politics, and laws; because thus you will form for yourself a little treasury, which will always be useful, and you will show your diligence and application without danger of losing the riches you have acquired, besides the most important point of all—that of setting apart the best maxims for the guidance of all your actions, and thus guarding yourself against the attacks of passion or of vice. In short, it is only folly to struggle after light, if that very light leaves us in our mire, and does not serve to guide us through its dangers. Let us be wise; but let us be wise above all in that which may render us useful to the society in which we live, and especially, which may make us useful

to ourselves. God be thanked, I am tolerably well in health, but rather troubled with deafness, and sometimes with gout; I work constantly at my grammar, but do not know when I can finish it, as the publishers are now so unwilling to undertake works of that description. Mezzofanti is perpetually learning fresh languages: he has learnt Polish, Hungarian, German, Russian, Armenian, and Egyptian, &c., in addition to those he knew before. He teaches the son of Count Ranizzi, and he and his pupil Pirino salute you, with Don Angelo, the Rector, the Professors, and all the students of Greek. . . . Never, when you can, omit to give the news of yourself and your studies, and your advance ἔμπροσθεν τοῦ Θεοῦ καὶ τῶν ἀνθρώπων, 'Vale igitur, mi Francisce, et mei fac sis memor.' Γεφυραῖος."

Thus much is introduced here from the letters of Aponte and Clotilda Tambroni because it was to their early training that the brothers felt they owed so many of the principles which guided their after life, and which Francis transmitted to the others, who were too young to remember more than the almost parental affection of the "Nono" and the "Clotilde."

It was in 1794, while she was still residing at Bologna, that Mrs. Hare-Naylor received the news of the death of her brother-in-law, Sir William Jones. He had written to Elizabeth Shipley, his wife's sister, that he talked "of 1790 as the happy limit of his residence in the unpropitious climate of India;"* but this period was afterwards indefinitely prolonged. In December, 1793, the health of Lady Jones was so affected by the climate that a return to England was pronounced to be the only means of preserving

* Letter to Mrs. E. Shipley, Sept. 7, 1786.

her life. She embarked, therefore, for England, Sir William being exceedingly anxious for her departure, though he had previously declared that if they were compelled to separate, he should "feel like a man with a dead palsy on one of his sides."* He hoped to follow his wife in the course of the next summer, but in the spring was attacked with inflammation of the liver, and died April 27, 1794. "He was found lying on his bed in a posture of meditation; and the only symptom of remaining life was a small degree of motion in the heart, which, after a few moments, ceased, and he expired without a pang or groan. His bodily suffering, from the complacency of his features and the ease of his attitude, could not have been severe; and his mind must have derived consolation from those sources where he had been in the habit of seeking it, and where alone, in our last moments, it can ever be found."† Sir W. Jones was only forty-seven at the time of his death. He was buried at Calcutta. A monument was erected to him in St. Paul's by the Directors of the East India Company, and by his widow in the ante-chapel of University College, at Oxford, where there are two portraits of him, both of which have been engraved. The following verses were written to his memory by Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, with whom he had long kept up a correspondence:—

"Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius framed,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages named‡
'The most enlightened of the sons of men.'

* Letter to Mrs. E. Shipley, Sept. 7, 1786.
† Lord Teignmouth's "Life of Sir W. Jones." ‡ Dr. Johnson.

"Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God and friendly to mankind,
His friends rever'd him, and his country bless'd.

"Admired and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

"Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those
Who, while the sage they honour'd, loved the friend."

The desolation which Lady Jones now experienced, and the desire of benefiting her favourite sister by undertaking the expenses of his education, induced her to make the offer of adopting the little Augustus Hare, and to desire that he should accompany his parents when they left Bologna for England. From their detailed letters to the little Francis, the following passages are taken :—

"*The Red Tower, Ailorf, Sept.* 22, 1797.—We arrived at Altorf before dark. I believe it would be, of all others, the most economical spot to inhabit, since you find no *food* either for vanity, taste, or learning, not an article of luxury to be purchased, and not one bookseller's shop, even for almanacks or magazines. Yesterday morning we embarked on the lake, with an idea of going to Lucerne; but the wind being contrary, and threatening to blow hard, we were prudent enough to change our plans, and disembark at Brunnen, after three hours' navigation. We there found a cart to convey our luggage, and walked to the town of Schweitz. We stopped a moment at the chapel built in memory of William Tell, and Augustus kissed the ground on which he stood, when, escaping from tyranny and injustice, he had

the boldness to throw himself, with his child, into the stormy lake, and brave the waves, less cruel than mankind."

"*Zurich.*—We have been this morning to visit the celebrated M. Lavater, and I scarcely ever saw a man possessed of more fire of genius, joined to a greater simplicity of manners. He is the author of a celebrated work upon physiognomy, and pretends to discover, in a very great degree, the human character from the features of the face. As we had no introduction, the regard with which he received us was very flattering. You may believe I was anxious to show him the heads of my four angels.* He wrote two very pretty lines in German upon them, but said that he had not sufficient time to examine them separately. He only said that your head was a physiognomy to understand Greek well, and that Marcus would give me the most trouble of all four. Pray tell my dear Cassandra this prophecy of *her* son. At parting he gave me a present of several of his smaller works on religious subjects, and we have settled a correspondence for the future."

"*Carlsruhe, Oct.* 2.—Often, in the course of this journey, have I thanked God for having inspired me with the resolution to separate from my boys, and to prefer their good to the fond indulgence of having them with me. You, my dear Francis, would have lost some of the most precious hours of your life, that part which is to fit you for what you are to be hereafter—and the fatigue for my two babies would have been beyond their years to bear. My poor little Augustus has suffered much from Basle hither. . . . One night we were sent on from the station we had intended to stop at, every room being taken ; and about eleven at night we arrived, in a hard rain, at a village called Appenweyer ;

* A picture by the Bolognese artist Friuli, in which the Four Brothers are thus represented, and which is still in possession of the family.

every soul was gone to rest, and, after repeated callings, we were answered that not a bed could be had. We then demanded horses to proceed; they said that was impossible, as we could not pass the next village, and our only hope of comfort was in my travelling-bed, for me and Augustus, when, on opening it, we found the rain had penetrated in every part. It was quite a moment of despair, when, fortunately, the noise I made disturbed the slumbers of a French officer. He entered very good-naturedly into our distress, abandoning to us his own room, with three beds, and sleeping himself on the floor on his coat. A French soldier was equally obliging in procuring us a light, and unloading the carriage, yet we had to suffer much from cold and hunger. To this night I owe a severe cold and toothache, which confines me to my room, while your papa is gone to dine with the Margrave of Baden. You will often have heard us speak of Carlsruhe as the place where we passed the summer before you were born. It is built in a circular form, the palace forming the centre, from which the streets proceed in rays. The plan is certainly beautiful, but the buildings are in general inelegant, and the plan is too aristocratical to please me. However, the Margrave is an excellent man, who lives economically, and studies to promote the good of his subjects. He has a son just your age, and I had promised myself much pleasure in seeing him, and comparing him with my Francis. When we arrive in England, I shall hope to find a long and interesting journal of all you do, and all you think; it will improve you in the facility of writing English, and it will continue you in the habit of treating your parents with that confidence which their indulgence and affection have a right to claim. I expect to hear all your faults candidly told, that my advice may assist you in mending and correcting them; if you tell me you are always good, I shall not be

lieve it, for it is neither for your age, nor for human frailty, but I hope to hear that you are attentive to everything which is said by your excellent friends, and that when your spirits lead you to transgress or slight that advice, you are repentant and concerned. This I have a right to hope from your good sense and good heart, and if I hear otherwise you will disappoint me."

"*Oct.* 5.—Still at Carlsruhe, my dear Francis, and still suffering much, yet to-morrow we have fixed to recommence our journey, for as quiet and rest do not cure me, it is but suffering a little more, and we get on, though God knows which road we are now to take. I never saw your papa lose his courage so totally, and I shall not be surprised any morning to set out for Hamburgh, that he may go a road he knows to be open, no matter how far round; indeed, he will have one proverb on his side, 'The farthest way about is the nearest way home;' and as to me, I suffer so much, that having now pain added to fatigue, I feel the indifference of desperation, and care not where we go—all I pray is that at last we may arrive safe in England. There is every appearance of hostilities recurring, and, on the part of Austria, with faint prospect of success, and no one doubts seeing the tree of liberty planted at Vienna before Christmas. It may be planted anywhere with my good wishes, except at Carlsruhe, and here I should be sorry to see it; indeed, would every sovereign imitate the Margrave of Baden, and seek like him to reign in the hearts of his subjects, he need but little fear either French troops or French principles. His son, who I told you was nearly your age, has the disadvantage of being an only son, and his parents' too fond indulgence promises to ruin their best hopes—caprice they call genius, passion passes for spirit, and so on. How much, my dear Francis, is such a boy to be pitied, and what gratitude do you owe to the good Dom Emmanuele, who loves

you for your own good! Tell me all and everything. Salute affectionately il Nono and la madre dei miei figli, and be assured your papa and I love you most tenderly."

"*Saarlibre, Oct.* 10.—I never saw your papa better pleased than when we quitted the Austrian lines, and entered the French, and now everything goes well, and he is as happy as possible, conversing with every soldier and every officer he meets, and confessing with me, how much the liberty of thinking improves the human mind, and how much superior is the republican to the automedons we have parted from."

"*Morlatner, Oct.* 11.—It is a pleasant sight to travel through France, and to behold the comfort and opulence of the farmers and peasants; the ground is everywhere well cultivated, and herds of cattle descend into the villages at evening, and at every poor man's house stop his cows, his sheep, his hogs, and his geese. Indeed, my dear Francis, I am much surprised at the general appearance of comfort which prevails among the peasantry, who were formerly poor and oppressed, but now seem rich and comfortable. They are perhaps the only class of society who have really profited by the revolution, but their situation is surprisingly ameliorated. . . . . At Metz a band of military music played at our door, 'pour l'honneur L'Angleterre.' . . . With honour, courage, and generosity, those virtues of ancient chivalry, may my *four* sons possess those solid virtues, which render life happiest in a private station."

"*Avesnes, Oct.* 14.—We continue advancing fast on our journey without any difficulty or impediment; every place as quiet as in perfect peace, the churches everywhere open, and the fast observed on Fridays and Saturdays so strict, even at the inns, as to make us fare very ill. Sunday too is kept as a fête, but all shops are open, and a man works, or goes to church, or amuses himself as he likes,—in short, I

perceive scarce any alteration, except that people talk politics and are discontented as in England. As for me, I am heartily sick of travelling, and look forward to no comfort, until I can again give my blessing to my Francis and his two dear brothers."

"*Lisle.*—My next letter will, if God pleases, be dated from London. Augustus talks very often of you, and tells every one he loves you best of all. He is very well again, and much amused with the windmills. Adieu, my dearest boy. I recommend you always in my prayers to the care of God Almighty."

As soon as the Hare-Naylors arrived in England, they proceeded to Hurstmonceaux. It seems that they had never before understood how completely the castle was a ruin, and great was their anger at beholding it, and bitter their resentment at the injustice of their stepmother, upon whom the little Francis was encouraged to write Greek epigrams at Bologna. Among other injuries, Mrs. Henrietta Hare, in a fit of jealousy, had destroyed the oil portrait of her predecessor, the beautiful Miss Selman, only preserving the figure of her child (Francis H. Naylor) riding upon a stick. With the "Place" itself they were much pleased.

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place, Oct.* 29, 1797.—I am most impatient to see you, and yet Twyford will recall ten thousand melancholy ideas. Had you been in town, I would have persuaded you to give your preference to Hurstmonceaux, where new objects and new schemes offer themselves, and we want your advice about a thousand things. The place is delightful, and charms me from not being so magnificent as I ex-

pected, or leading to any uncommon expenses. The house is vastly comfortable, but if we live in England it is not larger than we should desire, and every piece of the ground may be turned to profit. It possesses all the beauties of a fine place, with the comforts and pleasures of a small one; the parish too is just what one could wish, not so large, or so poor, but what we might be the means of giving much happiness. I think Prudence will recommend us to live here or live in Italy; the first I hope, not again to be separated from so beloved a sister. We were received with such natural demonstrations of joy, and my Hare seems so much to possess the hearts of his tenants, that I have spent some delicious hours. As to our name, we prefer the name of Hare to Naylor as *plus noble*, but we shall continue to sign all letters, papers, deeds, &c., by the name of Hare-Naylor, as we have hitherto done, and the generality I imagine will give us both names, which makes least confusion, and is what we would like best for many reasons."

"*Bolton Street, Nov.* 1, 1797.—I know not how to express my sense of all your kindnesses. We are here in your house receiving every attention and enjoying every comfort, as if we were served by our own servants and had long been settled. My boy is in love with your maid Hickman, and calls her 'The Lady of the Bird.' . . . As to change of person, you will find it in me, and I have no doubt I shall find it in you. Hickman thinks me like you, but thinner. Sorrow brings with it change of health and change of spirits, and whose sorrow was ever like yours? yet every action and every thought shows me my own kind and beloved Anna—she, whose affection for me was ever *true* affection—interested in my conduct, and anxious that I should be esteemed as she esteemed me. I fear I shall not do half the right or proper things which you suggest—want of time and want of carriage are two good excuses.

The Dowager Lady Spencer* has written to me that she hopes to see me in town; the young one† I will write to. We think of arriving at Twyford the day your maid does, and if we come to dinner it may hurry your spirits less than in the evening; with this idea we think of sleeping one night either at Hampton or Heckfield. My feelings are full of gratitude to God for allowing me to live to so blessed an hour, mixed with regret for your loss, for our loss, for the world's loss. I could not, without tears, visit your apartment, to reflect that it wanted its chief ornament and treasure. What is wealth without it? But tried as you have been, it is my prayer that to me and my children it may be given to make you know all the comfort you yet can feel. I have a very kind letter from my brother. I always loved him, nor do I know, except from others, that he ever felt displeased with me."

"*Bolton Street, Nov.* 4.—All the quiet happy castles I had built with you at Twyford seem tottering from their foundation. It is true, I most anxiously wished for an interview with my dearest brother, but the idea of spending a month or six weeks at Bath does not suit my wish for quiet and repose, and the pleasure of social converse over old times with my beloved sister with which I had flattered myself. Mrs. Ann Hare‡ found us in bed this morning, and is now talking so fast I scarce know what I write. The Lefevres arrive to-day, and express much pleasure at the idea of seeing us; indeed, I find more friends than I expected, but I find not my dearest sister, for whom alone I consented to leave my three angels. . . . . I have written to young Lady Spencer, who has not as yet honoured me with an answer.

* Margaret Georgiana Poyntz, whose mother was first cousin of Mrs. Shipley, the wife of John, first Earl Spencer.

† Lavinia, wife of George John, second Earl Spencer.

‡ Only surviving daughter of Bishop Hare.

So much the better. I have no ambition, and independence and comfort are in our power. If we regain Buckholt, £17,000 we shall have, perhaps too much for that *media vita* I wish for myself and my boys.

"P.S.—I have this moment a most gracious visit from Lady Spencer, only very angry I have a son named Marcus."*

The plan of joining Mrs. Shipley at Bath was carried out, and thence Mrs. Hare-Naylor wrote to little Francis at Bologna.

"*Dec.* 11, 1797.—Yesterday I finished a long letter to my dear Cassandra, and to-day I once more take up my journal to my dear Francis, which has been so interrupted. . . . . Novels are the present fashionable study in England, and everything is read, good or bad, which bears that title; even your papa is obliged to follow the current, as the conversation, in whatever society, falls upon this topic; we have had *two* which are the most talked of—'The Monk,' which is an assemblage of crimes, horrors, and improbabilities, but calculated to excite the passions, and therefore read; and 'Caleb Williams,' whose author is among the illuminated of the present age, but as his hero, who is drawn a model of honour and moral rectitude, is led by circumstances to commit murder and other atrocious crimes, I think a reflecting mind may fairly extract this conclusion, that *religion alone has sufficient power to preserve man from evil.*

"*Dec.* 14.—I should not, my dear Francis, have dwelt so long on the present state of literature in England if I did not consider that it is the truest test of the character of its inhabitants. They are sunk into an indolence of mind

* Her not having seen any of her relations since their anger at her marriage caused Mrs. Hare-Naylor's anxiety as to their reception of her.

which requires to be fed by such productions as these, and hence it is that, unless an author can excite their passions, warm their imaginations, or awaken their curiosity, he has little chance of being praised, and still less of being read.

"Paoli dined with us to-day, and we talked over the adventures of his interesting life, and I wished that the Republic possessed two or three such patriots. He has been ill-treated by all governments and all parties, being himself a stranger to that *egoism* which pervades every scene of this corrupted age. It is a vice so odious that I wish it may be banished from the world before you enter upon your part, and I think it will, for surely there must be a great change in morals and conduct ere long.

"Since I came to Bath I have only bought a Pliny. All my money goes away in caps and bawbles, while I regret the sad necessity of conforming to fashion, and consider my four boys, like Cornelia, above all jewels. Tell the Rettore I see every day Lady Bolingbroke, and that we often talk of him and his obliging attentions to the *pretty women* of our nation. We are invited to return to the Palmerstons after Christmas, and then I shall more particularly think of my Francis, though the certainty of the permanent good you will derive from the lessons of our respected Dom Emmanuel stifles every regret as it rises, and I believe you happier there than you would be with us, since an occupied life is always happy, and we, on the contrary, exist in a kind of noise and confusion, which annihilates every faculty. This evening I may indeed call comfortable, since I am left alone to write to my darling, or to pursue my next favourite employment of reading and reflection. Assure Il Nono and La Sorella mia amata that I am eternally attached to them, and accept my warmest prayers and blessing."

"*Dec.* 27.—On Monday I went to hear a celebrated preacher, to receive the sacrament, and with a grateful heart

to pray for blessings on my four boys. The preacher disappointed me, not in his *manner*, but as to *matter*. He was for dividing *faith* and *reason*, while I am for uniting them; *true reason* must ever support *true faith*, since they both come from God, and the mental powers He has given us were no doubt intended to fortify our faith, however man may have perverted his own nature. Dr. Randolph, on the contrary, would have us *believe* and not *inquire*. A Mohammedan, or a Pagan, can be advised to do no other, but the Christian surely has a nobler doctrine to teach.

"Your letter of Nov. 11 is written with a warmth of patriotism which does honour to your feelings, but would not suit the present times: when a government possesses so great an influence over the minds and passions of the nation, a wise man must only sigh in private. Pitt has gotten the *pride* of Englishmen on his side, and pride has more particularly ever been the strongest feature in the national character of England. Before you are of an age to act your part on this world's stage, this government will have undergone a reform, in which case the true patriot in serving his country will advance himself; or otherwise, it will have settled into so complete a despotism founded on corruption, that the efforts of a single man will avail no more than in Athens a Demosthenes opposing the gold of Philip. Yet even in this worst state of things, the principles you now hold will operate so far as to make you remember in every action of your life that the poor and the rich are the same in the eyes of God, and while prudence may teach you to moderate your zeal in the cause of political freedom, you will perceive that large is the power of doing good and being useful to mankind, under whatever government you live."

The prudence which Mrs. Hare-Naylor inculcated in her children with regard to their political conduct was in no-

wise evinced by her husband, whose violent and democratic principles made him many enemies. Even the friends who at first sympathized with him were generally alienated by the violence of his political conduct, so that "the Hare with many friends" became a by-word. At one time he received the offer of a baronetcy, which he rejected, and professed to despise as one of the aristocratic distinctions against which he was always inveighing. His public imprudence was a great disadvantage to his children. Lady Jones alludes to this in a letter she wrote to them many years afterwards :—

"Your father will never get over the unfavourable impression of the violent democratic expressions he made use of on his first return to England; they not only stick by him, but have been of great disadvantage to his children; you will find it necessary through life to remember that the prejudice of the world in that respect is against you."

It was in the spring of 1798 that the Hare-Naylors returned to Bologna to seek their children. They reached Italy in June in time to see "the Cassandra" and Aponte before their departure from Bologna, and then removed for a time to Padua, where the education of Francis was continued under the Abbate Sinigaglia and other professors of the University. During this, their last visit to Italy, they formed the fine collection of pictures, which they afterwards had at Hurstmonceaux. Of this time is the following :—

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Bologna, June* 23, 1798. — Here is an anecdote of Francis which I think will please you, as it evinces a degree

of presence of mind uncommon at his age. He was at dinner at a gentleman's house in the country, when one of the servants came in to say there was a man in the court, with a dromedary and a bear. Francis immediately jumped up from table, ran out alone to see the beasts, and as their conductor assured him there was no danger, he began playing with the bear; the animal immediately seized him in his paws, and the owner, instead of coming to his assistance, cried out to him in a fright, 'Defend yourself, or you are dead.' Upon this, Francis, who had observed that the bear was blind in one eye, struck the beast with all his force in the good eye; the bear instantly let go his hold, Francis seized the moment, and getting loose from his grasp, fled as fast as he could towards the house. The bear ran after him, and tore his cheek with his paw, which was all the injury he received. All this passed without anybody knowing the least of the matter; the boy returned to table, said the bear had scratched his face, continued to play as usual during the rest of the evening, nor was the story known till the following day, when it was in everybody's mouth at Bologna."

The intense happiness which the Hare-Naylors looked for in an English home may be seen from—

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Padua, March* 16, 1799.—My weak state confirms me in an idea I have long taken up, that *we* shall never arrive at settling with our family at Hurstmonceaux, from a persuasion that our life would be then too happy for our mortal state. It was the same thing with you, my beloved sister, when happiness was almost within the grasp, that visionary deity vanished from your sight . . . . . In all my fatigues I have thought of my sweet Augustus enjoying every comfort and attention, happy and beloved by my dearest sister, for

I feel assured the better you are acquainted with him, the more dear he will become to you. He is endowed with one of those happy *soils*, which need little culture and little care, as weeds cannot take root in his sweet mind . . . . . I wish very much that Jules and Marcus may preserve their present beauty, till you see them: Jules is a true Mordaunt face, and Marcus is the very image of his father. Francis too is remarkably well-looking, and so amiable and attractive in his manners, so much knowledge, and so much vivacity, I am sure you will be partial to him: indeed, I long for you to see them all, though none will excel my dear Augustus in sweetness of temper, and sensibility of disposition—indeed they may well call them *les quatre fils d'Aymon*."

In the spring of 1799 the Hare-Naylors returned to England with all the children, and before settling at their own home, took them to visit Mrs. Shipley at Bath. The following letter from Lady Jones to the Dowager Lady Spencer was written then:—

"*July* 17, 1799.—I can, thank God, continue to make a most comfortable report of my mother. She has been bustling about in her dear little old ways, arranging things for her Italian children, and the finding herself equal to such little exertion has certainly mended her spirits. The Hares arrived to tea yesterday, all vastly well. Jule and Marcus are very lovely engaging babes, and Francis, whom we were quite prepared to see an awkward, shy, plain boy, is quite the reverse—I really think a most remarkably pleasing face, and his manners are totally unaffected and unpresuming, lively and boyish, which I feared, with his knowledge (which for his years is extraordinary), would not have been the case. My poor li tle Augustus certainly

appears to disadvantage by his brothers, but I believe his mind is as amiable, and that he is likely to prove as great a blessing to his parents as any of them. I hope we shall manage not to let them be too much of a worry to my mother, and then they will amuse and do her good. I keep the rock-horse in my dining parlour, which is constant lure for them to be there the greatest part of the day, and a tintamarre-de-diable they have been making there these last three hours, God bless their little throats."

During this summer's residence at Bath, Mrs. Hare-Naylor formed the greatest friendship of her later life with Miss Bowdler, whose literary and classical tastes formed a bond between them. She accompanied the family to Hurstmonceaux, where on October 9, 1799, Mrs. Hare-Naylor gave birth to her youngest child, Anna-Maria Clementina.

A long series of letters to her beloved sister Anna describe the family life, which began most peacefully and happily at Hurstmonceaux, where the Hare-Naylors settled with the conviction that they should be able to live quietly within their income, and filled with schemes for the assistance and improvement of their poorer neighbours. Too soon, however, they found that the expenses of an impoverished estate and a house greatly out of repair were far beyond their receipts, and life became a constant struggle, filled with anxieties as to the sale of some of the pictures they had brought from Italy, or the production of Mr. Naylor's plays of *The Mirror*, and *The Age of Chivalry* at Drury Lane, to which they looked almost for the absolute means of subsistence. Indeed, they could not

have lived at all, but for the constant and unwearied assistance of "the best of sisters."

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place, Dec.* 31, 1799.—I am made very anxious by your account of Augustus, and though that dear boy has been longer absent from us than any of our other children, yet a mother is always a mother, and in my heart my affection for him is mixed with my affection for the rest: five children, yourself, and Hare, fill it, as in one *mass* of blessings. I am saddened by the thought of my dear mother, and can guess what she must suffer from any diminution of her powers of sight, because I have often said, that the privation of light is the only misfortune perhaps to which our nature is liable, which I believe I should never bear with fortitude or patience; here reason, I fear, would lose her influence.

"Wilberforce writes to inquire when we shall be in town, that he and his wife may renew our acquaintance and friendship. He says he and my husband think so much alike on politics, he will venture to say to him, he fears there can be no safety while France is a republic with all the energy and irritability which the reform possesses. You who condemn my politics, I am persuaded, do not know what they are; it is to Mr. Wilberforce and Hannah More I will appeal, when I want a good character. We have nearly concluded her book, but although I go very far with her in her system of education, I think she repeats so often the word *Christian* she will surfeit numbers, just as honey, if the dose is too strong, will pall the stomachs of children. We are by nature such lovers of variety, that even goodness and religion should be recommended under various forms in order not to clog. As for me, my religion is as simple as my politics, and as I think the best government that where

people are most virtuous and most happy, so in religion. I think the simple study of the Scriptures with the moral duties they teach and the rewards they promise, far more calculated to inspire true piety and cheerful dependence on God's providence, than an inquiry into all those obscure systems of faith, grace, and original sin, on which saints and theologians have written *sine fine*."

"*Feb* 1, 1800.—The rejection of *The Mirror* was a disappointment to me, because I see pieces in every way inferior are continually produced; but I suspect Sheridan has an old private pique to gratify. Our pictures too, I fear, are in no likely method of producing money, and I feel that the dear Poussin must be sacrificed for half its value if we can no otherwise raise sufficient money to pay the bills we owe. . . . . To be sure, coming into possession of a place so out of repair and unfurnished as we found this, while possessed ourselves of no ready money, gave us from the first great difficulties to struggle with."

"Pray read the 9th chapter of Revelation. It has struck me vastly, particularly the following verse: 'And they had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue he hath his name *Apollyon*.' Now the Christian name of Bonaparte is *Napollione*, which is evidently a Corsican corruption of the Greek—the only change being in the *N*, otherwise the word is merely Italianised. The concluding denunciation of ruin is so terrific, that I think our pious ministers might read and tremble."

"I cannot but write my list of family misfortunes. Our best pigs are very ill and likely to die, after all the great expense we have been in at fatting them. In short nothing thrives without doors; and within doors the library chimney has taken to smoke so much, that I am obliged even of an evening to sit with the window open. . . ."

"*Feb.* 27, 1800.—I think of all our disappointments the greatest has come from our History of Switzerland. As for the other pictures, they must be put up at a public sale. I think we are rather in want of a present sum of money for furniture and stock, than any increase of income, as I am convinced, if we were once set a-going, we should find our income equal to our wants. I wish I could flatter myself into a belief that a view of those pictures you have chosen would be a source of pleasure to you. I confess they were so to me, and that the Poussin especially gave to my sentiments that tranquil character with which in it our Saviour as an infant regards the future cross. I never felt it, except in that and one other, a Guido which represents the crucifixion, before which I have knelt and prayed with a more entire giving up of the whole mind than happened to me anywhere else."

"*May* 11, 1800.—May is come, and yet you are waiting in London, and lose all the charms of this season in this beautiful place. Why do you go and look at villas near London, and not come to your own villa at Hurstmonceaux? At least come and pass this month with us, and do not think of going to live by yourself *en misanthrope*, while we are here, whose domestic joys will be so enlarged by your partaking them. No words can paint the charms of this place, and Hare and I never walk arm in arm contemplating the scene and speaking of our mutual happiness, without giving a sigh to the absence of our only friend. . . . . The Montpellier Terrace, as I call the footpath to church, is always dry, and warm, and sheltered; when our sun is too hot, the shrubbery is pleasant; and when you choose both sun and air there is the road to the gate nearly completed. God bless you, my more than sister, and reward you for your constant kind attachment to your G."

One of the first interests at Hurstmonceaux had been found in the preparation of the sunniest and pleasantest room in the house for the reception of Lady Jones during her long annual visit—a room which is called "Lady Jones's Chamber" to this day. Thither she came for three or four months every summer, bringing the little Augustus to his brothers, when they used to play in the gardens of the "Place," or ramble about in the castle ruins or that old deer-park. Even as a child Augustus was of a much gentler disposition than his brothers, and more unselfish. If anything was given to him, his only pleasure in possession seemed to be that he had it to give to some one else, and "his conversation was not like a child's—he would admire the works of God in every tree and weed."—"On one occasion, when very little, he told his aunt a lie. It happened on a day when Lord Spencer and Lord Teignmouth were coming to dine with her; she had intended that Augustus should dine with them, and he was greatly delighted at the prospect of it, but in consequence of what he had done, she ordered him to stay in his room and have nothing but bread and water. His nurse, who was greatly devoted to him, was not able to go to him till night, when she took him some strawberries, the first of the year, with which at first he was much pleased, but then asked if his aunt had sent them, and on being told 'no,' could not be prevailed on to touch them, saying that she had thought him too wicked to have anything that was good."—"Once when he was playing with a little boy, the son of the Duchess of Devonshire, and they could not keep a little sledge, with tin soldiers in it, steady, he went and fetched a silver crucifix and beads given

to him by his Italian nurse, and put it into the sledge, saying, 'Here is something that will manage this and everything else in the world.'"—"After a long illness, he expressed his gratitude and thanks in such a manner to those who had been kind to him, that he was more loved than ever."*

Around Hurstmonceaux Place the country, which is so bare near the castle, becomes luxuriantly rich and wooded. The house is large, forming a massy square with projecting semi-circular bows at the corners, the appearance of which (due to Wyatt) certainly produces a very ugly effect outside, but is exceedingly comfortable within. Mr. Wilberforce, who rented it in 1810, thus describes it:—

"I am in a corner of Sussex, in an excellent house, and a place almost as pretty as the neighbourhood of the sea ever is. There is a fine old castle here, built in Henry VI.'s time, but in complete preservation till some twenty years ago, and, though this is a very good private gentleman's habitation, yet when one sets it against a complete castle, one side of which was two hundred feet long, and which was in the complete costume of the age in which it was reared, it dwindles into as much insignificance as one of the armed knights of the middle ages, fully accoutred, who should be suddenly transported into the curtailed dimensions of one of the box-lobby loungers of the opera, or even one of the cropped and docked troopers of one of our modern regiments.

"The castle is in the park, but, *horrendum dictu!* it was pulled down, and the bare walls and ivy-mantled towers

* These anecdotes were told forty years after by Lady Jones's maid Hickman, then Mrs. Parker.

alone left standing; the materials being applied to the construction of a new house, which, on the whole, cost twice as much, I understand, as it would have taken to make the castle habitable, for it had fallen a little into arrears. I don't know, however, that we who inhabit the new mansion may not have made a good exchange, by gaining in comfort what is lost in magnificence; for the old building was of such a prodigious extent, that it would have required the contents of almost a whole colliery to keep it warm; and I think few things more wretched (of the kind, I mean) than living in a house which it is beyond the powers of the fortune to keep in order; like a great body with a languid circulation, all is cold and comfortless."*

Mrs. Hare-Naylor's life at Hurstmonceaux must have astonished her rustic neighbours, and still more her neighbours in her own rank of life, of whom there were few with whom she cared to associate, except the ladies at Ashburnham Place, where the fine library was a great delight to her. Not only, when within the house, was she always occupied in the deep study of Greek authors, but during her walks in the park and shrubberies she was always seen dressed in white, and she was always accompanied by a beautiful tame white doe, which used to walk by her side, even when she went to church. Her foreign life led her to regard Sunday merely as a fête day, and she used frequently to scandalize the church-going population by sitting at a window looking out upon the road, working at her tambour-frame, when they were going to church. Her impetuosity in liking and

* Letter to Lord Muncaster. See Wilberforce's "Life and Correspondence," vol. iii. pp. 464, 466. Lond., 1838.

disliking often led her to make friends with persons beneath her, or to take them into her service when they were of a character which rendered her notice exceedingly undesirable. The two women she took most notice of in the parish were the last persons who ever did public penance at Hurstmonceaux, having both to stand in a white sheet in the churchyard for their "various offspring," so that people said, "There are Mrs. Hare-Naylor's friends doing penance." And it was long remembered with amusement that when one of her maids was afterwards found to have misbehaved herself, she said, "Poor thing, she cannot help it; I really believe it must be *something in the air!*"

Yet in her heart she was of a most holy life; ardent in all her feelings and acts, her whole soul was constantly poured out in prayer. As a Mr. Mitchell, one of whom she saw much at this time, said afterwards to her son Julius, "She did truly *embrace* Christ with her whole heart." Her words were cherished through life by her children as those of an angel, and to their latest days the recollection of the Four Brothers lingered lovingly over every incident of the early years spent with their "precious mother" in the family home. "O that old age were truly second childhood! It is seldom more like it than the berry is to the rosebud," wrote one of the four many years after; and another (Julius) who, living hard by, was wont to cherish every recollection of his beloved mother in the scenes where she had lived, wrote in recollection of these happy days, "What a type of a happy family is the family of the sun! With what order, with what harmony, with what blessed peace do his children the planets move around him, shining with the

light which they drink in from their parent's face at once on him and on one another."*

For the two first years of their residence at Hurstmonceaux the family circle was enlarged by one who made up in some degree for the literary and intellectual society they had left at Bologna, and in her letters to her valued Aponte, Mrs. Hare-Naylor constantly dwelt upon the fortunate choice she had been enabled to make in appointing Dr. Lehmann as tutor to her son Francis, and under whom he was making such progress as to be an astonishment to all who knew him and an intense delight to his mother. When Lehmann returned to Germany in 1802, with the intention of taking a professorship in the University of Göttingen, it was intended that Francis should accompany him thither, that he might continue to have the benefit of his teaching, for he had been a most indefatigable tutor, in spite of a devotion to his own studies of natural history, so that, as Mrs. Hare-Naylor quaintly observes in one of her letters, he would impart information to Francis even while he was "dissecting the brains of a butterfly, or ascertaining the legs of a louse." The German plan, however, was abandoned, in order to send Francis to the tutorship of Dr. Brown, an eminent professor in the Marischal College at Aberdeen, and thither he proceeded in August, 1802, after a visit to Lord Palmerston at Edinburgh. He remained at Aberdeen two years without returning. Of the diligence with which his days there were employed the following letter to his mother will give an idea:—

* "Guesses at Truth," 1856, p. 554.

"*April* 14, 1804.—To give an account of my day. Before breakfast I read Cicero's and Demosthenes' orations alternately by myself. From ten to eleven I read Tacitus, of which I explain five chapters each lesson to Mr. Sievwright at night, and at the same time I write a translation of a chapter of Livy. From eleven to twelve I read books on politics and moral philosophy, from one to two Dr. Brown as usual three times a week; from two to four I study the Law of Nature and Nations, as a preparation for my study of the common law; seven to eight, Mr. Sievwright; eight to nine, I read Homer and Virgil alternately by myself; nine to ten, Smythe; ten to eleven I prepare Smythe's lesson, and if there is any time to spare I employ it in reading English poetry, as even that has great use. So much till eleven o'clock, when I undress. I have given up going to supper, when the college ended, for want of time. For the time for which nothing else is allotted, and on Sundays, there is miscellaneous and superficial English and French reading. The time I have allotted for walking is from twelve to one, but I seldom employ it for that purpose.

"I long to be present at the unpacking of the fine library which has come from Bologna, and I envy you the pleasure of seeing again our old friends the Scanderbeg and the Judith. I shall be very glad to hear how you managed to hang both the great Guido and the great Guercino in the dining-room. Then what is to become of the Paul Veronese, for certainly it deserves a place *inter priores?*"

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Sept.* 5, 1802.—'Nil mortalibus arduum est.' This, it is reported, Bonaparte said, when he ascended the Alps to conquer Italy. You have chosen it, my beloved Francis, for your motto, and in the difficulties you have at present to encounter, to *will* is to *do*. In speaking slow you have

only to conquer an ill habit of not pronouncing the finals distinct. You have not, like Demosthenes, any natural impediment to surmount, nor, like Bonaparte, to conquer countries without arms or ammunition; but still the principle of industry and attention to amend in time a fault which would become a real prejudice to your advancement hereafter, is a great and material step towards still more important objects.

"Dr. Brown must have heard, with the deepest regret, of Mr. Brand's throwing away his money on a county election. Perhaps this ill-judged measure at his first entry into life may destroy many of those fair prospects which his early virtues gave the promise of. To get rid of a good fortune with little credit and no honour, there is no surer method than a contested election, nor in this case was there ever a prospect of success. You know with what prudence your father behaved last year with regard to this county, nor has his merit been less this year in withstanding the general voice that called upon him to oppose our present member.

"Perhaps, as we have so very often experienced the favour of Providence, and the wisest of us are so inadequate to decide on our own real advantage, it may be among His kindnesses our not having let our house this autumn; for in the general opinion war is but too likely to recommence, and in that disastrous case, happy are those who are living in their own land, and able to protect their own property. You, my Francis, are probably born to live in a portentous age. You inherit the principles of true and genuine liberty from your ancestors. You have yourself seen the lamentable effects of anarchy and licentiousness assuming the name of the true goddess, and treading down her altars. And now, under the care of the pious, wise, and learned Dr. Brown, you are imbibing at their source the untainted sentiments of real patriotism and real freedom; but, above all,

my Francis, I exhort you to study the works of my favourite Cicero. Demosthenes excels more in argument and declamation, but none of the ancients have written with more purity of mind and principle of the great question of public good and the duties of the citizen. Your father did not intend publishing the continuation of his history until our arrival in France, when he intended to revise the first two volumes and publish them anew, together with the two succeeding ones, when he had the means of consulting some new authorities; but should we remain in England, I imagine this plan must change. Adieu, my best-beloved—my darling son."

The History alluded to in this letter is that of the Helvetic Republic, which Mr. Hare-Naylor had begun at Bologna, and which he afterwards published, dedicated, "To the immortal memory of Charles James Fox, the enlightened champion of civil and religious liberty."

In March, 1803, good old Mrs. Shipley died—a great loss to her numerous children and grandchildren. "She lived to a good old age, being in her eighty-seventh year," wrote Lady Jones to Mrs. Parker, "and enjoyed all her faculties to the last, and resigned her breath without any suffering—not a sigh or groan, but went off in a quiet angelic sleep."

In 1803, Mrs. Hare-Naylor, who had never quite given up the pursuit of painting, to which she had been so devoted in Italy, and who never ceased lamenting the destruction of Hurstmonceaux Castle, and the loss it occasioned her children, formed the design of leaving them a perfect series of large finished water-colour drawings, representing all the different parts of the castle, interior as well

as exterior, before its destruction. This series of drawings she completed, never relaxing her labour and care till the whole were finished; but the minute application for so long a period seriously affected her health, and after she had complained for some time of pain in her eyes, and an eminent oculist had been consulted, it was found that disease of the optic nerve had begun, which obliged her to lay aside at once all her usual employments, and which ended, two years later, when she was only in her forty-eighth year, in total blindness, the calamity which five years before she had spoken of to Lady Jones as the only misfortune utterly unendurable. It was remembered at Hurstmonceaux how exceedingly tall and thin she was at this time, and that she used to knock her elbows together behind her back till they clicked!

In January, 1804, Julius and Marcus were sent together to Tunbridge School, which was then under the care of Dr. Vicesimus Knox; but Julius soon fell ill there, and as his symptoms were of a consumptive tendency, he was removed, to the great grief of his little brother, who exclaimed, "If Jule go away, Marcus pisen hisself." It was decided that Julius should accompany his parents to the Continent, for it was now absolutely necessary that they should go abroad, as Mrs. Hare-Naylor's health was failing so rapidly, that foreign air was looked upon as a last resort. They left England early in August, 1804, and travelled first to Vienna, returning by slow stages to Weimar, where they spent the following winter. Francis in the meantime was sent to another private tutor's, Mr. Michells, at Buckland, near Cambridge, where he pursued his studies with the

utmost ardour. Augustus remained under the care of Lady Jones, who sent him at ten years old to Mr. Stretch's school at Twyford, where he used to play with his little companions at "the siege of Copenhagen," amongst the great tomb stones in the churchyard. Hence he was removed to Winchester in 1804. His father at this time writes to him, "Your letters have given the greatest pleasure both to your mother and me, and the affectionate manner in which you speak of her illness has quite delighted her."

It is to this winter of 1804—5, spent at Weimar, that Julius owed his first acquaintance with and interest in German literature. There, the great names of Goethe, Wieland, Herder, and Schiller became to him familiar household words. The extraordinary gifts of his accomplished mother gathered around her, even in these days of sickness, all that was most intellectual in that most intellectual of German cities. And the good duchess who honoured the great men of her city, as she was honoured by them, was the kind friend whose presence daily cheered the darkened chamber of the blind lady, and whose sweet ministrations were constantly afforded in the long hours of suffering from which she was now scarcely ever free. It was as he left Weimar, in May, 1805, that Julius Hare first saw the Wartburg, the scene of Luther's nominal imprisonment; and there, as he used playfully to say in after years, he "first learnt to throw inkstands at the devil."

During the year spent at Weimar, Mr. Hare-Naylor wrote the novel—the very dull novel—of "Theodore, or the Enthusiast," which was dedicated, "To Her Serene Highness the reigning Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, in token of

gratitude, admiration, and esteem." Flaxman, who, with his sister (who was governess to little Anna), accompanied the Hare-Naylors to Weimar, made a series of beautiful little illustrations for this novel, which have never been engraved.

MRS. HARE-NAYLOR *to* LADY JONES.

"*Weimar, Nov.* 12, 1804.—The calamity I have so long foreseen and dreaded, my dearest sister, is at length fallen upon me: it is now two whole days since I have distinguished any visible object. The tranquillity of despair, dreadful as it is, is nothing compared with what I have suffered during the last twenty months, in a fluctuation between hope and fear. You, my beloved sister, who know my ideas and sensations on every subject, will picture to yourself all I might say, and I shall have not less of your compassion than your love. It is towards you that I look for all I can hope of comfort either for myself or my poor dear children. Indeed, it is amongst my heaviest afflictions, the feeling myself incapable of the duties of wife and mother: this admits of but one consolation, that though David was not permitted to build the temple of the Lord, yet it was accepted, for he had it in his heart.

"Hare is very much at court, but always most kind and attentive to me. It was only on the 9th that the hereditary prince brought home his bride, a Grand Duchess of Russia, since which there have been nothing but dinners and festivals, though Hare prefers the quiet society he met at Prince Clary's, at Teplitz, to all the splendour and magnificence displayed on this occasion. The grand duchess's wardrobe arrived in *eighty* waggons, and her profusion of jewels is such that she could change the set every day for a twelvemonth. Julius has learned a great deal of German,

but is too shy to speak. . . . . May God in his mercy preserve you to support and assist your poor blind

"G. H. N."

In the summer of 1805 Mrs. Hare-Naylor's longing desire for the presence of her son Francis, caused him to be summoned to her side, as her health was daily becoming worse. She rallied, however, sufficiently to carry out her strong wish of revisiting Switzerland—the land of liberty whence she had drawn such ardent aspirations in the days of health and happiness, and when the Hurstmonceaux life, now closed for ever, was just opening before her. They moved first to Bruckenau, and afterwards to Lausanne. Hence she sent to her cousin, the Dowager Lady Spencer, her verses

ON BLINDNESS.

"He chastens whom He loves!"—'Tis thus we read
In that blest book from whence all truths proceed.
While then his mercies humbly we implore,
'Tis ours to bow, submit, and still adore,
Content, in awe, to venerate his plan,
When laid too deep for mortal eyes to scan.

Our keenest sufferings to some purpose tend,
To calm our passions, or our hearts to mend;
To lift our thoughts from earth to heaven above,
And teach frail man to trust his Maker's love.

In all our trials subject to his will,
God blends some good to counterpoise the ill;
And when his wrath divine inflicts a woe,
His love paternal mitigates the blow:
E'en in the heaviest loss, the loss of sight,
That love can fill the mind with inward light,
Bestow on other organs ampler powers,
And bless our night, like nature's, with its flowers.

No more that orb whose vivifying ray
Gives life and vigour to returning day,
Gladdens my eyes with its resplendent flame,
Yet still its warmth revives my drooping frame.
No more, to me, the moon reflects her light,
Nor glittering planets meet the unconscious sight,
Yet o'er my senses steals the calm serene,
And all within is tranquil as the scene.

In vain would nature too her charms conceal,
Her treasures, though unseen, I see, I feel.
The torrent, dashing from the mountain near,
Breaks in rude cadence on the astonished ear;
While the clear rivulet that gently flows
With lulling murmurs soothes me to repose.
Ofttimes I seek the grove or shady bower
When contemplation claims the sober hour;
Oft the pure fragrance of the plants inhale,
And tread the flowery mead, or spicy vale,
The quickened scent delighting to explore
A thousand sweets, unmark'd, unknown before.

E'en though the landscape flies the clouded eye,
Imagination can her tints supply,
O'er the rude scenery cast a brighter hue,
And bring a new creation to my view.
The pine frowns darkly o'er the ivied cell,
The ruin proudly nods, the torrents swell;
Above the wooded vale steep Alps arise,
And threat with snow-clad peaks their kindred skies.
Thus as rich fancy paints with varying grace
Bold nature's grand majestic forms we trace,
Ideal beauties decorate the scene,
No clouds obscure it, and no specks are seen.

Oft too shall Harmony's celestial strain
Soothe to a soft forgetfulness of pain,
Lull in seraphic dreams our mental powers,
And steal from adverse fate some blissful hours.

But chief the social pleasures are designed
To charm the ear, and fascinate the mind.

Satire's keen edge, whose point e'en vice can awe,
Seductive wit restrain'd by moral law,
The patriot thought in manly language drest,
The tale well told, the laugh-creating jest,
The classic page (deep mine of treasured ore
By turns to criticize, by turns explore)—
These, the pure sources of convivial mirth,
Expand our talents, and give genius birth,
The soul's appro, riate energies reveal,
Nor need the eye, to make the bosom feel.

Still we enjoy those dear delightful ties,
On which the firmest prop of life relies.
When the fond husband or the child draws near
The well-known step sounds grateful to the ear:
A son's sweet voice can vibrate to the heart,
And love's soft touch the thrill of joy impart:
And memory now restores to mental sight
Their long-loved features lost in shades of night,
Now joys with thoughtful gratitude to blend
In one dear form the sister and the friend.

Friendship too opens wide her treasured store,
And as we grow the poorer, gives the more.
Her tender sympathy is ever nigh,
Nor lets a wish escape its watchful eye;
While, as the sun revives with genial heat,
The droop ng flowers on which the tempests beat,
How sweet compassion cheers our clouded days,
And loves in us the feelings that we raise.

Wisdom presides o'er God's omniscient plan—
But Faith and Hope are given for guides to man.
While Hope consoles us in this vale of tears,
Faith here prepares us for the heavenly spheres,
And when our mortal part is wrapt in night,
Uplifts our spirits to the throne of light.

During the illness at Lausanne, Francis was of the greatest possible assistance to his parents. He entirely undertook for the time the education of his brother Julius

a task which he afterwards in some degree continued by writing a series of essays on different literary subjects for the benefit of his brother. "Francis Hare, who gave Julius his first initiation into Greek, was also an excellent German scholar, and no doubt used his knowledge of that, as of other modern literature, to make his lessons more lively."

As Mrs. Hare-Naylor felt her last moments approaching, she solemnly and urgently in writing commended her five children to her sister's care, but especially her little daughter Anna. She lingered till the late spring. On Good Friday, she said to Coleman, her faithful maid, "The day after to-morrow will be that of our Saviour's resurrection, and will possibly be the last of my life;" adding, "If I meet your mother in another world, I will tell her how kind and attentive you have been to me." And so it was. Having taken her husband's hand and kissed it, on the morning of Easter Sunday, the 6th of April, 1806, she fell into a sweet sleep from which she never awakened, "giving up her soul to Him, who, as on that day, overcame death."*

Just one week before her cousin, died in England, on March 30, 1806, Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire.

At the time of his wife's death, Mr. Hare-Naylor, being then in his fifty-second year, was still very handsome, but exceedingly reserved and cold in manner. He could not bear to return to Hurstmonceaux, where, as he wrote to

* Epitaph at Hurstmonceaux.

Lady Jones, every flower and every plant recalled the recollection of happy moments "past with his lost Georgiana." His debts were numerous and his children many, and in the following year he sold the estate of his ancestors, a step which all his descendants have never ceased to deplore.

Without failing in the respect due to their father, it was to Lady Jones and to their Shipley relations that his children henceforward always turned for advice, for comfort, and affection, and in the house of this beloved aunt they found the only home they knew from this time. "My dearest Georgiana," wrote Lady Jones, on hearing of her loss, "if she knows in the realms of bliss she assuredly inhabits what passes in the world, shall ever see that I will exert my feeble endeavours to supply her loss, as long as life and health permit me to do so. My dear little Anna especially I shall receive with open arms." And henceforth little Anna always lived with her, recognised before the world as her adopted daughter; Augustus was educated at her expense, and passed his holidays with her, and her care and anxiety for his welfare proved that she considered him little less her child than Anna; Francis and Julius consulted her and looked up to her on all points, finding in her "a second mother, a monitress wise and loving, both in encouragement and reproof." "To the reverence which Julius entertained for Lady Jones," wrote one who knew him well in later days, "may be ascribed much of the nobleness and purity of character, the chivalrous respect for womanhood which distinguished his whole life."

The country home of Lady Jones was at Worting, a place which she had bought, near Basingstoke, a comfortable old-

fashioned red brick house, with some fine trees near it, but the surrounding country flat, open, and barren to the last degree. For this very reason had Lady Jones chosen it—she had been so relaxed by her long residence in India, she said, that she wished for the most bracing and exposed situation it was possible to discover.

In March, 1813, Lady Jones fetched little Anna home very unwell from her school at Chiswick, and though she was nursed by her aunt with almost more than maternal devotion, she sunk at the end of a week. Lady Jones never could bear her to be mentioned afterwards. After her own death a small parcel with a black edge was found in her writing-case, marked "Memorandums, Helas!" containing the medical account of her illness, the newspaper notice of her death, and a little packet inscribed, "Triste et Chere," enclosing the earliest primrose of that year's spring, on which Lady Jones had written, "The sweet angel brought me this little nosegay, Wednesday, 17th March. On Wednesday, 24th, she herself had faded, drooped, and ceased to breathe." In the same parcel is preserved this fragment of a letter from old Lady Spencer :—

"'We now call it death to leave this world, but were we once out of it, and enstated into the happiness of the next, we should think it were dying indeed to come into it again.' So says Sherlock, whom I was reading when you sent to me Sunday evening. Had dear little Anna's life been prolonged, it would have been a course of suffering to herself and anxiety to you. *Now* you can feel no anxiety on *her* account, for I think it was quite remarkable the little traits of amiable feelings that appeared during her illness."

Augustus Hare wrote to Lady Jones:—

"Amid abundant cause for sorrow, it must be some consolation to you to reflect that my sister is gone to that mother who committed her to your care, and that she will have nothing to recount but instances of your countless goodness. You have exchanged for a form that prayed for you on earth, a spirit that is praying for you in heaven. All the improper habits that you have ever checked in her, all the good principles you have ever instilled into her, all the religious precepts you ever taught her, are, and will be, day and night rehearsed in the ears of our merciful Judge, and if they are blessed who give food here, what shall be done to them who minister spiritual sustenance, who have conducted the steps of others to the well of everlasting life, who have exerted themselves to redeem a soul from the bondage of sin and Satan? Indeed, when I think of these things, I feel I would not disbelieve a future state for the universe. Then, indeed, would our fate be wretched, and what comfort could we possibly derive from the never-ending sleep of my dear sister, since we never should see her again? Even in this world the care you have lavished upon her will not be in vain. The recollection of it is lodged in the bosom of her surviving brothers, and will, I trust, produce a harvest of affectionate and grateful exertion."

In 1807 Mr. Hare-Naylor had contracted a second marriage with a connection of his first wife, the widow of Colonel Mealey, by whom he had become the father of three children, Georgiana, born Nov. 11, 1809; Gustavus, born Sept. 15, 1811; and Reginald, born Dec. 29, 1812. In 1814 he went abroad with his second family, and died

at Tours on the 16th of April, 1815, after a lingering illness, in which his son Augustus shared the fatigues and anxieties of his stepmother. His remains were removed to Hurstmonceaux, where he is buried beneath the altar of the parish church.

IV.

AUGUSTUS AND JULIUS HARE.

"The great secret of spiritual perfection is expressed in the words of St. Ignatius Loyola, 'Hoc vult Deus.' God wishes me to stand in this post, to fulfil this duty, to suffer this disease, to be afflicted with this calamity, this contempt, this vexation. God wishes this, whatever the world and self-love may dictate, hoc vult Deus. His will is my law."—*Broadstone of Honour.*

"BIOGRAPHIES are wholesome and nourishing reading in proportion as they approach the character of autobiography, when they are written by those who loved or were familiar with their subjects—who had an eye for the tokens of individual character, and could pick up the words as they dropped from loving lips." Thus, in middle life, wrote Julius Hare, the younger of the two authors of the "Guesses at Truth," and thus, in following the footprints of his life and that of his brother Augustus, the truest picture is that which can be drawn from their own letters or thoughts, from the recollection of their surviving relations and friends, or from the reminiscences of the poor who loved them in solitary Little Alton amid the Wiltshire Downs, or among the leafy lanes of Hurstmonceaux.

The chief influence in the youth of both brothers was that of their aunt, Lady Jones, whose house was their home,

and who generously made herself responsible for their education. Unlike their own mother, of whose gentle loving-kindness her four sons retained an equal recollection, Lady Jones chiefly showed her affection for her nephews by the severity with which she corrected their faults, while for herself she exacted respect rather than love, and had no sympathy with any demonstration of affection. Her nephews, though devoted to her from motives of gratitude, never ventured to be familiar with her, and Augustus especially suffered in after life from the want of mutual confidence which was thus engendered. In society Lady Jones could be exceedingly pleasant and agreeable. Miss Berry, who knew her well, always spoke of her as "that most perfect gentlewoman." She was very quick in her movements, old-fashioned and peculiar in dress, short in person, and she had sharp, piercing eyes.

Lady Jones sent Augustus Hare to Winchester as a Commoner at the beginning of the short half-year, after the summer holidays of 1804: he was placed at once in the middle division of the Fifth Form. Archdeacon Randall, who followed him to Winchester in October of the same year, thus describes his personal appearance at that time: —"Hare was then, as afterwards, tall, thin, and delicate-looking, and his dress peculiar, varying from that of other boys—much such as might have been supposed to have had its cut and colour selected by a lady who, though not an old maid, was a widow, and not much conversant with the habiliments and habits of boys in general. He was, however, even then an object of general interest in the school. There was a near race between Hare and Boscawen

(younger son of the then Lord Falmouth), for one of the highest places in the Part, and as the half-year drew to its close, the marks that they daily obtained in the Classicus Paper were eagerly watched by their respective friends. Of course, the public wishes were divided, but I think if the precedence had been settled by votes, Hare would have had it, perhaps for the very reason that he was in person such as I have described him, young, and looking too slight for a struggle of hard work. This carried him through a great deal, for though he had peculiarities of voice and manner that were often laughed at, I do not think he ever underwent any unkind treatment, but was always regarded as a tender plant that ought to be gently handled. He was successful in this contest, which was a happy thing for him, as it insured his being put up into the senior part of the Fifth before the great struggle of the half-year, and 'the standing-up week' at the end of it, the preparation for which would probably have tried his strength rather too severely."

Augustus went into college at Election, 1806, which was a fortunate time; for he had got up so high in the school as a Commoner, that he came into college as a Præfect, and, consequently, had no fagging to undergo, and the life of a college Præfect was as comfortable as it is possible for a school-boy life to be. Randall became a Præfect at Election, 1807, and from that time began an intimacy with Augustus. "We were both of us thoughtful and imaginative," writes Archdeacon Randall, "great politicians, and full of speculative plans for the improvement of the republic in which we lived, and the constitution of which in the main

we much approved and admired, though we were sensible of blemishes which we longed to remove. We both thought, as I believe almost every public school-man that has seriously considered the subject does think, that the authority of the Præfects and their responsibility for the order and character of the school, and as a correlative and compensation for this, their power over their inferiors, and right to command their services, ought to be maintained; but we also perceived the many occasional abuses of this power. The problem was, how to repress these without obliging the oppressed junior to bring his complaint before the masters, which was always an invidious proceeding, and one in which the masters could rarely get to the bottom of a case, so as to do real justice between the parties. The public opinion of the school, and especially the public opinion of the general body of the Præfects, was always against a tyrannical Præfect; but an ill-conditioned Præfect, much like an ill-conditioned great-landlord, or manufacturer, or ship captain, or other man possessed of power, did not care about public opinion; and the question was, how to bring it to bear upon him in some way so that he should feel the weight of it. For this purpose we devised a parliament, and I am sure no constitution-mongers in the world ever set about their work with more earnestness and affection than we did. We knew it could never be brought into practical operation, at any rate in our day, but it was such a pleasure to contemplate it as a thing possible. What delightful talks we had about it! How we returned to the subject again and again! How we discussed details! How we canvassed and obviated objections! How we

settled the place of meeting and all the form and order of proceedings! It must be confessed that our undertaking was not an easy one. The republic with which we had to deal contained in it eighteen separate authorities, each of them absolute over all the subjects, who were in number only fifty-two, and each of the fifty-two subject to each of the eighteen, and bound to serve that one of the eighteen that first required his service. This was the constitution, upon which we did not presume to think of infringing. I daresay you will think it odd that at the distance of more than half a century I should go back to this subject as *the* point of interest that I specially remember of my intercourse with Hare. But though it looks like playing with straws, it shows the bias of the mind. To be in Parliament was, all through his young days, the thing for which he longed."

Weak health and a naturally indolent disposition prevented the school career of Augustus Hare from being as brilliant as that of his brother Julius, and his frequently missing the prizes he tried for, brought down angry letters from his relations, whom he more seriously offended in the autumn of 1808 by taking part in a rebellion raised by the Winchester Præfects against Dr. Goddard for his making a Saint's Day into a School Day, without their consent. His account of this scrape to Lady Jones is so candid and open as to seem deserving of insertion.

"*Nov.* 21, 1808.—I suspect, my dear aunt, from your long silence, that you are very angry with me; indeed you have, I am grieved to say, more reason for this than you perhaps imagine. However, before I begin my narrative, permit me to assure you that with a new year I intend, if

possible, to turn over a new leaf. I say if possible, because after the many assurances I have given you that I intended to throw off idleness, from the time I was eight years old, I am almost afraid to make another resolution. I have not, during this half-year, been content with doing no good, but I have done harm: I consented, fool that I was, to join in an act of resistance to the authority of the masters, and when the names of the insurgents were given up, *mine* was at the top. The circumstances of the case were these. It has always been customary to ask the Præfects whether they had any objection to have a Saint's Day a School Day. Hence arose a supposition that we had by the statutes a right to a holiday on a Saint's Day. Goddard infringed that supposed right; we remonstrated, he persisted, and it was proposed that the Præfects should exert their authority over the inferiors, and keep them out of school. I was angry with Goddard, and ashamed, stupidly ashamed, of differing from my schoolfellows. I asked if the other Præfects consented to this step, I was answered 'Yes.' 'Then so do I,' was my answer. I afterwards found that all the Præfects were so far from agreeing in the step, that there were but eight besides myself who consented out of seventeen, and they were chiefly junior Præfects. I immediately hurried down into our playground where the insurgents were, and determined, as all the Præfects were not unanimous, to have nothing to do with the business. Just at that moment Gabell came into school, my retreat was cut off, and I continued one amongst the other fools. We, however, in ten minutes all came to our senses, and returned into school, and upon making our submission, have all been pardoned, and an act of amnesty has been passed. But the masters cannot look upon us in future with any confidence; they cannot entrust us with any offices. This, however, is a punishment light in comparison of what I ought to expect.

This account must give you a great deal of uneasiness. Endeavour, however, I beg of you, to pardon it. Goddard has already done so."

After receiving Lady Jones's answer to this, which was milder than he expected, Augustus Hare wrote :—

"*Nov.* 29, 1808.—In your letter you neither said nor threatened anything, which I did not deserve. It was all true, as was a great deal more which you might have added if you had determined to punish me with the greatest severity. You might have added that for the last ten years and a half I have been a plague to you ; that you have expended hundreds of pounds upon me ; that I have been far from improving, as I ought to have done, the advantages I have had ; that in return for all your kindness I have never conquered my natural indolence. There is only one thing you could not have added, that I have not loved you as much as my other brothers would. I wait with submission and anxiety for your final decision concerning my punishment."

In the beginning of 1810 Dr. Goddard thus wrote to announce to Lady Jones a vacancy at New College, to which Augustus was elected in the following summer :—

" Your nephew is a young man for whom I have always entertained a high regard, and I am therefore happy in anything that bids fair to promote his welfare. There was a time, when he appeared not to be going on so well as I could wish ; I was then unwilling either to disturb your mind or to disguise the truth, and therefore thought it most prudent to hold my tongue, unless a communication should appear absolutely necessary, which I flattered myself it

would not be, for as he possesses a good heart and a good understanding, I gave him credit for recovering his senses, which were warped a little by an early elevation to a high situation. Experience has proved that I was right; for more than a year past he has gradually been recovering my esteem, which I assure you he now possesses as fully as ever."

In 1806 Julius had been sent to the Charter-house (then under the guidance of Dr. Raine), where he soon made rapid progress. Among his companions there, were Thirlwall and Grote, the future historians of Greece; Waddington, afterwards Dean of Durham; Sir William Norris, and Sir Henry Havelock. The two last especially were united with Julius Hare in a school friendship which lasted through life. Havelock was always called Phiosophos by the others, a name intended as short for philosopher. During his time at the Charter-house, Julius received constant extra assistance in his studies from Francis, his "kindest brother," as he always called him, to whom he sent his verses for inspection before they were shown up. Francis always loved Julius the best of his brothers, though the whole four were united almost to a proverb—"The most brotherly of brothers," Landor used to call them.

At this time Francis Hare was at Christ Church, but he did not distinguish himself there. The fact was that the pupil of Mezzofanti, Lehmann, and Dr. Brown went up to college knowing too much. He found himself so far beyond all his compeers, and he had such a profound contempt for the examinations of the Oxford schools, as compared with

those which he had been accustomed to see in the Italian and German universities, that he neglected study altogether, and devoted his whole time to hunting and other amusements. In spite of this, he was so naturally talented, that he could not help increasing his vast amount of knowledge, even during his idle years at Oxford, so that Dean Jackson used to say of him, that "he was the only rolling stone he knew that ever gathered any moss."

When he left Oxford, Francis Hare lived principally at his rooms in the Albany, and the remembrance of many of his old friends still lingers on his pleasant chambers (in the end house in the court), and the delightful parties which used to meet in them, and which included all that was most agreeable and clever in London young-manhood. In his conversational powers he was almost unrivalled, and it was thus, not in writing, that he made known his immense mass of information on all possible subjects. "Francis leads a rambling life of pleasure and idleness," wrote his cousin, Mrs. Dashwood, "he *must* have read—but who can tell at what time? for wherever there is dissipation, there is Francis in its wake and its most ardent pursuer; yet in spite of this, let any subject be named in society, and Francis will know more of it than nineteen out of its twenty."

When Augustus Hare went to reside at New College in the Michaelmas term of 1810, he found himself surrounded by a large circle of his Winchester friends. Randall had gone up to Trinity, Oxford, the year before, but Blackstone and Stow were with him at New College, and many

others with whom he was less intimate. Hull of Brasenose and Arnold of Corpus also belonged to the closest circle of his friends. "Friendship," he wrote in one of his note-books of this time, "is love without the veil and the flowers."

A miniature Parliament was still the Elysium in which the imagination of Hare and his friends delighted. Randall and he at once wished to establish a debating club at Oxford, on the principles of that which already existed at Cambridge, under the name of "The Cambridge University Political Society." They talked to all their friends about it, and tried to enlist them; but the overture was coldly received for the most part. They met with only two hearty coadjutors, Kent of Trinity, and Comyn of St. John's. Even these two, and Randall himself, took rather a desponding view of the matter. They thought the attempt would be an utter failure, and that they should only be laughed at; but they could not bear to disappoint Hare, whose heart was entirely set upon it. Thus "The Attic Society" (so called after much deliberation, with something of a punning reference to the abodes of most of its first members) held its first meeting in Randall's rooms and under his presidency. The members at first were only seven in number. They were:—

1. Kent, Trinity. He was the star of his college and of the society. He took a distinguished first-class in mathematics, and was the delight of every company that he entered, the dearest friend of all his friends, who were many, and moreover, the best oar upon the river. He died in his twenty-eighth year, having given promise of a brilliant

career in his profession, though as yet only a pleader under the Bar.

2. Comyn, St. John's. He was Chief Justice at Madras, retired on a pension, and died in London.

3. Hare, New College.

4. Roe, Trinity, a lively Irishman from Tipperary; clever, good-humoured, and much liked; but with a considerable spice of the Irish capacity for blundering. He sat in Parliament (1834) for Cashel, as a joint of O'Connell's tail.

5. Randall, Trinity, Archdeacon of Berkshire.

6. Streatfield, Trinity, afterwards Vicar of East Ham.

7. Everth, Trinity.

From this scanty beginning the society increased more rapidly than its founders had ever ventured to expect. Among the members shortly enrolled were:—

Singleton, Trinity, another good specimen of Irishry.
Ackerley, Trinity.
Smith, Trinity, afterwards Vicar of Grays near Henley.
Villiers, Baliol, afterwards Vicar of Bromsgrove.
Basevi, Baliol.
Lowe, Brasenose.
Milman, Brasenose, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's.
Hull, Brasenose.
Arnold, Corpus, Head Master of Rugby.
Bartholomew, Corpus, Archdeacon of Barnstaple.
Belin, New College.
Beckley, New College.
Blackstone, New College, Rector of Heckfield.
Stow, New College, Heber's chaplain in India.
Ching, St. John's.
Hayter, Trinity, Sir W. G., Secretary to the Treasury.

Evans, Trinity.
Andrews, Trinity.
Lowndes, Brasenose.

The Attic Society was such a darling object of Augustus Hare's affections, that its history is in a great measure that of his college life. Communication was opened between the young Oxford society and that previously established at Cambridge. Copies of their statutes were mutually transmitted, and the members of each society were made honorary members of the other. It is not recollected that any member of the Cambridge society ever availed himself of the privilege of attending the Oxford meetings; but Augustus Hare, on a visit to Cambridge, took his seat and spoke in theirs. He was complimented upon his speech, when, with characteristic patriotism, he assured the Cambridge men that in his own society he was quite an ordinary speaker, and had many greatly his superiors.

When the society was fairly established, its founders delighted themselves in building airy castles of its future glories. They speculated upon the time, when in process of years the present or some future undergraduate members would have grown up into Dons and Heads of Houses, and when even a Vice-Chancellor would on some grand occasion leave his bedel and staff at the door, and take his seat as a member, subject, while so sitting, to the authority of the president. These grand anticipations were not destined to be realised. The Attic Society was too far in advance of its age. The Dons always looked unfavourably upon it; and in the troubled years that succeeded the peace of 1815, when all Debating Societies were

in bad odour, it came to an end, either in consequence of some intimation from the authorities, or from the mere prudence of its members. After its dissolution in Oxford, the Attic Society was reformed into an annual meeting in London, which lasted two or three years, and then dropped, owing to the early deaths of several of its choicest members.*

Augustus was exceedingly fortunate in at once obtaining "the garden rooms" at New College, and from these rooms, with their charming view across the green lawns and between the old chestnuts to the beautiful Magdalen Tower, he never afterwards moved. His opposite neighbour upon the same staircase was afterwards "Chancellor Martin," and with him he had the common use of rooms and books which intimate friends so located at Oxford generally enjoy. Martin was already distinguished, even from his school-days, for the sound judgment, steady practice, and manners at once firm and conciliating, which made him afterwards so valuable to his bishop as a judicial officer, and so influential a member of Convocation.

The interest which Augustus Hare felt in politics increased during his Oxford life, and, in October, 1813, he gave evidence of the sagacity and clear-sightedness with which he had followed Napoleon in his German campaigns, by a practical joke which he played upon the University, and which rendered him remarkable for years afterwards, in societies where his better and worthier talents would have passed unnoticed. On returning one evening from a meeting of the Attic Society he wrote an account of a

* All the information regarding the Attic Society is due to notes contributed by Archdeacon Randall.

great battle, and a victory gained over the Crown Prince near the imaginary village of Altendorn, in imitation of a bulletin from Napoleon. This arrived at Oxford the next day by post, enclosed in a cover, to Martin Stow, Fellow of New College, and professing to come from his father's office in London, of which Mr. Eve (in whose name the letter was written) was a clerk. Mr. Eve's letter began by some statements about money matters, and proceeded, "I am sorry to say that an account of a great victory over the Crown Prince by Bonaparte has just reached the office, which, as it has arrived too late for insertion in the evening papers, I take the liberty of copying for you. There are two dispatches to the Empress; the first, dated the 12th, merely gives an account of what we heard before, that Bonaparte having left Dresden, detached a large army towards Berlin and then retreated on Duben. It concludes thus:—'If the allies follow us, a great battle may be hourly expected.' The second is as follows, dated the 21st, head-quarters at Duben" . . . . . Then came a long account of the supposititious battle which concluded—"Thus has the justice of Providence, and the brilliant dispositions of the Emperor, in a moment dissipated those numerous battalions that threatened to carry us across the Rhine and violate the integrity of the Empire. An impartial posterity will rank the Battle of Altendorn among the days of Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland. The head-quarters will to-morrow be removed to Delitsche. The Emperor, notwithstanding his fatigues, continues to enjoy the best health."

So similar was the style to that of the usual bulletins, so accurate the geographical details, and so probable the move-

ments described, that all the members of the University who read the fictitious dispatch were completely taken in for more than a day and a half, till the coaches of Monday bringing down the morning papers dispelled the illusion. Even then, and long afterwards, those who had eagerly studied the fictitious dispatch, and the geography of the imaginary movements, found it difficult to separate the story of the victory at Altendorn, from that of the real history of the campaign.*

Another practical joke which Augustus Hare assisted in playing upon the University, was at the time when Madame de Staël was at the height of her celebrity. It was announced that she was in England, and was about to visit Oxford, where she had an undergraduate friend. For a few weeks the undergraduate who was to be so highly honoured, became an object of universal interest. At length it was noised abroad that the great lady had arrived, and under the extraordinary circumstances and to meet so illustrious a guest, the undergraduate ventured to invite several of the heads of houses, and even the Vice-Chancellor himself, to meet her at breakfast. The party assembled, Madame de Staël was there, and so charmed everybody by her grace, wit, and brilliancy, that they all went away feeling that they had found her even more than they anticipated. It was not till many weeks after that it was discovered that she had never been in Oxford at all, and that she had been represented by a clever undergraduate, who had resided for many years in France ! †

* Contributed by the Rev. F. Blackstone.

† Rev. F. Blackstone's "Reminiscences."

On first going to New College, Augustus was rendered very indignant by the negligence of the college tutors, who "took no notice of the undergraduates, beyond hearing them construe a certain portion of the classics for two hours every day." On this subject, however, Lady Jones wrote to him :—

"I am neither dismayed nor disappointed at the very little assistance you will receive from the college tutors. By what I have always known and heard of university studies I am convinced that they entirely depend upon the student's own inclination and application. I might mention only the former, for, where that prevails in a sufficient degree, the latter will follow. I know in your boyish days you have always wanted some one to spur you on, but I am convinced this is no longer the case, but that your own good sense is a sufficient spur to overcome your natural indolence, and, in spite of indolent tutors, you will steadily and assiduously proceed with your studies. You have talents and a fair field open before you. The Church was never so devoid of learned men, and the laity are very clamorous about it—so that a Barrow, a Lowth, or even a Horsley, with your gentle manners and correct principles, would be certain of distinction, and, what I am sure to you would weigh far more, would be a means of happiness to thousands, and a greater blessing to the nation than political cabals would ever make any one, be their talents what they may. . . . . I like you too well just as you are to wish any great change either in mind or body, but especially in the former, which I delight in thinking is such as will secure your own happiness here and hereafter, and make the solace and pride of my old age. That God may bless my dear Augustus is the fervent prayer of his affectionate aunt."

It was during the summer of 1813 that the repugnance which Augustus had always felt for taking Orders became so strong, that he ventured to risk the anger of Lady Jones by its avowal. Knowing how strongly her wishes were fixed upon this subject, both from a real desire for his future usefulness in the Church, and from the natural wish that he should succeed to the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux, he greatly dreaded the effect which his decision would have upon her. During a visit which he paid in the summer to his cousins the Hebers,* he consulted them as to how he could best break the disappointment to his aunt, and the result was that Reginald Heber himself undertook to write to Lady Jones upon the subject.

"Dear Lady Jones,—I am anxious to write to you on a subject in which you take a most kind interest, and on which you flattered me so far as to consult me when last we met. I mean the future plans of our friend Augustus. It was then and is still my opinion that his disposition, attainments, and habits are all such as will be most likely to make a valuable and happy clergyman, and I doubt whether his health is sufficiently firm to allow of his being equally happy as a barrister. In the early part of his visit to Moreton I perceived that he was wavering between the choice of these professions, and took some pains, by such means as were least likely to make him suspect my intention, to *show off*, as I may say, the utility and interest of my own clerical pursuits, to which, as I am myself fond of them, I had considerable hopes of attaching him, or of at least removing any prejudices which he might have conceived against them,

* Reginald Heber had married (April, 1809) Amelia Shipley, youngest daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph.

and, since it has been no longer necessary that I should appear ignorant of your wishes and those of his other friends, I have, in plain terms, had many discussions with him, and he in my presence consulted Mr. Warren. I can say with great truth that I can see no reason whatever to suspect that either idleness or any childish aversion to a black coat have influenced his opinion on this subject. He has dwelt much and sensibly on the great remoteness of his own prospects of any extensive field for utility in the Church, or of any comfortable maintenance to be drawn from it, and though his objections have not related to any part of the duties of a clergyman, he has expressed a doubt whether, without a real relish for them, he should ever perform them well. There are, he says, other disadvantages in his prospects, some of which are peculiar to his college,—which holds out very few prospects of preferment and no encouragement to become a tutor, so that for many years a curacy must be the boundary of his hopes. I am not myself convinced by these arguments, but they are I confess such as joined to the encouraging view which Mr. Warren gave of his profession, may fully justify him in refusing at present to pledge himself to enter into Orders, which, indeed, he as yet cannot do,—and, I must add that it is my opinion, that if left to his own reflections, the very indolence which we have remarked in him will, as the time draws nearer, be likely to decide him in favour of present ease and tranquillity over a distant chance of legal honours and fortune. He has promised me to ask the opinions of his own legal friends, of the young as well as those who have mastered the difficulties of their profession, of the unsuccessful as well as the fortunate, and their answers will (to judge from my own experience) be not unlikely to make him decide as you now wish him, and believe me when I say that it is not without very evident pain that he has on this occasion differed from one to whom he owes so much

Under these circumstances, a year's time on the part of all advisers will not, I think, be too much to ask for him. He may be right or wrong in declining the Church, but as the black stair, once circumfused, can never, thanks to our wise lawyers, be washed off, we cannot blame him for hesitating."

During the last year of his undergraduate life Augustus Hare was occupied by an attempt to extinguish (on the ground of lapse of time, and consequent wearing out of all real relationship) the privileges of Founders' kin at Winchester and New College. He also printed an attack, in the form of a letter to his friend George Martin, on the privilege or custom of New College men not going into the school for the public examinations, but claiming a B.A. degree after an examination by their own authorities in college, which not unnaturally brought down a hurricane of wrath from the Warden, and most of the Fellows of the College, who attempted to make it a reason for refusing him the grace necessary for taking his degree. On this point they were baffled, as the only statutable ground for refusing a degree is insufficiency of scholarship, but their anger is not surprising when it is considered that this, the first attempt at "University Reform," was made by an undergraduate against the fundamental principles of the society to which he belonged, and whose privileges he had so long benefited by.

In 1817 Lady Jones gave Augustus £150 to spend in travelling on the Continent, and he left England with his brother Francis on the 29th of July. The following extracts are from his foreign letters:—

AUGUSTUS *to* JULIUS HARE.

"*August*, 1817.—Coleridge ought to have written a poem on the falls of Schaffhausen, as a companion for his hymn

on Mont Blanc. To me that fall was certainly the most majestic sight I had yet seen; and so awakening were the images and emotions it called up, that I could not refrain from attempting to embody them in words, at the very moment when I was possessed with the fullest consciousness that no words could represent them to myself, much less convey to others, the rushing and whirls, the flashes and roar, the mountains of foam and columns of spray, which had just been surrounding and amazing me. We are too lavish of strong expressions, in speaking of little things, to have a sufficient store of them in reserve for great. What is louder than thunder, what more momentary in brightness, more awful in rapidity, than lightning? And yet these two superlatives of nature are called in day after day, to give consequence to cracks and sparkles, until we reach this mighty waterfall without an image or illusion left to impart a notion of what the eye and ear are feeling.

"The Rhine at Schaffhausen is already a considerable stream, some hundred feet in breadth. Between the town and the fall, which is about half a league from it, the river, after making two right angles in its course, turns abruptly and makes yet another, to plunge headlong down a precipice of seventy feet. We crossed it at Schaffhausen, and followed the left bank through vineyards until the walls of Laufen Castle, which overhangs the fall, prevented our proceeding farther. We then mounted the rock on which the castle stands, and while waiting for the key of the door that was to admit us to a sight of the cataract, I looked out of a window in the court, and saw the Rhine already emerged from the fall, but still one stream of foam, flowing on and gradually changing colour, until it disappeared betwixt the quiet banks of green, itself also by that time as green and quiet as if it had never been disturbed. The door was now unlocked, and we descended a steep winding path, until we

found ourselves in a little jutting gallery, opposite the cascade, and within its spray. Then opened on my eyes and ears (which hitherto I had deafened purposely to avoid getting accustomed to the noise of the fall before I saw it) a scene wherein sensation for awhile absorbed me. When at last I became collected enough to distinguish the sights and sounds which had astounded me, I perceived that on my left hand, very near as it then seemed to the right bank, two rocks broke the stream. Of these one stood perhaps thirty yards before the other, and the torrent rushed furiously through the opening between them. On the left hand, just above the fall, the waters had scooped out a large basin, the issue from which into a narrow channel produced on that side of me the same violent cross-current as the passage betwixt the two rocks produced on the other. Between these two cross-currents the main body of the water fell, or rather —to speak as it looked—turned on its axis. For as the bottom of the descending stream was lost in its own vapour, this part of the river, from incessantly rolling down an unbroken mass of foam, seemed an ever-revolving avalanche crested with snowy spray. But how to give an idea of the depth of the sound, when the two cross streams, which had been prancing along sideways, arching their necks like war-horses that hear the trumpet, broke from the main stream and forced their way into it! From the valley of thunder where they encountered rose a towering misty column, behind which the river unites unseen, as though unwilling that any should witness the awfully tender reconcilement of its waters. In returning up the path, contrasting in my mind the confusion I had just left with the comparative tranquillity of the stream above, and its subsequent quiet stillness as it winds between its green banks, I found it remind me of the one day of terror which is to separate time from eternity. The idea was strengthened when looking back

on the scene of turbulence from a summer-house immediately over it, I saw the glorious sun, that visible eye of God, not only smiling on the river in both its states of quietness, but beautifying the very fall itself with the colours of a perfect rainbow, thus brightening the depth of the extremest uproar with a gleam of light and peace, and a sign of hope.

"After fully examining this side of the waterfall, we got into a boat to cross over. In our passage I discovered that what I had taken for nearly the whole stream was little more than a third of it, and that between the right bank and the two rocks before spoken of was a third, which divided the remainder of the river into two unequal parts, so as to make three cascades in all. One has been already described. The middle fall is perhaps the broadest, and though not so interesting as either of its brethren, brings its waters down with great dignity in one straight unbroken flood. The fall adjoining the right bank is the smallest. To this we approached very near by means of a mill which is built close to it. Here I perceived to my great delight that what previously and at a distance seemed a savage contest between the currents, is only a fiercer joyousness and the fury of mimic war. The waters, after rushing to the onset, leap back from it with a laughing exultation and boyish alacrity incompatible with hostility or hatred. The third fall is very beautiful indeed, the whole stream on that side running aslant over a bed of rocks till it tumbles forward in vast masses like enormous blocks of crystal, with edges so white and brilliant, so sudden in appearance, and following one another with a speed so glancing, that they gave the idea of frost lightnings."*

* This passage has already appeared in the Second Series of the "Guesses at Truth."

From Schaffhausen the travellers proceeded to Zurich, and then made a tour of the Grisons in company of two young Englishmen, Mr. Neave (afterwards Sir Digby) and Mr. Penrhyn. The latter was already known to Francis Hare, but to Augustus this was the first introduction to the family with which he was afterwards most closely connected.

A. W. HARE *to* LADY JONES.

"*Sept.* 12.—There was perhaps no place which we were to visit that I was more desirous of seeing than the lake of Lucerne, since one finds on its shores not only the field of Rutli (or Grutli, as the people here call it), famous for being the spot on which the liberty of Switzerland was first concerted, but likewise William Tell's chapel, where at a distance of twenty years I well remember my mother made me kiss the pavement as a mark of homage to the virtues of the peasant hero. The chapel, I am afraid, disappointed me; but climbing up to the field of Rutli was very delightful, and my draught of water from the three springs which they cherish there, in honour of the three first planners of Helvetic independence, was one of the best things that I have done since I left England. It was impossible to reflect on the action, of which we were celebrating the memory, without a religious emotion. For that three-and-thirty peasants without any wealth but their cross-bows, and without any earthly resource but their own courage, should have formed the desperate resolution of waging war against the House of Austria, and that in consequence of this daring attempt their descendants should have enjoyed five centuries of uninterrupted liberty, is one of the most extraordinary among the crowd of miracles, misnamed 'unaccountably fortunate occurrences,' which cross the reader at every step of the page of history."

"*Bologna, Oct.* 25.—At last we have got an Italian sun, and a beautiful sight it is. There is nothing that I can persuade myself into fancying I remember here but the great square, and even that has grown so much smaller to my eyes since I left Italy, that but for its name and situation I should not have had the least chance of recollecting it. Still it is a great pleasure to visit a place that I have heard and thought so much about. Though the town has lost the six pictures which my mother copied in the Zampieri Palace, and which were bought some years back for the Gallery at Milan, it can still boast of a beautiful collection: as one sees in it some of the finest works of every great artist belonging to the Bolognese School except Annibale Caracci, and besides these the famous St. Cecilia of Raphael.

"*Oct.* 27.—I am quite delighted with the people of Bologna. They all seemed so glad to see my brother again. Mezzofanti especially, who was formerly one of his thousand and one instructors, and who is now celebrated as the greatest linguist in the world, being perfect master of thirty languages, besides being more or less acquainted with twenty others, could hardly satisfy himself with looking at his old pupil, who, he had heard from Fazakerley, had turned out a great Grecian. Then he alluded, with looks of gratitude, to my brother's great kindness to him in a dangerous illness, then talked to me a little, then began rejoicing over Francis and his Greek again. We saw besides him Count Fava, who was my father and mother's great friend there. Old Senni and his wife are still living at Bologna, and we of course paid them a visit. She, it seems, was the person who first received me from the nurse's arms, and who always dressed some wound in my head that I was born with, and she shrieked out when she saw us, that next to her own dear son from heaven, we were the two persons she most wished to see. You may have heard my mother speak of her, by

the name of Woolley. From her we went to the mother of the Clotilde, whose brother, by-the-bye, is the best painter in Bologna, and has done himself great credit by restoring some old pictures. When she heard our names, the dear old woman put on her spectacles, and examined us for some time, then shook her head and said she did not recol lect us, but told us to sit down. I happened to take a chair near the window, so that the light fell full on my face, and a few moments afterwards she cried out in Italian, 'Oh yes, I recollect him now, the little Augustus;' and she held out her hands to me, so that I might come and kiss her as I used to do. We finished our calls at the house of the Rector of the Spanish College, an old friend of Dom Emmanuele."

From Bologna the brothers proceeded to Florence, and thence, after much hesitation as to how far it would displease Lady Jones, having received no letter from her, Augustus proceeded with his brother to Rome. Thence he wrote to Lady Jones:—

"*Dec.* 5, 1817.—We left Perugia at five A.M., that we might have plenty of time for the cascade of Terni. This, like almost every other which I have seen, except the Rhine, is only beautiful, and the idea of force is so inseparably connected in my mind with torrents and waterfalls, that mere beauty on these occasions does not satisfy me; but the scenery in which it is set is equal, perhaps more than equal, in loveliness to anything that I saw in Switzerland. The thing most like it is the Linthal in Canton Glarus, except that the latter is topped by glaciers. . . . . On Wednesday we left the Apennines, and got into the Campagna about twenty miles from Rome. It almost seems

that Italy is still in mourning there for the fallen grandeur of Rome. Not an animal, not a man, not a house, not even a ruin is to be seen there to cheer one into the recollection that it was once inhabited. I had, however, been prepared gradually for this desolation by the general barrenness of the Papal States. The Apennines, were they left alone, would probably produce grass enough to feed sheep in abundance; but the inhabitants torment them too much, in hopes of getting corn, to allow them to be good pasture, and consequently they bear nothing, except in some privileged spots, which are covered with cork-trees and laburnums, and a thousand other shrubs, whose names I never heard."

At Rome the brothers lived with their friends the Martins, by whom they had been joined at Florence, and who afterwards accompanied Francis to Naples, while Augustus returned to England after a very short stay in Rome, from fear of his aunt's displeasure, not receiving in time a letter from her, saying:—

"I wish to set your heart at rest as to my approbation of your motions, whatever they may have been. I feel fully assured your wish has been to act according to my wishes, but as the uncertainty of your brother's movements has prevented your getting my letters, you must have been left to act for yourself, and if you have gone on to Rome, be assured I shall not be at all displeased; and shall only hope that you will stay long enough to see what is most worthy of being seen in your birth-place, and then that you will get a safe conveyance home as soon as you can, for I certainly do not wish you to go on to Naples, Dalmatia, or whatever wild-goose chase Francis's vagaries may lead him."

Augustus was even more impressed than he anticipated with the wonders of Rome, especially of St. Peter's. He wrote :—

"People say that St. Peter's looks larger every time they see it. It does more. It seems to grow larger while the eye is fixed on it, even from the very doors ; and then expands, as you go forward, almost like our idea of God. . . . On entering St. Peter's my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees ; and but for the fear of being observed by my companions, I must have bowed my face to the ground and kissed the pavement. I moved slowly up the nave, oppressed by my own littleness ; and when at last I reached the brazen canopy, and my spirit sank within me beneath the sublimity of the dome, I felt that, as the ancient Romans could not condemn Manlius within sight of the Capitol, so it would be impossible for an Italian of the present day to renounce Popery under the dome of St. Peter's. . . . . But how disproportionate are the projects and means of men ! To raise a single church to a single apostle the monuments of antiquity were ransacked, and forgiveness of sins doled out at a price. Yet its principal gate has been left unfinished, and its holy of holies is encrusted with stucco."

January, 1818, found Augustus Hare again in England, and he soon returned as a tutor to New College, which continued to be his principal residence for seven years longer. His life there was now considerably changed. His old friends had dispersed in different directions. Stow, the dearest of them, had taken orders, and was curate of Houghton-le-Skerne ; Randall also had left Oxford almost broken hearted by the death of his friend Kent in the first

year of his married life. Augustus wrote to him on hearing of it:—

"*January* 24, 1818.—I have seldom been more hurt than at hearing from Blackstone of the sad loss we have both sustained last autumn. On you, to whom Kent was everything from similarity of tastes, principles, and profession, the affliction must have lighted with a force heavy indeed. Even to myself, little as I had seen of him for some time past, it has been a hard and sudden blow. Fortunate as I have been in most of my acquaintances, and worthy in every sense of the word, but especially in the best and highest sense of it, as my friends have all happily proved, I could ill afford to spare out of their number the one who was most distinguished for clear discernment and steady prudence, while he was fully equal to any amongst them in honest strength of principle and friendly warmth of attachment. But you who knew him much better than I could boast to do, will be conscious how weak and inefficient these or any other words are to give an idea of his real merits. And thus at once to be deprived of them, thus to lose the comfort they afforded, thus to find the light which his example shed behind it to guide his friends who were following in the same path, unexpectedly and in a moment quenched, is, alas, bitter! How can it be other than more bitter to you above all his other friends, my dear Randall, to whom he was exactly as a brother in sincerity and fervour of affection? In losing him you have lost a brother indeed; but turn your eyes to the surviving friends who have been made yours by time and trials, and days spent together in joy, and hours mutually devoted to sorrow—turn to them, and you will find that you have yet a few brothers remaining to you. It is you, indeed, who in your present solitude are the object of my chief solicitude, for I feel sure that to

him who has last left us, the change cannot be otherwise than a happy one. Departing, as he has done, in the innocence of youth, with all his honourable and, I believe, all his religious sentiments fresh upon him, their lustre yet unsullied by the contaminations of the world, his lot is, I believe and trust, one that we should envy, could we see it. It has indeed been determined that we should not see it, and with all our usual proneness to be deceived by appearances, we mistake the clouds, which conceal from us the state of the departed, for their state itself; and thus come to lend to it the coldness, and darkness, and dreariness, borrowed from our own deep ignorance and sad imaginations. But even Paganism in its happier hours guessed better things. 'Largior hic campos æther, et lumine vestit purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt,' was the heart-boding suggested to it by nature, during the absence of more certain information; and is it likely, nay, is it possible, that the dreams of man should be more cheering than the glorious magnificence prepared for his children by God?"

Lady Jones continued to press upon Augustus Hare her desire of his taking orders. On May 4, 1818, he wrote to her from New College:—

"I ought to be one of the happiest persons in existence: so many delights are crowding round me in all shapes and sizes. The weather, with all its spring accompaniments of air, sunshine, verdure, and singing birds, has been here so perfect as to make Blackstone cry out a hundred times a day that for such days he believes there is no place like England. Then we have had Reginald Heber here full of spirits at the idea of becoming a father. He came to preach, and did give us two such sermons—one on, 'To die is gain,' showing that to make this possible required

an Atonement, the other upon the choice of principled friends,—that, I believe, if he were to settle here and become a regular preacher, he would bring church-going, and perhaps religion itself, into practice. . . . . And now after all these pleasant subjects to a less agreeable one. I am afraid you are quite right in suspecting that Trinity Sunday and its approach have made much less impression on me than they ought. My southern expedition was certainly of use to me in opening my eyes and ears to sights and sounds in nature. But alas! this good is just at present counterbalanced by the indisposition it has produced in me to give up my time and thoughts to the abstruse study of my profession. That it is my profession I know well, and that it is under my circumstances of situation the best employment to which I can betake myself. But an employment in which one engages merely from considerations of prudence and duty, without feeling an interest in the occupations which it involves, is somewhat irksome, and one does not without an effort succeed in bringing the mind to dwell on it. I fear all this would not be pleasing to you, and I feel that I have nothing to urge that can make it so; the cause, however, I hope, will ere long be over, and then I trust all things will go on smoothly as ever."

Yet the high estimation in which Augustus Hare already held the clerical office, may be seen from the following, written to his friend Frederick Blackstone, upon his ordination:—

"*Dec.* 18, 1818.—I am not sorry for a necessity for writing, as it ensures the expression of my deep sympathy in the sacred character which you are on the point of assuming. You are about to become a teacher in our new Israel; and the titles of 'watchman' and 'father of souls,' high as they are, will from henceforth be yours. Happy!

thrice happy! the person by whom their full dignity is felt. What a freedom from the thralls of the world and the flesh —what a piercing insight into the true nature of things; how large a share of the wisdom that is from above must be possessed by such a man! To me it is a source of much real joy, that you, my much-tried friend, who are entering into Christ's ministry, are blest, I will not say with such a perfect sense of its glories as I have been figuring to myself, but certainly with the fittest dispositions for in time arriving at it. With perhaps not fewer surface faults than many of my acquaintance, I can yet with truth say, that in sincere straightforward singleness of heart, I believe it would be difficult to go beyond you. . . . . Certainly the Church is the sphere for you. In the service of a Creator and Redeemer, your zeal will enjoy the amplest and fairest scope; while in the spirituality of your future objects, whatever of earth still clings around you, must in time find a corrective. Only in striving to be perfect do not be betrayed into timidity. Our scrupulousness, taken in its extreme, consists neither with Christianity nor with faith, for it degrades the Deity into a taskmaster. Plans of life and the relations of duty must be *once* examined, and afterwards acted on. 'Quod putavi, putavi,' was Latimer's rule at the stake, and must to a certain degree be the principle of all who are not willing to spend life in questioning.

"And now Adieu in the literal sense of the word. And may He, the Being, to whom you are thus committed, the Father and Friend of all, instruct you in the truth, fill you with the spirit, confirm you in love, strengthen you in goodness, and make you the minister of life, even of life eternal, to all those over whom you may be set, in the name and through the authority of the Lord Jesus. Amen."

Julius Hare had been sent to Cambridge in November 1812, upon which occasion his father wrote to Augustus :—

"I have been to settle Julius at Cambridge, which I have done in a very comfortable lodging. When we were introduced to Mr. Monk, the Greek professor, he told Julius that he had lately had so high a character of him from Mr. Russell, that he was happy to make his acquaintance. Julius at the same time heard of his having obtained a prize for a Latin prose composition upon the kings of Rome. It was written in imitation of Cicero's Dialogues, and Russell told a friend of Julius's that it is the best exercise he ever read; and in a letter to Julius, he says that he thinks of sending it to the Classical Magazine. Mr. Hudson, his tutor, assures me that he may live very well upon £160 a year. His business is to study, not to give wine-parties, and he is perfectly aware, that if he runs in debt, he will be immediately taken from Cambridge. If he gets any scholarships, their emoluments will add to his income, and it will be entirely his own fault if he does not get them."

When Julius Hare went up to Trinity he had already earned a reputation both as a scholar and mathematician. Old Charter-house companions brought with them startling stories of his school prowess, and his shelves were conspicuously laden with his school prizes. Thus he was eagerly welcomed by all the best set of men in his college—all those whose pursuit and aim was the same as his own. Sedgewick, already a college tutor, made a friend of the freshman; Starr, Whewell, Worsley, and Kenelm Digby were his intimate companions — the recipients of his "Guesses at Truth"—the witnesses of his enthusiastic

championship or furious denunciations, according as he was biassed by the feelings of the moment; for then, as afterwards, Julius never loved or hated by halves. It was perhaps this very openness and demonstrativeness of character which rendered him so peculiarly interesting to his acquaintances, and which made it impossible for him to pass unnoticed. He was often loved, frequently detested, but never ignored. The knowledge of English literature which he brought with him to Cambridge was extraordinary, but his knowledge of German literature was hitherto unknown in an English undergraduate. This had been partly the result of his residence as a child with his dying mother at Weimar. The interest which was then aroused by the conversation of Goethe and Schiller, of the good Duchess of Weimar, and of other illustrious persons who were wont to meet in the honoured sick-chamber, had never passed away. Schiller died while he was at Weimar, and his childish ambition and enthusiasm were aroused by seeing this great loss received as a national calamity by his mourning fellow-countrymen. The great poets and philosophers of Germany were thus no mere names to him, but at ten years old they were grand living realities, and their tales were the story-books, their poems the inspiration, of his childhood. When he returned to England, his father's and his brothers' libraries kept open for him a vast field of discovery in the wealth of German authors, which few boys would have access to, and indeed few would appreciate. Lady Jones in vain remonstrated against what she considered as the dangers which might result from such license in reading for one so young, but Mr. Hare-Naylor was

accustomed to the freedom of opinion which the mother of his four sons had always encouraged, and desired that all possible sources of information might be left open to his children.

When Julius went up to Cambridge, he gave himself up with passionate delight to his classical studies. Of mathematics he would now learn no more than was necessary, though, according to the system which then prevailed in the University, he thus, considerably to his father's annoyance, shut himself out from competing for the chancellor's medal. In his classical studies he was privately assisted by his brother Francis, who had boundless faith in the talents of Julius, and was never weary of writing essays for his assistance and reference. His success in college examinations led to his election to a Trinity Fellowship in October, 1818.

The following winter was spent by Julius Hare in Italy with his brother Francis, who had remained in the south since Augustus left him in the preceding spring. From this time dates his great love and veneration for Raphael.

"Where to find a parallel for Raphael in the modern world, I know not. Sophocles, among poets, most resembles him. In knowledge of the diversities of human character, he comes nearer than any other painter to him, who is unapproached and unapproachable, Shakespeare; and yet two worlds, that of Honour and that of Passion, separate them. In exquisiteness of art, Goethe might be compared to him. But neither he nor Shakespeare has Raphael's deep Christian feeling. But then there is such a peculiar glow and flush of beauty in his works: whitherso-

ever he comes, he sheds beauty from his wings. Why did he die so early? Because morning cannot last till noon, nor spring through summer." *

"In intellectual as in active life, the still small voice wherein speaks the true genius, 'that peculiar sway of nature, which (as Milton saith) also is God's working,' will usually be preceded by the strong wind and the earthquake and the fire, which may rend the mountain and break the rocks in pieces, but in which there is nothing that abideth. The poet will at first try force and endeavour to take Beauty by storm; but if he would succeed, he must assure himself that she consents not to be won until she has been wooed by duteous and loyal service. This appears a simple and easy lesson; yet few among the sons of men have duly apprehended it, except tardily on compulsion. There may indeed have been others, even in modern times, who have felt and known these truths instinctively from their childhood upwards, but I cannot name any besides Raphael. Of him it may truly be said that Beauty was his nurse, that he had sucked at her breast, and been dandled in her arms, and been covered with her kisses, until all her features were indelibly written on his mind, and her image became amalgamated, and as it were, one with its essence. From his earliest sketch unto his last great work, whatever came from his pencil, appears, so to say, to have been steeped in beauty: in his imagination, as in the bright atmosphere of a summer day, every object was arrayed in a loveliness at once its own and his: for all he gives is so genuine and appropriate, it is impossible to distinguish what is native from what is adventitious. But Raphael had the good fortune to be born earlier in the world's great year, when the sun might safely rise without a cloud: in these autumnal

* "Guesses at Truth." First Series.

times one can hardly hope for a fine day, unless it be ushered in by a misty morning." *

But, together with the growth of his love for Raphael, Julius also became converted to a belief in the general superiority of sculpture over painting. Soon afterwards Augustus, writing to Frederick Blackstone, says:—

"Julius, who was nearly as sceptical as yourself about sculpture, *felt* while he was standing among the Townley marbles that there was no comparison. The effect of the sculpture was so much stronger than that which had been produced by the Raphaels, Leonardos, and Guidos, which had been exhibited. He was so far hurried away by his enthusiasm as to kiss an arm of one of the female figures, to the great astonishment of the unimaginative beholders, who, perhaps, would not one of them have given a half-penny to kiss the finest arm in the world. 'Mais cela tient au morale, ou plutôt à la Philosophie.'"

During these years of youth also grew in the heart of Julius that great love with which he always afterwards regarded "the honoured name of William Wordsworth," he being one of the first of a circle of young men who upheld the reputation of the new poet at a time when he was greatly ridiculed, and when the influence of Scott and Byron was supreme.

On his return from Italy Julius was persuaded by his brother Francis to devote himself to the study of law, and for that purpose took chambers in Hare Court, Temple. But he never was able to give his heart to legal studies, and

* "Guesses at Truth." Second Series.

continued his wide reading in literature and philosophy, of which a visible result was the publication, in 1820, of a translation of "Sintram," which he intended to follow by the other works of Fouqué. Lady Jones characteristically wrote to him at this time her wish that all his "German books were burnt." He replied:—

"*Jan.*, 1820.—As for my German books, I hope from my heart that the day will never arrive when I shall be induced to burn them, for I am convinced that I never shall do so, unless I have first become a base slave of Mammon, and a mere vile lump of selfishness. I shall never be able to repay a hundredth part of the obligation I am under to them, even though I were to shed every drop of my blood in defence of their liberties. For to them I owe the best of all my knowledge, and if they have not purified my heart, the fault is my own. Above all, to them I owe my ability to believe in Christianity with a much more implicit and intelligent faith than I otherwise should have been able to have done; for without them I should only have saved myself from dreary suspicions, by a refusal to allow my heart to follow my head, and by a self-willed determination to believe whether my reason approved of my belief or not. The question has so often been a subject of discussion, that I have determined, once for all, to state my reasons for remaining firm in my opinion."

To his extensive acquaintance with German thought and German thinkers is due the German tone which pervades many of the "Guesses at Truth," furnished by Julius to the volumes which appeared in 1827. "Its authors, it has been said, suppose truth to be mere guess-work. An

observation more curiously inapplicable to the spirit and character of both brothers was certainly never hazarded. Because they were so confident that truth is fixed and eternal—that it is not the creature of man's notions and speculations—that a man must seek for it as hid treasure, not refer it to his own narrow rules of judgment—therefore they thought it an exercise useful in itself, certain of reward, to trace the vestiges of it in every direction, to grasp even the skirts of its garment, and if they missed it, still to testify that it was ready to declare itself to more faithful inquiries. They believed that there was a ladder set up on earth and reaching to heaven; that the voice of God may be heard in the calm midnight, nay, even in the open day, by those who are on the lowest step of this ladder, who have only a bed of earth, with a stone for their pillow, if they will reverently apply their ears to listen, and ask to have it distinguished from the noises of which the air is full, and which try to drown or mock it. These Guesses have cherished this conviction in the hearts of many who needed it, and who would have suffered infinite loss if they had been without it. And they have led not a few to look further still; to ask whether there is not a Centre of all God's revelations, one in whom He created the world, one in whom He has enlightened men, one in whom He has made himself perfectly known. The words, 'I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life,' have come to them as at once the encouragement and the result of their guesses. If this result is not what our doctors of the law, our masters in Israel desire, it may, nevertheless, be one which He does not disapprove, who in every part of nature, and in every

human relation, found parables of his kingdom, and opening through which his disciples might have glimpses of it." *

Julius's career as a lawyer was of short duration, and most gladly did he welcome the change when, in 1822, his friend Whewell, already a tutor of Trinity, conveyed to him the offer of a classical tutorship in his own college. He at once returned to Cambridge and took possession of delightful rooms in the tower at the back of Trinity, looking down its beautiful lime avenue—rooms where he collected the nucleus of that library which afterwards rendered his country home so remarkable amongst English rectories, and where he resided throughout the next ten years, to which he owed, as he himself described it, "the building up of his mind."

At Cambridge Julius Hare re-united in a great measure the large circle of friends amid whom his undergraduate life had been passed—Sedgewick, Whewell, Thirlwall, Worsley (whom he was wont to call "the brother of his heart"), and, for a time, Digby, the author of the "Broad Stone of Honour," "that noble manual for gentlemen, that volume" (wrote Julius) "which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him, though such prompting words would be needless, to love it next to his Bible." Among his pupils also were three young men who were among the intimate friends of his later life, John Sterling, Frederick Maurice, and Richard Cavendish.

The pupils who attended Julius Hare's lectures have a vivid recollection of their interest. "While in form he was adapting himself exactly to the practice of English colleges," wrote one of them, "in spirit he was following the course

* Preface to Hare's Charges. 1843—46.

which a cultivated man, thoroughly in earnest to give his pupils the advantage of his cultivation, and not ambitious of displaying himself, would fall into." "When we were reading the Gorgias of Plato, his anxiety seemed to be that Plato should explain himself to us, and should help to explain us to ourselves. Whatever he could do to further this end by bringing his reading and scholarship to bear upon the illustration of the text, by throwing out hints as to the course the dialogue was taking, by exhibiting his own fervent interest in Plato, and his belief of the high purpose he was aiming at, he did. But to give us second-hand reports, though they were ever so excellent—to save us the trouble of thinking—to supply us with a moral, instead of showing us how we might find it, not only in the book, but in our own hearts—this was clearly not his intention." *

Amid his collegiate duties, Julius Hare found time to unite with his friend Thirlwall in the vast labour of translating Niebuhr's 'History of Rome,' and editing it with fresh notes from his own reading. This work brought down upon its author, and by implication upon its translators, a charge of scepticism as to secular history which would tend to encourage a similar feeling in regard to sacred history. This led Julius to publish (1829) his 'Vindication of Niebuhr,' the first of a long series of vindications which in later life he used playfully to say he should one day collect and publish in one volume, under the title of 'Vindiciæ Harianæ,' or the 'Hare with many Friends.' "Any attack on Luther, Niebuhr, Bunsen, Coleridge, would have called forth his sword from its scabbard under much

* Preface to Hare's Charges. 1856.

less provocation than was actually given in the respective cases. Indeed, in some of these instances we almost wonder at the amount of energy and learning spent against charges which hardly seemed sufficient, either in quality or quantity, to need any refutation at all. But even when the object of attack was his dearest friend, it was an outraged sense not so much of private partiality as of public justice that fired the train; and in one remarkable instance in his later life (that of the Hampden controversy) he came forward in behalf of an entire stranger."

"The scholarship of Julius Hare was of a kind which penetrated the whole frame of his mind. Like all English scholarships, it was built upon a classical basis, and the effect of this, enlarged as it was by the widest view of the ancient writers, never left him. Greece and Rome were always present to his mind; and when he afterwards endeavoured to arouse the clergy of Sussex by the strains of Alcæus, it was only one instance out of many in which his deep delight in classical antiquity found its vent in the common occasions of life. To the older school of English elegant scholarship he hardly belonged, but in a profound and philosophical knowledge of the learned languages he was probably second to none, even in that brilliant age of his Cambridge contemporaries; and he was one of the first examples that England has seen, not merely of a scholar, but of a 'philologer,' of one who studied language not by isolated rules but by general laws.

"This precision of scholarship showed itself in a form which is perhaps, to many, one of the chief associations connected with his name. Almost any one who has ever

heard of Julius Hare's writings has heard of his strange spelling. Every one knows that his sermons were not 'preached' like those of ordinary mortals, but 'preacht;' that his books were not 'published,' but 'publisht.' It is but due to his memory to remind our readers that it was not, as most people suppose, an arbitrary fancy, but a deliberate conviction, founded on undoubted facts in the English language, which dictated his deviation from ordinary practice. His own statement of his principle is contained in a valuable and interesting essay on the subject in the Philological Museum; and it was maintained in the first instance not only by himself, but by his two illustrious colleagues at Cambridge. But Bishop Thirlwall openly abandoned it in his history of Greece, and has never since recurred to it; and Dr. Whewell confined it to his occasional efforts in verse. It was characteristic of the man that Hare alone persevered to the end; whether it were a hymn-book for his parish church or a monumental tablet, a German novel or a grave discourse on the highest matters of Church and State, he would never abandon what he considered the true standard of correct scholarship, or countenance the anomalies of popular practice. We may justly smile at the excess to which this pertinacity was carried; but it was an index of that unwearied diligence, of that conscientious stickling for truth which honourably distinguished him amongst his contemporaries; it was an index also, as we may fairly allow, of that curious disregard for congruity which, more than any other cause, marred his usefulness in life."

"The scholarship of Julius Hare was remarkable for its

combination with his general learning. Learning as an acquisition is not perhaps uncommon; but as an available possession it is a very rare gift. It is easy to accumulate knowledge; but it is not easy to digest, to master, to reproduce it. This, however, was certainly accomplished in his case." *

As our story will for many years be more connected with the life of Augustus than with that of Julius Hare, it may be well to look forward here for a few years.

On Easter Sunday, 1826, Julius was ordained deacon in Wells Cathedral by Bishop Law, and on the following Trinity Sunday was ordained priest, at St. George's, Hanover Square, by Sparke, Bishop of Ely. His first university sermon, afterwards published under the title of the "Children of Light," was preached on Advent Sunday, 1828. This sermon assumed that his hearers were born in light, and that if they walked in darkness, that darkness was caused by the sin which had broken up the even tenour of the true life which was intended, and that their true conversion would be simply the restoration of the light, which was the guide of childhood. His next well-known sermon, the "Law of Self-Sacrifice," was preached in Trinity Chapel at the Commemoration of 1829, an earnest protest against the selfish theory of religion. It at once announces the opposite law as the one which binds together all things in earth and heaven, as that which affords the only explanation of all the great facts of history, of all that has produced any real effect upon mankind in poetry, art, science. Selfishness he traces, indeed, everywhere: but as the disturbing, destructive force; the

* *Quarterly Review*, cxciii.

enemy of the order of the world, not its principle; that which the Son of God by His Sacrifice came to subvert, because He came to renew and restore all things. Theology is here, as elsewhere, the necessary climax as well as the necessary foundation of all his other thoughts; he does not want to reconcile them with it; it is the reconciliation of them. The sermon on "The Sin against the Holy Ghost" is in strict harmony with these, inasmuch as it connects the common daily life of the English student in the nineteenth century with the principles set forth in Scripture, even with the most awful sentences in it. These are not used to produce a fearful impression upon the nerves, but to keep the conscience alive to its continued peril, as well as to its mighty treasures and responsibilities—to the truth, that all true and righteous deeds, by whomsoever they are enacted, are the work of the Holy Spirit now as in other days.*

Until these Cambridge sermons were preached, Tutors and Fellows alike felt sure that no undergraduate could be induced to sit through discourses of such prodigious length, yet they were not only listened to with patience, but not more than two days after the preaching of the first sermon, a petition for its publication was sent to Julius Hare, more numerously signed than any that had been known for years. After publication, however, these sermons scarcely met with the success which was anticipated. Many would perhaps have been more impressed by them if they had not taken advantage of their peculiarities—of the quaint expressions they contained, to turn aside; these seemed to afford a handle to such as were glad of one, to take hold of

* See Preface to Hare's Charges, 1843—46.

as a diversion from the serious impression they could not otherwise avoid.

The chief external pleasures of Julius Hare's Cambridge life were derived from his intimacy with the family of Sir John Malcolm, who was at that time residing at Hyde Hall, in its immediate neighbourhood. In 1826, he stayed for a long time in their house to recruit, after a severe attack of illness. Of this home he wrote :—

"The house, in which, above all others I have ever been an inmate in, the life and spirit and joy of conversation were the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against any one. The genial heart of cordial sympathy with which its illustrious master sought out the good side in every person and thing, and which has found an inadequate expression in his delightful 'Sketches of Persia,' seemed to communicate itself to all the members of his family, and operated as a charm even upon his visitors. For this reason was the pleasure so pure and healthy and unmixed; whereas spiteful thoughts, although they may stimulate and gratify our sicklier and more vicious tastes, always leave a bitter relish behind."

Of Sir John Malcolm himself he afterwards spoke as—

"The illustrious friend, who was always so kind, always so generous, always so indulgent to the weaknesses of others, while he was endeavouring to make them better than they were—he who was unwearied in acts of benevolence, ever aiming at the greatest, but never thinking the least beneath his notice; who could descend, without feeling that he sank, from the command of armies and the government of an empire, to become a peacemaker in village quarrels—he,

in whom dignity was so gentle, and wisdom so playful, and whose laurelled head was girt with a chaplet of all the domestic affections,—the soldier, statesman, patriot."

In the family of Sir John Malcolm, lived at this time, as governess, a Miss Mary Manning, with whom Julius formed a friendship of mingled love and reverence, which was as great a feature of his later years as that of Cowper with Mrs. Unwin. Of very humble origin, she owed her admirable education to the generous kindness of Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleugh, in whose family her father was a factor. Lady Malcolm was greatly attached to her, and as she was always treated rather as an honoured guest than an inferior, she had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the many remarkable persons who visited the house. Having great observation and a retentive memory, she amassed by this means an extraordinary amount of general information, which she had the gift of imparting to others in the most lively and agreeable manner. Few persons came within her influence without being attracted by her; by most of the friends of the family she was almost adored; clever Cambridge professors were wont to seek her society, and even to ask her advice on an astonishing variety of subjects, and her unfailing fund of anecdote and quiet wit made her equally charming to her younger hearers. In his later life many people believed that Julius Hare had been engaged in his youth to Ma-man, as she was playfully called; but this was never the case.

The Cambridge vacations of Julius Hare were frequently passed at Bodryddan, in the society of his cousins, the daughters of the Dean of St. Asaph. Lady Jones had

always dreaded that Augustus would fall in love with the second daughter, Anna Maria, who, while still quite young, had returned to her father's house as the widow of Colonel Dashwood, and whose interest in poetry, art, and Italian and German literature made her conversation exceedingly attractive to both the brothers. Julius, however, was always her favourite cousin, and she was quite devoted to him. In 1828, he became engaged to her, but without any prospect of marriage, until he should obtain a living. But the engagement was in itself a great source of delight to him, and for some years he spent as much time as possible at Bodryddan, where Mrs. Dashwood continued to live with her aunt, Mrs. Yonge, after Dean Shipley's death in 1825. This charming family-home is described in a poem by Leigh Hunt :—

"Their very house was fairy. None
Might find it, without favour won
For some great zeal, like errant knight,
Or want or sorrow's holy right;
And then they reach'd it by long rounds
Of lanes between thick pastoral grounds
Nest-like, and alleys of old trees,
Until at last, in lawny ease,
Down by a garden and its fountains,
In the ken of mild blue mountains,
Rose, as if exempt from death,
Its many-centuried household breath.
The stone-cut arms above the door
Were such as earliest chieftains bore,
Of simple gear, long laid aside;
And low it was, and warm, and wide,—
A home to love, from sire to son,
By white-grown servants waited on.
Here, a door opening, breathed of bowers,
Of ladies who lead lives of flowers;

There, walls were books, and the sweet-witch,
Painting, had there the rooms made rich
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
Of heaven-gone kindred, sweet and wise;
Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
And sires, whose talk was one May-dawn.
Last, on the roof, a clock's old grace,
Look'd forth, like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue, which seem'd to say,
'The stars are firm, and hold their sway.'"

V.

CHANGES.

"God writes straight on crooked lines."
Spanish Proverb.

"Circumstance, that unspiritual God, was then a most fruitful source of spirituality."—DIGBY.

IT was in returning from Scotland in 1818, that Augustus Hare, while visiting the Hebers at Hodnet, made his first acquaintance with Miss Leycester. He was at Hodnet on her birthday (November 22). On the preceding day the conversation had turned upon Italy—a subject which always called forth the full powers of his enthusiasm—and she had playfully asked him to write an ode upon it. In the night hours he wrote, and on the following morning presented her with, his Ode to Italy.

"Strike the loud harp, let the prelude be,
Italy—Italy!
That chord again, again that note of glee—
Italy—Italy!
Italia, Italia! the name my bosom warmeth,
Italia! Italia! the very sound it charmeth—
High thoughts of self-devotions,
Compassionate emotions,
Soul-stirring recollections,
With hopes, their bright reflections,

Rush to my troubled heart at thought of thee,
My own illustrious, injur'd Italy.

Dear land of woody mountains,
And consecrated fountains,
Within whose rocky heav'n-aspiring pale
Beauty has fix'd a dwelling,
All others so excelling,
To paint it right, thy own sweet tongue would fail.
Hail to thee! Hail!
How rich art thou in groves and streamlets clear!
And those broad pines within the sunniest glade
So reigning through the year,
Within the hallow'd circle of their shade
No sunbeam may appear.
Thy double sea too, with its glittering blue,
How beauteous!—but I may not dwell
On charms, which decking thee too well,
Allur'd the spoiler—let me fix my ken
Rather upon thy godlike men,
The good, the wise, the valiant, and the free,
On memory's pillar tow'ring gloriously,
A trophy rais'd on high upon thy strand,
That every race in every clime
May mark and understand,
What memorable courses may be run,
What and how precious treasures may be won,
From time,
In spite of chance,
And worser ignorance,
If men be ruled by virtue's fix'd decree,
And wisdom hold unquestion'd mastery.

What art thou now?—Alas! alas!
Woe, woe!
That strength and virtue thus should pass
From man below—
That so divine, so beautiful a maid
Should in the with'ring grave be laid
As one that—Hush! nor dare with ominous breath,
To syllable the name of Death;

The fool alone and unbeliever weepeth—
We know she only sleepeth—
And from the dust,
At the end of her correction,
Truth hath decreed her glorious resurrection:
She shall arise, she must:
Nor can it be that wickedness hath power
To undermine and topple down the tower
Of virtue's edifice:
And yet that vice
Should be allowed on sacred ground to plant
A rock of adamant.

But who may bide the dazzling radiancy,
When first the royal dame awaking
Darteth around her keen indignant eye—
When first her firm spear shaking,
Fixing her foot on earth, her looks on sky,
She standeth like the archangel, prompt to vanquish,
Yet still imploring succour from on high!
O days of wearying hope and grievous anguish,
When will ye end?
Until that end be come, until I hear
The Alps their mighty voices blend
To swell and echo back the sound most dear
To patriot hearts, the cry of Liberty—
I must live on: but when the mighty queen,
As erst is canopied with Freedom's sheen,
When I have prest with salutation meet,
And reverent love to kiss her honour'd feet,
I then may die—
Die, how well satisfied!—
Conscious that I have watch'd the second birth
Of the most beauteous being upon earth—
Conscious beside
That no more glorious sight can here be giv'n;
Serener visions are reserv'd for Heav'n."*

* The poem given here, printed from the original MS. of Augustus Hare, differs in many respects from that already published, as altered by his brother Julius

The interest in Maria Leycester which was aroused in Augustus Hare during this visit was afterwards kept awake by the letters of his friend Stow, and the share which he had in their joys and sorrows.

The summer of 1819 was passed by Augustus Hare at the English lakes. Thence he wrote to his friend Frederick Blackstone:—

"Of the Lakes I will only say that I found Southey more egotistical, less identified with his family, and more reflective than I expected. By the way, I am surprised you should represent him as inimical to discussion, for into one I was betrayed by him unawares, and into another he attempted to lead me, challenging and almost pulling me to the field. At first I thought his manner cold, but it gradually thawed, and before we parted he seemed to begin to take considerable interest about me. Wordsworth I found much greater in the common concerns of life than I had anticipated. He is as perfect an instance in his way of the connection between genius and kind-heartedness as Mr. Scott is, of whom you know my admiration; and it is interesting to observe two men of great powers, who are so remarkably different in many respects, agreeing and reflecting each other's character in this."

On November 19 he wrote to Lady Jones:—

"I left Edinburgh by way of Selkirk and Melrose, stopping by the way to see Walter Scott. He lives in a cottage transmogrified by additions into a sort of castle, on the road between these two places. His family consists of a silly little Frenchwoman—his wife, two stout lassies of daughters under twenty, the eldest of whom is said to be a

very extraordinary person, and a great favourite with her father, and an enormous staghound, with three or four other dogs of various kinds as his satellites. Walter Scott himself looks like a very stout, good-humoured shepherd; and if it be a merit in a poet not to be 'all-poet,' he possesses it in a very high degree. He kept me all day with him, and in the evening had a large party of borderers to dinner, which I regretted, as I would rather have seen him merely with his family. But in the morning he was very delightful; we walked together round his little property, and the interest he took in his plantations, fences, and crops—reaped, sowing, and to be sown—reminded me completely of Worting. At the same time he has not the affectation of dropping the author altogether, for in pointing out the various objects around to me he did not omit to mention the lands of Deloraine, 'which,' he added with a smile, 'you may perhaps have heard of.' In the same way, many of his beasts are named after persons in his works—his old mare is Sybil Grey. He talked of the tales and novels exactly as an indifferent person would have done, except that he praised them less and alluded to them more. He seemed extremely attached to Reginald Heber, and indeed to everything else except Bonaparte and a few Scotch Whigs, for never did I meet a man so overflowing with the milk of human kindness."

In the summer of 1820 Augustus was selected as one of the School Examiners at Oxford, and during this time "Augustus Hare examined Cicero Rabbit," which caused great amusement to the University. "My work began on Monday," he wrote to F. Blackstone; "I was extremely frightened the first day, and though my spirits gradually increased, it was long before I ventured on a viva-

voce appearance in Logic. I also find great difficulty from being out of practice in minutiæ of the two grammars. Things which I have been accustomed to take for granted till I have forgotten the reason why they should be so, are denied, and the unexpectedness of the answer has more than once silenced me, and made me doubt the accuracy of my own memory. So much easier is it to say what is right than to confute what is wrong."

In 1822 Augustus Hare was after a manner brought into public notice by his "Letter to Sandford," to repel an attack upon Oxford in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the summer of that year he again visited Southey and Wordsworth at the English lakes. In the autumn of the same year he succeeded to the Logical Tutorship at New College, with a stipend of £100 a year, upon which he resigned, on his thirtieth birthday £100 of the £120 he had annually received from Lady Jones, "wishing to begin a new decade with an act of justice to her for the thousand acts of generosity he had received from her." In December of the same year he was recommended by Reginald Heber as the successor of Gifford in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*; but, though strongly supported, withdrew in favour of Coleridge.

In 1824 he published a defence of the Gospel narrative of the Resurrection, under the title of "A Layman's Letters to the Author of the 'Trial of the Witnesses.'" "To this publication his brother Julius contributed the fourth letter, in which, with his wider knowledge of German theological literature, he fought the battle on the ground which the Rationalists had chosen. The rest of the book was a terse,

vigorous answer to the more vulgar form of denial which was then represented by Taylor, and Hone, and Carlile, and this was entirely the work of Augustus. Those who know the clear, bold English of the Alton sermons, and the epigrammatic point of most of the Guesses which came from his pen, can form some estimate of the effective skill with which those weapons were employed by him. Different as the details of the strategy of the enemy may be now, those who wish to answer M. Renan's version of the Resurrection, so as to gain the ear of acute but half-taught men, will not find it lost labour to turn to the 'Layman's Letters.'"*

Augustus Hare was now much happier in his life at New College, where his romantic chivalrous disposition, and the interest which he threw into all his instructions, endeared him to his pupils, while his peculiarities of manner never failed to amuse and attract attention. "He was *very* eccentric," is the remark of almost all who knew him at this time. If excited in conversation he would spring up in the midst of his talk, twirl himself rapidly round three times, and sit down again without pausing in what he was saying, as if some external action was necessary to let off the force of his excitement. After dinner, at the houses of his intimate friends he would "rush up and down the drawing room in the vehemence of his spirits, and then cast himself upon a sofa, and throw up his legs in the air."† Of this time are the following letters:—

* Memoir of Archdeacon Hare, prefixed to the "Guesses at Truth," ed. 1864.

† Letter from Archdeacon Randall.

AUGUSTUS HARE *to* LADY JONES.

"*November* 17, 1823.—Writing on my birthday, I can only say, what a change since last November in all my prospects! and how entirely, under God, am I indebted to you for it! May He who has given you the means and the heart to be liberal reward you for it. He alone can, by enabling you to see in this world the happiness which your hand has planted for me, blossoming and bearing fruit, and hereafter by giving you such good things as we can neither conceive or ask for."

LADY JONES *to* AUGUSTUS HARE.

March 18, 1824.—You will readily believe, my dear Augustus, how severe a blow my heart has received by the sudden death of my beloved Dowager Spencer. I had a note from her written at eight yesterday evening, so delighted with Lord Althorp's approaching marriage with Miss Acklom. She had complained of a cold, but said she should go to Lady Clermont's this evening, so could not come to meet Sloper at my house. It seems she slept well as usual, and was getting up at eight o'clock, had walked from her bed to the fire, said 'Oh!' and sat down in her chair, and instantly expired. A most blessed end for such a life. The loss is to the survivors, and not even the firm persuasion that you and I have of a blessed hereafter can prevent heartache on such trials, so selfish and inconsistent are our feelings! I lose one of the very few strong ties that still held me to this world, and 'tis a most merciful dispensation that these trials gradually wean us from a world which in the course of nature I must soon leave—God only knows how soon. May all the afflicting warnings I have received not have been given in vain! God bless you, my dear Augustus, and continue you what I now think you, and then I have a blessing and prop to look forward to, should my life still be prolonged a few years."

In the spring of 1825, Augustus Hare had told Miss Leycester that, upon receiving the news of Martin Stow's death, he thought within himself, "If I were to die now without ever having been of use!"—and that evening he decided upon taking Orders.

On Advent Sunday, 1825, he was ordained in Winchester College Chapel by the Bishop of Hereford. That in taking this step he was not influenced by worldly motives alone may be seen from the zeal with which he fulfilled at Alton even the high idea of ministerial duty which he had formed for himself and suggested to his friends. Doubtless each year spent among his village people brought with it a growth in grace and a ripening for immortality; but the work was not begun at Alton. As he himself wrote about this time, perhaps with reference to the mental struggle which had been so long oppressing him: "In darkness there is no choice. It is light that enables us to see the differences between things, and it is Christ that gives us the light." On December 24th, 1825, he had written to Lady Jones a letter (on the outside of which she has inscribed "Mirabilia!") as follows:—

"I have at last made up my mind to take Orders at the Bishop of Hereford's next ordination. I know this will give you pleasure; and may God, who by the workings of his providence thus seems to call me to a particular state of life, enable me to do my duty in it. My wish would be to continue tutor at New College during my year of deaconship, to be ordained priest soon after that year is completed, and after that to take the first good country curacy that offers.

"So far I feel certain that you will like my letter. Would I were as sure you would be equally pleased with the remainder. But the truth may as well be told at once; and as I have lost no time in communicating to you my decision when once formed, so will I be equally candid in confessing what has induced me *now* to form it. In two words, it is Maria Leycester. You know how long and how sincerely I have been anxious to see her united to my lost friend. The last words I had from him were as follows: 'How blessed it would be if, after all, I were to owe my happiness to you!' God, who has forbidden this, well knows that could any persuasions, any exertion of mine have brought it to pass, it would have happened long ago. But it was ordained otherwise. In the meantime, as poor Stow's friend, I have seen and heard very much of her, and all that I heard and saw convinced me of her great worth. Never was woman exposed to a nearer scrutiny. No love was in the way to blind my judgment, while I had opportunities of observing her character and habits, such as I can never in any case expect to enjoy again. The result on my mind was thorough esteem founded on a conviction of her thorough excellence. And there the feeling would have rested but for my late loss; since which I have begun to feel desirous of securing, if possible, for myself, what up to that time I had loved to dwell on as a treasure reserved for my best friend. To have been loved by him and educated by Reginald doubles her value in my eyes, and I am sure will not diminish it in yours."

In April Augustus Hare met Miss Leycester at Alderley, still as the friend of Mr. Stow, and a fellow-mourner with her for his loss. But on the day before he left, in speaking of his distress in going away, he disclosed involuntarily what

his own feelings had been, while he was doing all he could to promote the happiness of his friend.

The early summer of 1825 was passed by Maria Leycester at Alderley.

M. L. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Stoke, July* 27, 1825.—That I have not written to you before you will easily understand to have arisen from my unwillingness to lose a single hour of my last days at Alderley. They were indeed very precious to me, and after staying there for four months uninterruptedly, you may well imagine how painful it was to me to leave all those who were more than usually endeared to me by the comfort they had afforded me during a time when nothing else could have pleased or interested. Certainly too, altogether, with its inhabitants, its abundance of books, of drawings, liberty unrestrained, beautiful walks and rides and seats, luxuriance of flowers, and in delicious weather, there cannot on earth be so perfect a paradise. During the hot weather we generally went on the mere or rode in the evenings. Every morning before breakfast Lucy and I met in the wood at the old Moss House, where we spent an hour together, and Owen came to ferry me home. With so much around to interest and please me, I put away self as much as possible, and endeavoured as much as I could to enjoy the present. You know how dearly I love all those children, and it was such a pleasure to see them all so happy together. To be sure it would be singular if they were not different from other children, with the advantages they have, where education is made so interesting and amusing as it is to them. . . . . While others of their age are plodding through the dull histories, of which they remember nothing, of unconnected countries and ages, K.'s system is to take one particular era perhaps, and upon the basis of the

General History, pick out for them from different books all that bears upon that one subject, whether in memoirs or literature, making it at once an interesting study to herself and them."

M. L. *to* A FRIEND IN LONDON.

"*March* 29, 1827.—All your doubts and difficulties I enter into and understand, and I think there is scarcely so trying a situation, one so full of fears, as that of a person who struggles to act up to the highest sense of right, and yet wishes not to seem uncharitable, or to condemn those around who act differently or think less to be necessary. To those who have once separated themselves from the world, openly shown and declared the difference of their opinions, and are consequently countenanced by many others who think and act as they do, the difficulty is far less —the struggle is at an end. They have made their choice, and though they may often judge imperfectly and be judged harshly, they are, I do not doubt, happier than those who try to reconcile their better feelings with the habits of the world by taking a middle course. To persevere with firmness and courage in what we know to be right, caring not for the ridicule of others, and at the same time to disarm their censure by the mildness, humility, and charity with which we differ from them, is one of the most difficult points to gain; but I agree perfectly with you that no one can judge of another's mind, or what may have an effect upon it. It is the *object* we are to attain which should be alike to all, the *means* of arriving at it may differ in every different person, and we must remember we are accountable only for ourselves. As far as we can make Sunday a day of rest, not so much from outward acts as from earthly feelings, it must surely be right, and in London, above all places, this is so difficult to do, that every help we can give

to our wavering fancies must be needed; indeed, I have always looked back with shame upon the waste of so sacred a day, which the habits of London life entail even upon such humble sharers in it as myself. As for theatres, I cannot understand where their *individual* harm lies. How far example and sanction is right is another question; but I cannot but think that there is much to be said of the good produced by the presence of respectable and good people. Such amusements in the case of these all deserting them, would become much more pernicious in their character, and the staying away of ever so many would not deter others from going, while their presence may be a restraint and preservation from evil. . . . ."

Augustus Hare frequently met Miss Leycester during the winter of 1825-26, which she passed with her brother at East Sheen, and the following summer he visited Stoke.

M. I *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke, June* 23, 1826.—After dining early, Augustus and I proposed an expedition to Hodnet, and my father joined us. It was the most bright, beautiful evening, and I cannot describe to you how lovely the rectory looked, it is so improved since the trees are grown up, and there was such an abundance of flowers, which seemed to mock the desolation of the house within. As I stood there, looking at that beautiful view, my mind went back to years gone by, and I could almost have fancied myself again the Maria Leycester when it was a place to me of such exquisite enjoyment. I thought of all the happiness I had received there from those I loved so dearly, and turned to find them all gone, Augustus standing by me as the only remaining link of all that had been. We went together over the garden

in silence, both feeling much that could find no utterance; but it was a comfort to know that all was understood."

Of this time is the following letter from Bishop Heber:—

"*Bombay, June* 3, 1825.— . . . . It has not been altogether business which has prevented my writing; for, busy as I have been, and must always be, I could still long since have found or made time to say how gratified I am by your keeping me in recollection, and with how much eagerness I open letters which bring me near to such valued friends at so great a distance, and which call me back, as yours do, for a time, from the broad, arid plain of Rohilkund to the quiet lanes and hedgerow walks of Stoke or Hodnet. There are, however, alas! so many painful associations connected with my handwriting since the period of my letters to Augustus and Mrs. Stanley, that I have felt, to say the truth, a strange reluctance to address a letter to you, out of a fear to disturb afresh the grief of an affectionate and innocent heart, which had been so severe a sufferer by the events which took place at the commencement of my present journey. That journey, interesting as it has been, and full of scenes and circumstances peculiarly adapted to excite and gratify, has had its pleasures, indeed, throughout, alloyed with very sad recollections, and much as I enjoyed the beautiful country and singular people through which my course was laid, I could not help often, very often, calling to mind that I was seeing all these things *alone*, and divided by distance, or a yet more awful separation, from my wife, children, and the attached and affectionate friend with whom I had hoped to share my pleasures and toils, and whose acquirements, good sense, and invincible good temper and cheerfulness so remarkably fitted him to enjoy and profit by

such a pilgrimage. My wife and one of my children—our dear little Emily—I have since been permitted to rejoin, and the accounts we receive of little Harriet, whom they were obliged to leave behind in Calcutta, continue very comfortable. . . . . For myself, I really do not recollect a time when I have enjoyed more perfect health than now, and though my hair grows grey all the faster for the fiery sunbeams which have beaten on it; yet 'that,' as I remember a poor old woman saying of her rheumatism, 'is, at my time of life, *excusable*.' As to the general outline of our lives in India, you have had, I know, a diligent and faithful, as well as a most attached, correspondent in Emily, who will have told you both the wide expanse of river, mountain, forest, and plain which I have since been travelling, her own still more romantic and perilous situation during the mutiny at Barrackpore, and (as I believe she has written since her arrival here) the long voyage of six weeks which she made to rejoin me round the whole southern half of India. We have since had a little experience of camp-life together; and it gave me pleasure to find that, though the weather, even on the hills, is too hot at present for a long continuance under canvas, she is likely to enjoy a marching life as much as I do. For myself—

> 'My tent on shore, my pinnace on the sea,
> Are more than cities or serais to me.'—

So far as enjoyment only is concerned, I know nothing more agreeable than the continual change of scene and air, the exercise, the good hours, the good appetite, the temperance, and the freedom from the forms and visiting of a city life to which we are enabled or compelled by a long march, encamping daily with our little caravan through even a moderately interesting country, nor, except during the intense heat and the annual deluge of rain (which, by the way,

it must be owned, occupies *one half* of our tropical calendar), I should desire no other than a canvas roof during the rest of my abode in India. Many indeed as the discomforts and dangers of India are (and surely there are few lands on earth where death so daily and hourly knocks at our doors, or where men have so constant warning to hold themselves in readiness to meet their Maker), and much as, I cannot help feeling, I sacrificed in coming hither, I have never yet repented my determination, or have ceased to be thankful to God for the varied interest, the amalgamated knowledge, and, I hope and think, the augmented means of usefulness which this new world has supplied to me. I have, indeed, abundant reasons for thankfulness in the preservations which my wife and children have met with amid all the dangers of unhealthy climates, wide wanderings by land and sea, and the incidental dangers and difficulties of political disturbance (in my wife's case even at her own door), and in mine, during my progress through countries which are never, according to European ideas, settled or tranquil. Still more ought I to be thankful for the support and encouragement which I am receiving from almost all classes of men in my attempts to discharge my duty. And, after all, India in itself, taking one province with another, is really a noble field either of duty or speculation, abounding in everything which can interest either an artist, an antiquarian, a lover of the picturesque and romantic beauty, or a curious observer of human life, both in their most refined and their simplest dresses. I have often thought how Edward Stanley would be at home here, and how rich a portfolio he would have acquired in such a journey as I have been making, from the wild and naked Bheel, with his bow and arrows of bamboo and his kennel (for his house deserves no better name) in the dark recesses of the jungle, to the splendidly-equipped Patan, with his bright chain-mail, his

silver-studded lance, his shield of rhinoceros hide as transparent as amber, and the trappings of silk, silver, and brocade which almost sweep the ground as he passes on his beautiful charger. Either of these would make, as you may well believe, a spirited picture; nor might less striking sketches be made from the courts and processions of the native princes, with all, which noise, bustle, banners, elephants, and horsemen can give of magnificence, or from the totally different ostentation of the more austere Brahmins and religious mendicants. You may conceive the former of these, with their heads close shaven, their naked bodies covered with chalk and cowdung, a white cloth round their waists, and their countenances composed into a studied calmness, the meekness and abstraction of which is sometimes singularly contrasted with the steady, watchful, crafty, glittering eye which seems to look into those its owner speaks with; the latter mad, filthy, hideous, his hair and his beard full of ashes, his garment a tiger's skin, his limbs distorted and his body scarred with the effects of his voluntary austerities, his eyes inflamed with spiritual pride and intoxicating drugs, and his whole mind and body wilfully lowered to the level of the wild animals among whom he chiefly affects to have his habitation. Add to all this a very rich and luxuriant scenery, a sky which gives to every object a glow beyond anything seen in the old Italian paintings, and (in some of the older and more renowned cities) buildings which in beauty of material (white marble) far surpass, and in grace and majesty bear no unfavourable comparison with, our finest Gothic architecture. Such is India; and such a country is doubtless well worth visiting, even if one had no stronger motives than curiosity in coming hither. Yet I own there are times when, though I do not repent, I cannot help being melancholy; and it is, perhaps, one of the advantages for which I ought to be

thankful, that I have too much and too constant employment on my hands to have much leisure for indulging gloomy thoughts. You are probably aware that I had an opportunity of visiting the mountains which form the first stay and outwork of the Himalaya. The season, however, was too far advanced and my time too limited to allow of my penetrating more than five days' journey from the plains of Hindoostan, or to climb to a greater height than about nine thousand feet, where Merdideer lay before me at about forty miles direct distance, and above sixteen thousand feet higher still. It was tantalizing to turn back at such a time; but even thus far the scenery which I passed through not only surpassed all which I had seen, but all which I had *fancied* previously. Adieu, dear Maria. That you may be blessed with all temporal and eternal happiness is the earnest wish of your sincere and affectionate friend.

"R. CALCUTTA."

This was the last letter of an affectionate correspondence of many years. On returning to Stoke from Toft, on the 1st of September, 1826, Maria Leycester received the following:—

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* M. L.

"*August* 30, 1826.—I must write a few lines to my dear Miss Leycester, because I am sure she will be a fellow-mourner with myself. It was only this morning I received the mourning-ring my poor uncle left me;* and already the news had reached me that Reginald went before him to heaven. So closely do misfortunes, in this world that we love so much, press and follow on each other. I did not

* Dean Shipley died at Bodryddan, in June, 1825. He is buried in the parish church of Rhyddlan; there is a fine statue of him in one of the transepts of the cathedral of St. Asaph.

think he could have been taken from us so soon. For our sakes, and for the sake of India, I trusted he would have been spared, though he was fully ripe for being gathered into the garner of God. But our Saviour was making up his jewels, and missed so bright a one, and sent for it. And we repine! and must repine; for when was there a better man, a kinder, a more delightful, or one more fitted to make Christianity appear in its true light as a mild and amiable dispensation? May a double portion of his spirit fall upon his successor, that India may not have cause to feel his loss, as we must, to be irreparable. For we shall never see any one like him again, and therefore do I grieve."

C. S. *to* M. L.

"*Alderley, Sept.* 1, 1826.—Of course, my first impulse is to take up my pen and write to you. I could hardly believe what I saw when my eyes fell upon the words 'Bishop of Calcutta'—nor can I now. I had always a presentiment, alas, how false! that he was—would be safe—that his energy of mind would carry him through; and that as he had begun, so he would go on. Alas! how you *will* feel it!—how everybody must!—how incalculable the loss to the world! And poor Mrs. Reginald: the shock must have been apparently as unexpected as to us in taking up the paper. Now, she is probably on her way home, and the first news on landing will be her father's death. My first thought was of you, and how this must revive in their original form all your feelings. All one can say is, that he yet lives to you almost as if he was alive, and that one's affection and remembrance of such a character does indeed live beyond the grave."

M. L. *to* Augustus W. Hare.

"*Stoke Rectory, Sept.* 3, 1826.—I did not think you would a second time have had to communicate intelligence so

grievous. . . . Dear, dear Reginald. I had hoped so confidently he would have been spared; that so faithful a servant, so noble a pattern of what a Christian should be, would have been preserved to continue the great work for which he seemed so peculiarly marked out; but God's ways are not as our ways, and the same confidence which led us to trust in his preservation, must now convince us that it is for some great and high purpose he is removed from us. This is one of those mysterious dispensations in which nothing but an unlimited faith can avail us anything. Here is no selfish grief: the public loss seems almost even more than the private one; yet, who that has ever felt the support and comfort of his friendship, who that ever knew the tenderness, kindness, and gentleness of nature, added to those uncommon talents and powers of mind, can ever cease to regret that they shall see him no more? And Emily, poor Emily, where can she seek for comfort upon earth? She too, on her return to England, which, I suppose, will not be long delayed, will find a second affliction awaiting her, and the home and protector to whom probably she would look for support and comfort, gone likewise. Her children too, who can ever supply the place of such a father to them? For him, if such a word as envy can be used, how much cause is there for such a feeling in thinking of the termination of such a life, in which he exchanges this world of trial and sorrow for one of never-fading glory! I am most grateful to have had such a friend—to have been permitted an intimate acquaintance with a character like his, but after receiving from him the affection and kindness of the tenderest brother, after living so constantly with him as I have done, you may well believe that it is now a hard struggle to feel that we have in this life parted for ever. It was only yesterday morning, before leaving Toft, that I copied out of Mrs. Hutchinson's 'Memoirs' a passage, which I little thought

would, in a few hours, be brought home to my mind with such renewed force. I must quote a few lines of it for you. 'Let not excesse of love and delight in the streame make us forget the fountaine: he and all his excellencies came from God, and flowed back into their owne spring:—there let us seek them, thither let us hasten after him, there having found him, let us cease to bewaile among the dead that which is risen, or rather was immortall,—his soule conversed with God so much when he was here, that it rejoices to be now eternally freed from interruption in that blessed exercise,—his virtues were recorded in heaven's annals, and can never perish; by them he yet teaches us, and all those to whose knowledge they shall arrive. . . . .'

"We are going soon to stay with the Stanleys at Penrhos. I am glad this bitter news reached us while we were at home; here, at least, we are surrounded by those who know how much cause there is to grieve. It has been a comfort to me writing to you, for on this subject we can have but one feeling, and you will not be tired with my dwelling upon it so long. Dear Augustus, we have lost two whom we dearly loved; but their spirits continue to live with us, their memories to rest in our hearts, that we may place our hopes on that world to which they are gone before us, and so live here that we may one day be united to them in heaven."

C. S. *to* M. L.

"*Sept.* 5, 1826.—You will well imagine that for the last two days I have thought of little but you, and what you must be suffering: the gap in one's own mind is so great, in everybody's it must be. To be sure he has died at his post as much as any soldier on the field of battle. There is something very fine and affecting, *and* soothing and ele-

vating, in reading of the occupation of his time up to the very moment of his death, the suddenly giving his benediction in the Tamul language to the people at Tanjore, his very last act having been the visit to the native colony; in short, preparation was necessary for those who are left behind—not for him. One is so sure that if he had had to choose his death, except the suddenness of it for *our* sakes, he would have chosen thus to die in the midst of his labours, thus perhaps giving an efficacy to his last words, and leaving an impression on the minds of all who had just heard and seen him, which no labours of a long life spent amongst them could have done. In this respect it is a death worthy of him, of his character, and better than if his health had been impaired and gradually undermined. . . I long to have you out of sight of Hodnet Tower."

After a visit to Penrhos, Maria Leycester returned with the Stanleys to Alderley, in order to attend the marriage of her friend, Isabella Stanley, with Captain Parry. In June, she went for three weeks to the Isle of Wight, and thence to Paris with her father and Mrs. Oswald Leycester, returning to Sheen for the christening of her brother's eldest son. One of her great interests this year was in the publication of the "Guesses at Truth," by the two brothers, Augustus and Julius Hare. As their "minds had grown up together, been nourished in great measure by the same food, sympathized in each other's affections and aversions, and been shaped reciprocally by the assimilating influences of brotherly communion, a family likeness is perceivable throughout the volumes, although perhaps with such differences as it is not displeasing to behold in the children of the same parents."*

* Preface to the "Guesses."

Augustus Hare, who was to pass the next winter in Italy, spent two days at Sheen while the Leycesters were there; and, as they returned to Stoke, they passed through Oxford, and visited him at New College.

M. L.'s JOURNAL.

"*Sheen, July* 22.—Two days spent together here have done away with the reserve hitherto kept up between Augustus and me, and I have far more than I once thought possible, been able to give a degree of affection I was scarcely myself aware of, till it was called forth. Time has done its work in softening down every painful remembrance, in making the past appear as a dream, and giving to the future more of reality. Unconsciously and imperceptibly the feelings of esteem and friendship have assumed a new character, and something of the tenderness and beauty attending a warmer interest taken their place. . . . Devotion of heart such as his must either be met and answered, or repelled; there can be no medium of indifference; and where there is an interest so strong as I have always felt in him, admiration of the whole character, gratitude for the kindness and attachment felt by him, it must be a colder nature than mine which could remain unmoved. It is well that such openness of heart should have been reserved till now, earlier I could not have entered into it so much; now the seed that is sown needs but watering, and I feel all the happier that we understand each other perfectly, and that both are satisfied that nothing but time is wanting to give us all the happiness that may be enjoyed by persons between whom there will be such perfect confidence and affection. How extraordinary and singular good fortune has attended me, that I should twice have met with that kind of deep feeling which alone could, I think, have power to interest me,—that when the only species of happiness which I imagined to be

perfect was taken from me, it should spring up again as it were from the ashes of the other, and assume a form nearly as beautiful, and I trust, more enduring."

"*Stoke, August* 16.—I feel now a glow of inward happiness which I have long been without, and whether I contemplate the beauty of the world around me, or turn inward and dwell on the beauty of feeling, and the many sources of gratification it has given me, my heart swells with gratitude for such enjoyment. Secure of the affection of Augustus, I feel no longer a blank in life, and everything takes a new and brighter colouring.

"It was a pleasure, though a mixed one, to see Augustus again (at Oxford). The moments of anticipation are in so short a meeting the most real in enjoyment: you do not then dwell upon the parting so soon to follow, and think but of the meeting,—and what feeling is so exhilarating as that of hope? But when you see the person whom a few minutes is about to separate you from for a length of time, the present is not able to exclude the recollection of the future that is so soon to come. . . . I do indeed daily feel the blessing of having such a friend to love, and with whom I can hardly be mistaken in looking forward to a happy future."

M. L. *to* L. A. S.

"*East Sheen, July* 10, 1827.—What a pleasure it is to think that the most exquisite moments on earth are but faint images of that which will be! In beautiful days and nights such as these, how far easier is it to raise one's thoughts, and lift oneself up to higher spheres, and what a miserable and aching void must those hearts feel which cannot ascend beyond the present! When we look around at a world so beautiful, our hearts must glow with gratitude for having so much of enjoyment given; and if there are

some things which are kept from us, if we have some trials, some annoyances, if all is not as we could wish it, we must see the mercy of it in leading us to seek that comfort which if every earthly blessing were granted to us, we might perhaps neglect and forget. Oh, at times how clear, how straight seems the path we should follow, making one object our chief and great concern, and all things subservient to that—forgetting ourselves, except in the exercise of examining self—and striving to show worthily our Christian profession by a more unwearied endeavour after good and love to all around us. But then comes human weakness, and our highest resolves often fall, and become of no avail: this, too, has its use, for without such humbling experience, we should not fly to Him who alone can make us strong. We shall never be tried beyond what we are able to bear, and assuredly those whose struggle here has been the strongest, will hereafter reap the more abundantly.

"I close every evening now by learning a hymn of my dear Reginald's, which sends me to sleep in peace and love. You are hardly aware in reading them, how calculated they are for private devotion."

"*East Sheen, July* 29, 1827.—Augustus is just gone. . . It is indeed a blessed thing in a world which it needs not eight-and-twenty years to show in its true colours, to feel the repose of resting upon the certain hope of devoted affection, and a peaceful and happy future; and, although for *his* sake I could wish for more lightness and gaiety of heart than ever comes to me now, I am quite satisfied for my own that the past has not been in vain, and that it is far better to have earthly hopes and feelings subdued and mingled with higher ones—that I can never forget how uncertain and perishable everything here is, and how dependent one must feel on God for every possession granted to us. Of the dearest earthly treasures, any single moment may deprive

us ; and, in the midst of the purest blessings to be enjoyed here, so much of care, of anxiety, and of vexation is mingled, that nothing but constant and habitual recourse to spiritual comfort can stay the mind in perfect peace, and calm the variableness of human feelings. Surely I should be grateful for the chastening which has brought this more forcibly home, and for the links of sweet remembrance which have attended even my hours of suffering and sorrow."

M. L.'s Journal.

"*Stoke, August* 9, 1827.—I have been walking with perfect composure with Mrs. Reginald Heber over those fields where we have so often walked in happier days ; but how did my heart swell within me as I looked upon that beautiful view once more, and, instead of Reginald, had by me only his widow and children ! Time strangely accustoms us to all, even the bitterest deprivations, and above all it teaches us to hide deep within us what *is* felt. Some years ago I could hardly have thought of the circumstances under which we have now met as bearable. How all is changed—the gay, the spirited of our party then, now gone to their eternal home, no trace left of those who were so very dear ! I am much affected by the letters from Dacca, which Mrs. Reginald has given me to read. How powerful a lesson does such a death-bed give ! The same hour must come to all, and cold, lukewarm, and indifferent as the heart now is, in the near approach of a separation of the soul and body, the true state of things will flash upon us with the same strong conviction. To put myself in imagination in this situation I ever find the best means of making my heart *feel* its own insufficiency. I *feel* that in the moment of expecting to appear before God, every fancied good must at once sink into nothing, and the blessed privilege of seeking the mercy of the Saviour be clung to as

the only refuge. But without going beyond the present, I find a strange difficulty in bringing myself to more than a cold belief in all the Gospel teaches. I am but as a beginner in those things which I have so long thought of, and I am aware that my heart is filled with pride, vanity, and selfishness, even when I seek to do my utmost. That I am sincere in my endeavours to discover the truth, to seek after the right way, God surely knows, and in his own good time I know that He will assist and strengthen me in every good work, and give me that blessed hope which brightened the last days at Dacca."

"*Oct.* 28.—The more we advance in Christian knowledge the narrower seems the way: so many difficulties seem to start up, so many trials to arise, of which we have lived unconscious before, and the self-humbling nature of all real inquiry into ourselves leaves an almost discouraging sense of how much there is yet to be done. We are too apt to compare ourselves with others as imperfect and perhaps more erring, instead of seeing how far below the Gospel we fall, or how inferior we are to many who have so much more to struggle with than we have; in short, if there be a way in which it is possible to deceive our own hearts into the belief that we are better than others, or that we have excuses for not being so, we instantly adopt it. Surely, of all the Christian graces, that charity, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, beareth and endureth all things, is the most hard to attain. I daily feel it so. It is so difficult to bear with patience and allowance the faults of others. It is very mistaken to think that the *great* occasions of life only demand religious feeling and principle: it is in the everyday petty annoyances, the constant call upon our charity, forbearance, and meekness, that we feel the constant want of some stronger and more powerful stimulant than the feeling of the moment,

to smooth down the rubs of life and make our existence one of peace and happiness."

"*April* 1, 1828.—As I search deeper into things unseen I seem to gain clearer views of evangelical truth, and in looking back I see how little my former ideas upon the subject were consistent with the word of God itself. For this increase of knowledge I feel that I am chiefly indebted to those books and those writers usually stigmatized as Evangelical and Calvinistic. I cannot enter into the (as it appears to me) narrow and prejudiced feeling which would at once discard every book in which there were expressed any opinions differing from one's own, and even in which there might be mingled expressions at variance with good taste and judgment. Fallible as all human efforts are, we must distinguish in everything the wheat from the tares, and though I may not agree and feel on many points with another, I can benefit by and admire others which he perhaps may represent in a more striking light than many a less earnest and zealous author, who may be free from objection and yet may be far less useful. The truth is, nothing but a very strong feeling of religion can inspire such language as shall excite interest and awaken attention in the heart. This strong feeling is usually connected with a strong view on doctrinal points, but it is not inseparable from some of them."

In the autumn of 1827, Augustus Hare went to Italy. He was detained for six weeks at Perugia, by the results of an accident, where he was most kindly nursed by Mr. (after Sir Augustus) and Mrs. Calcott, who, when he was able to move, took him on to Rome in their carriage. Here he passed several months, chiefly in the society of the Blessingtons, who were then living at the Villa Negroni.

"Their house is not perhaps the house for a clergyman," he wrote to Mrs. Stanley, "though not a word is ever said there either on religion, or morals, or politics, which could offend the most scrupulous ear, but I cannot quarrel with people who for my brother's sake have received me both cordially and kindly. Lady Blessington reminds me of Julius' Guess—'Flattery is the nicest thing in the world; pray don't sugar it too sweet;' Lady Blessington sugars it too sweet. New College, Francis, the Vicar of Rumford, Landor, all are almost equally superlative: but she is attentive, she is clever, she is affable, she is amusing, she is Irish, she has black hair, and if she does not tire of me, which is not impossible, I foresee that she will continue to force me to dine with her five times a week."

In the following summer, Maria Leycester also went abroad, accompanying her sister, brother-in-law, two of their children, and her friend Lucy Stanley, to Bordeaux and the Pyrenees, an excursion which gave her the greatest delight. It was on her return to England after this tour that her engagement to Augustus Hare received her father's sanction.

M. L. *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke, Oct.* 13, 1828.—After all the long uncertainty which has attended every future prospect I have ever had, the change now to thinking one may in reality look forward to the happy rectory I have so often fancied to myself, with one dear companion sharing every thought and feeling, is so great I can hardly at times feel it to be really so. Although to most people the prospect of a curacy on £700 a year

would not be a very promising prospect, you may imagine how very little it will affect me, and how happy I may be with the smallest possible outward advantages, provided the essentials are there, and of this, the more I see of Augustus, the more I feel how impossible it is not to love him dearly and entirely—indeed there is far more fear of my loving too well than too little, and of the present happiness engrossing every thought and feeling too much. But united as we are in interest about higher things than our mere present happiness, I do trust we may go on together through life improving and advancing towards a better state than this can ever be under its best aspect. . . . I cannot tell you how my heart overflows with love and gratitude to all in this time of joy, or how deeply sensible I am of the goodness which has led me through so many years of chastening and useful anxiety to bring me to such a haven of peace and happiness as I cannot but hope our little home will be.

"*Oct.* 24.—Anybody would perhaps be astonished to find me sometimes reading upon *resignation* and *afflictions* in a time of rejoicing, but the truth is I cannot rejoice without trembling, and never felt more strongly the need of support and stay upon something not human than now, when I feel my whole soul is so engrossed with what is and must be so uncertain and precarious. I tremble for myself and for him. We are building upon a happiness to come which appears so perfect that I cannot but feel the possibility of its not being realised. In thinking of the future it is with the earnest prayer that I may enjoy what is given me of happiness here, in subjection and complete submission to the divine will, whenever it is thought fit to deprive me of it. Whichever way I turn I see such causes for thankfulness that I know not how to give utterance to half that passes through my mind; at the same time I

cannot but feel the *trial* that such a tie tc earth is. On this point, however, I feel sure that I cannot remain stationary with a companion such as Augustus, and that the duties opening upon me will rouse my every faculty and exertion, and be a constant call to watchfulness and attention."

"*Dec.* 27.—I find it increasingly difficult to know how far consistently with a firm sense of truth we can and may suppress what we know and believe to be right, and how far we should yield to the fear of putting a stumbling-block in another's way by differing in anything not essentially material. There are some people, doubtless, who dislike any stronger feeling of religion than they possess themselves, but I think the generality are annoyed by those little things which are usually marks of a party spirit, and which have little necessary dependence upon true faith. I am sure the more we grow in knowledge and advance in love, the more we should strive to preserve that simplicity which is so peculiarly the characteristic of the Gospel and the more we should guard against the uncharitableness of supposing that any other view except our own must be useless or erroneous. I cannot fancy it possible that one can ever go '*too far*,' because the more one feels on the subject, the more humble one becomes, and one clings to the simple words of the Bible alone, and makes Him one's pattern who never turned any away because they were not entirely perfect, but with gentleness showed them how they might go on to perfection. . . . . If we analyze ourselves, we may find ample employment without judging our companions; and in our own imperception and ignorance, may see abundant cause for making allowance and excuse for others, gladly hailing all there is of good, and trying only to lead them on in that path we have found lead to happiness by gentleness and our own fruits of the Spirit."

M. L.'s Journal.

"*Oct.* 18.—The lie is cast, and our fate is decided. After the long years of uncertainty and suspense attending every future prospect, the first certainty was overpowering—the first certain conviction that I should indeed become the wife of one to whom every warmest affection is now given. It scarcely yet assumes the form of reality, nor do my thoughts accustom themselves without surprise to the present view of things. The break through old habits, and the change to new, must be felt strongly whenever it comes, and I feel entering so completely upon a new line of duties, feelings, and occupations, that I rejoice to think I have a little time of quiet previously to prepare for it. How my heart does overflow with gratitude whenever I think of him,—of his deep affection, his tender feelings, his generous and disinterested nature! And the high and overrated estimate he forms of me, I begin to feel, so far from exciting pride or vanity, tends to lower and depress both by making me feel how little I really come up to it, and how earnestly I must strive hereafter not to disappoint the expectations he has formed of my character. His standard is that of Christian feeling and action, and to come up to it in every daily occurrence of life, will require that watchfulness which must not slumber. How it raises and exalts earthly affection when it is joined as it is to such entire confidence and unity of feeling on every subject, and when the motive is so much the same! Oh, may I be enabled to fulfil this new part of life in such a manner as may become a real follower of Christ—in humbleness and sincerity—endeavouring as much as possible to put away self from every consideration, labouring for the good of others, submitting without a murmur to their will, and seeking so to temper and moderate the strongest feelings of my nature, that they may never

draw me too much from higher thoughts, making me love the *creature* more than the *Creator*. To Him may I show my deep and fervent gratitude for his infinite mercies to me by making his word the guide and rule of every action, and striving to advance each day in holiness, and in love and charity to all around me. How wonderfully have all things worked together for my good; and even those things which seemed the most bitter to endure, proved the means of my ultimate happiness! Most clearly does it show how weak-sighted and fallacious are our judgments—how entirely we ought to trust to that power which overrules everything in his mercy for our real good."

"*Dec.* 13.—How bright a colouring does the sunshine of the mind invest everything with!—the everyday enjoyments of life become clothed with new attractions, as the mind is invigorated and enlivened by happiness, and seem to wear a different aspect from what they once did. And yet I pause, whilst I feel how bright is the prospect before me, and ask, will it indeed last? The question may be asked, and the fear come across as a shadow over the gleam of the sun, but we shrink from an answer to such a doubt, and the real precarious and uncertain thread on which our whole happiness depends, is seldom dwelt upon with anything like a feeling of the truth. There appears to me, however, nothing which can quiet and ease the undefined anxieties respecting the future, but that firm trust in the constant and immediate superintendence of God, which is by so many frittered away in the consideration of second causes. With the sure knowledge that our smallest concerns are regulated by Him, we may repose in confidence that if it is good for us such happiness will be granted; and if it be hereafter chequered, as we see is often the case, the support and the comfort will come with the trial."

M. L. *to* A. W. H.

"*Stoke, Dec.*, 1828.—It seems unnatural to have Christmas unaccompanied with frost and snow; and I think I am almost fond enough of old customs and associations to wish it to be attended with such natural accompaniments, even at the expense of my own comfort. And there is something so cheerful in a bright winter's day, with the sun shining on all the old women's red cloaks as they come to church. By-the-bye, I was struck the other day with the benefit of our regular Liturgy, by hearing from an old woman of eighty-seven that I went to see, how much comfort she derived on her sick-bed from the remembrance and repetition of many of the collects and prayers, which by constant attendance at church she had treasured up in her mind, never having been able to read, or had any other opportunity of instruction; and the simple way in which she described her filling up in one Sunday what she had not been able to catch or remember in the previous one, might have shamed many a wiser and idler person; and now in the peaceful and tranquil state of mind which seems to attend her last days, she is reaping the fruits of her humble efforts. It is really a pleasure to contribute to such a person's comfort. I feel often now, in the prospect of leaving Stoke, how little good I have done in comparison of what I might have done in all the time I have spent here; the future must be better employed; and how delightful it is to think that every exertion will then be shared by my best and dearest friend, and that we shall together strive to show our gratitude for the happiness granted to us by endeavouring to benefit others! I always feel that 'the situation to which *God has called me*,' is so exactly that suited to me, and which I should naturally have chosen; and I own that I cannot look forward to our future life without feeling my eyes fill with tears. I see others contented and happy with

what is around them, satisfied to have no more intimate communion than that of mere friends or relations; but I am afraid that I never should have been perfectly happy without some one person to confide in and to love."

"*New Year's Day*, 1829.—I must employ some portion of this day in talking to him to whom in all probability part of this year will be devoted, if it be only to put on paper what must pass through both our minds in entering on this new portion of life—*new* in every sense to us, to whom this year will open, indeed, a new stage in our pilgrimage, new in its duties, its pleasures, its hopes, and enjoyments. Other years seemed to lie like a blank before me; I could trace nothing upon them but the probable round of the same course of days and weeks which had marked the preceding one. But this comes attended with a bright train of anticipations; and if no clouds arise to dim our present sunshine, I am convinced that it must, indeed, be my own fault if the close of 1829 does not find me a happier woman than I have ever yet been. And is no thanks due to the past year, which brought to both of us the first security of our future happiness? If one had the power to *show*, by conformity to God's will, one-half the gratitude with which at times one's heart is ready to overflow in thinking of all He has done for us, how much better we should be; but I am afraid we are too often engrossed so entirely by the gifts as to forget the Giver, or at least to forget that idle acknowledgment is not the only return such love deserves. You will begin to suspect I am inflicting on you a part of that sermon which I amused myself on this day last year with writing, to while away the hours at the Raven at Shrewsbury. But days like these are as resting-stones on our journey, from which we look back upon the winding path through which we have arrived at such a point, and onward to all that is yet in store on the way open before us

—that way, dear Augustus, which we shall in future travel together. Thorns and briars, it may be, will here and there intercept us and mingle with the flowers on each side, but guided by one feeling and one interest, they can scarcely have power to check our progress; and so long as we are permitted to be fellow travellers, can we cease to be happy?"

M. L. *to* A. W. H. (after he had been with her at Alderley).

"*April*, 20, 1829.— . . . . It seemed last night so like old times wishing you good-bye when you were to go by the coach early in the morning; indeed, more than once, I have been quite taken back to our former meetings in seeing you here, and only recalled to the present by the different—no, not different, but stronger—feelings now excited. I have before my mind's eye so perfectly those times when you came here during the long winter I spent here three years ago—everything you said and did, and a confused recollection of the mingled feelings of pleasure and pain with which I then saw you. I sit in the same place, the door opens, and the same Augustus walks in, but how changed is the feeling! The past, sacred as it is and always must be, is now no longer the prominent feeling; others less sad have taken its place; and, happier than I ever was before, I now look forward with the brightest hopes, fearing nothing but that I shall place my happiness far too much on that which must be perishable."

M. L.'s Journal.

"*Stoke, May* 27.—In one more week the object of so many thoughts and anxious expectations will be accomplished, and I shall have entered upon that new state from which I promise myself so much happiness. I can hardly feel now as if such a change were drawing so near, and cer-

tainly in the contemplation of it am infinitely more composed than I expected to be. That firm confidence which I have in him to whom I am about to commit my whole future happiness takes away every shadow of distrust; and though I feel at times that I am about to leave so many whom I love for an indefinite time, the stronger feeling overpowers the lesser one, and I feel chiefly gratitude that what so long appeared doubtful and distant is now so nearly certain of being realised. We have been separated so much, and there have been so many circumstances which have kept up doubt to the last, that the feeling we shall now not again be parted is in itself delightful to me; and I have so long looked forward with so much pleasure to having him as my constant companion, and our enjoying life together, that I can hardly believe the time is now so nearly come. I seek to convince my sanguine mind that such sunshine cannot always last, that my anticipations will not all be realised, and that there will be a thousand little rubs and cares and troubles, of which I have made no calculation, and which will interrupt that enjoyment I have pictured. Be it so. I am not blind to the changes and chances of this life, to the certainty that these are tenfold increased by marrying, and that the anxieties and troubles, when they do come, are of a much deeper cast than those can be of a single state. Were there no such vicissitudes, we should grow too fond of this world, too careless of another. God grant only that such blessings as He gives may never be misused or disregarded, that they may excite fervent gratitude while they keep up dependence, and that when He thinks fit to remove them or for a while hide them from our view, we may resign ourselves entirely to his disposal, and bless Him alike for his chastisement as for his mercies. From the power, influence, and effect of a strong earthly affection I have learnt much of the manner

in which a heavenly one should influence us, and how irresistibly such a course of life as would please God would be the result of such a love to Him as was really deep and sincere. Let me, then, act upon this knowledge, and never be content with that bare acknowledgment of his goodness which leads to no practical end. The highest gratification I can feel is when I have done anything to oblige or please Augustus, and the most painful sensation I can experience is having done anything he disapproves. Ought I not much more to feel this with my Saviour and God? May He vouchsafe me such aid that I may never forget Him, but daily grow in love towards Him, and by constant dependence on Him be able to perform all those new duties which I would now enter upon with the spirit of a true follower of Christ."

VI.

WEST WOODHAY.

"Dans l'opinion du monde, le mariage, comme dans la comédie, finit tout. C'est précisément le contraire qui est vrai : il commence tout."—MADAME SWETCHINE.

"Love is surely a questioning of God, and the enjoyment in it is an answer from the loving God himself."—BETTINA *to* GOETHE.

ON the evening of the 2nd of June, 1829, one of the family at Stoke wrote to Lady Jones :—

"I am most happy to perform the part allotted to me, of filling up the details of the events of to-day, so as to make you as much as possible one of the party at Stoke ; and we only wanted you and Mrs. Penrhyn to complete the circle of those most interested in our dear Augustus and Maria. . . . . The walk through the churchyard was lined with the school-children, with wreaths of flowers in their hands ; one went before us strewing flowers in our path ; and all the silver spoons, tankards, watches, and ornaments of the neighbouring farmers were fastened on white cloths drawn over hoops, so as to make a sort of *trophy* on each side the church gate, which is, I understand, a Shropshire custom. The church was carpeted and garlanded with flowers, one arch just opposite the altar making a beautiful framework to

the bride and bridegroom. Maria was quite composed all through the service, and Augustus looked as if he was indeed imploring a blessing upon the union then forming.

"At two o'clock they drove away, and the last we heard of them was that as they went through Wistanswick, on their way to Newport, the road was again lined with people, and children, and flowers, and that Mrs. Augustus Hare leaned forward and nodded to them all, and looked as smiling and happy as ever."

Lady Jones meanwhile was becoming increasingly ill daily at her house in South Audley Street, but on the wedding day she had written :—

"*2nd June*, 1829.—I will not let this (I trust) happy day pass without sending my most affectionate kind wishes and blessing to, by this hour (two o'clock), my two dear children. I thought of them often in the night, and never without my blessing and prayers to the All Good and Wise Disposer of all events for every happiness in this life which will best conduce to their eternal happiness in the next."

Just before his marriage, the small New College living of Alton-Barnes in Wiltshire had fallen to Augustus Hare as Fellow of his college, and he had accepted it. But the place to which he first took his bride was West Woodhay, near Newbury in Berkshire, which had been lent to him for the purpose by his connection, John Sloper.* It is a picturesque, old-fashioned, red-brick manor-house, with high roofs and chimneys, embosomed among

* Emilia Shipley, second daughter of the bishop, married W. C. Sloper, afterwards of Sundridge. Mr. Sloper of West Woodhay was her husband's great-nephew.

trees; in front a lawn, backed by the swelling downs; and at one side, almost close to the house, the little church, of which Mr. Sloper was the rector. A more desolate place, or one more entirely secluded from society, could scarcely be imagined; and Mary Lea, one of the two maids who had accompanied Mrs. A. Hare from Stoke, and who had already entered upon those loving and devoted ministrations which were to last for her whole lifetime, had many stories to tell afterwards of its unearthly occupants, and the mysterious noises which were heard there at night. But M. H.—as I will call, during this period of her life, her who has been the sunshine and blessing of my own existence, as she was of that of an earlier Augustus Hare—was very happy there, and ever after remembered the place with a tender affection. The family history at this time is best told by extracts from the letters which remain:—

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*West Woodhay House, June* 5, 1829.—We came through the park at Blenheim, which was delicious on such a day, stopped a short time in Oxford, then to Newbury by half-past five, and then came on here seven miles through the most charming woody lanes. You may guess the delight with which we approached our *home*, and found ourselves here. It is the perfection of an old manor-house — the house very large, which in this hot weather is very agreeable, and does not look waste or dreary as it might do in winter. The drawing-room where I now write is a capital room, very well furnished, with three windows down to the ground opening on a long lawn running up to the hills, with trees on each side,—roses clustering in at the windows, and all looking so retired, I

should almost say lonely. Then there is a very nice dining-room, and sitting-room for Augustus, besides a great hall, and small library; and up-stairs my room is magnificent, and there is a large tapestried chamber with family pictures. I don't know how we are to come down to rectory accommodation afterwards. It seems all so extraordinary being here alone, so completely separated from everything and everybody; and you would have laughed to see me this morning with my two servants, making out to the best of our mutual knowledge or ignorance all the things to be sent for, there being nothing except what has been borrowed from the farm-house for last night and this morning. Mr. Sloper comes to the farm to-morrow, which is very well, to set us in the way of going on.

"I think you may now give full vent to your fancy in my cause without much fear of being wrong. All you imagined of the tenderness, consideration, and perfect way in which I should be treated falls short of the reality. When I am with Augustus it is but a continuance of that confidence and openness which has so long existed between us, only freed from any doubts or reserve kept up as long as we were in an ambiguous situation. But it seems very odd to find myself so completely removed from all my own family, in so new a place, and obliged to assume the office of mistress of a household to which I am so little used. I could scarcely think of any of you without tears till to-day, and I do not know now that my heart is not very full in turning to those I have left. It is so different from any other parting. He understands it all so well, but says if all women suffer as much in marrying under so much less favouring circumstances as generally are, he wonders they ever survive it. . . . . This weather is perfectly delicious. Every now and then a dream comes over me of Tuesday, and I feel as if I was now in another

state of existence. I scarcely know yet how to write collectedly and say what I feel, for all is bewildering to me at present, especially to know myself in that situation so long uncertain, doubtful, and distant, now really come to pass in the most beautiful form I have ever pictured it."

M. H. *to* LADY JONES.

"*West Woodhay, June* 6.—Your most kind and affectionate welcome greeted us here, dearest aunt, last night, and greatly did we both feel your good wishes for us upon that eventful day which has opened so new a life to us both. I trust neither you nor we can be deceived in feeling it to be the beginning of such happiness as is granted to few as far as regards our own mutual confidence and affection, and though, in common with our fellow-travellers through life, we must expect to meet with our due proportion of sorrows and trials, I trust we may then rest upon the same source for trust and support that we do now in gratitude. The account of Tuesday you will receive from Stoke, I believe, and probably a more correct report than we could give—at least it seems to me in recurring to that day very much like a dream, and I scarcely know what passed. It is a trying thing and I felt even more than I expected the *wrench*, if I may so express it, from all former ties to form one so much stronger and which was to last through life. I cannot tell you the tenderness and consideration Augustus has shown me, and how he has endeared himself to me more than ever by the kindness of his affection during the last few days. He will now be rewarded by seeing me as happy as he could desire, and in this delightful place it seems as if we could scarcely enjoy ourselves enough. . . . The man waits to take the letters, so I must conclude with the dearest love of your two grateful and happy children."

L. A. S. (LUCY STANLEY) *to* M. H.

"*June* 11, 1829.—You will well know how I have rejoiced in your letters. Our visions and pictures of all you were to enjoy are indeed realised, and God grant, my own dearest and best friend, they may long be lent to you. I see your house at Woodhay, and know it as if I had seen it—its green hay-fields, and the south-like woods and lanes, so unlike our northern ones. I almost feel sorry that this home, where you will pass the first weeks of married life, is not to be your permanent one; but perhaps you will discover as many charms at Alton-Barnes, and every bank you look upon will now be *Thymy*, and every view sunny and smiling."

"*June* 22.—You do indeed draw a picture of the sunny Thymy bank so beautiful, that one cannot help wishing life should just now stand still for awhile with you. . . . . I hardly ever heard any description of happiness after marriage which sounded so perfect as yours. Everybody says and writes that they are happier than any one ever was, but I am sure that you *are* so."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*June* 12, 1829.—We dine at five o'clock, and walk afterwards. You cannot imagine anything more delightful than these fields are—so very extensive, more like a park, stretching before the house in a long uninterrupted surface of green terminated by a range of green hills; and then the hawthorn is such a mass of snowy white, that it quite puts to shame all lanes and hedges with you. What a different style of country it is to be sure—so much more really retired and *country* it looks than the north. I shall try the pony in a day or two with him walking by my side; he thinks it will not run away. Sometimes he reads to me a little, and anybody would have been amused to see him one evening read-

ing me a sermon of Skelton's, 'How to be happy, *though* married.' To-day he has got down a volume of Rousseau out of the little old library in the drawing-room, and has read me some of the letters to Julie, which he calls eloquent nonsense.

"*June* 13.—I am most perfectly happy and comfortable. Last night we had a delicious walk to a farm-house about a mile off—so pretty, it was covered with roses and plants all over the outside of the house, and I made friends with the mistress, who sent me a loaf and oven-cake as a present. Breakfast over, I go to the kitchen, inquire into matters there, scold about the bad bread, contrive a dinner out of nothing, find out how many things are *not* to be had for asking. 'No, ma'am, you can't have that because there is *not* such a thing,' is my general answer. Then my bonnet is put on, and we sally out into our park, find out new paths, come home, 'Letters and butcher,' and so there is business for the morning.

"*June* 20.—The last week has been very enjoyable. I have ridden every day, and Molly goes quite well, only fidgeting at setting out. However yesterday she gave us a fright. We went up the hill, higher than we had yet been, to a point where was a gallows erected. It was exceedingly windy, and in getting up the highest mound, such as the beacon at Alderley Edge, the pony was excited, either by the noise of the wind against my hat, or by its being so high; and if Augustus, who was at a little distance, had not *seen*—for I think he could scarcely have *heard* my cry of distress—and hastened to my aid, in another minute I should have been galloping away over those high downs as hard as the pony could go. My terror was momentary. Augustus led the animal down, the wind being too high for either of us to speak; but when we got under lee of the wind, and the pony was quiet again, the fervent way in

which he seized my hand—'God bless her!—God be praised!'—showed how he had been frightened. I don't suppose there would have been any danger for a bold rider, who would have given herself up to the speed; but I think I should have been too much frightened to stick on long. It was a splendid *map* view, and our way home through delicious lanes.

"He is going with me through the Greek Testament, reading two chapters each morning after breakfast and lecturing upon them, he reading the Greek, I the English; and he goes into it thoroughly. Sometimes he surprises me by, 'Now this is very difficult—I don't understand this one bit;' and so then we compare different passages, see what is the connection, what is alluded to, &c.—in short, it is a very interesting lecture."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*June* 27.—This place is quite what I have so often thought the first home ought to be, and what it so seldom is in reality. . . . . I delight in our Sundays; the relief it is to cast one's self upon Him who will be with us in joy as in sorrow, and upon whom we may repose with sure confidence those trembling feelings of joy, whose uncertainty is often felt, showing us the need of support even in rejoicing. I longed for you to have been here last Sunday to have heard my husband in the church. His preaching is so earnest, and brings the subject so home, that I cannot but feel all the time it must be doing good, and if his peculiar manner has the effect of rousing attention, it is certainly useful. Then he cordially unites with me in every plan of considering the good of our little household, and I look forward with still greater pleasure to all that we shall join in when we have our own parish. I can hardly tell which part of our day is the most enjoyable; but perhaps our

evening walk or ride is the most so. Do not you know the pleasure of hunting about in a library full of odd volumes and old editions of books, all mixed in strange confusion? We found yesterday an old 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with queer cuts and engravings, which was amusing to look over. He is reading Milton to me, and sometimes Wordsworth, and anything else called forth by the occasion. Then he enjoys a little song, and there is a very tolerable large pianoforte for me to play to him upon."

M. H. *to* C. S. (the same evening).

"Augustus and I were in the midst of our reading an hour ago, when a chaise drove up to the door, and in walked Mr. Sloper. His first words were, that Lady Jones was scarcely expected to live through the day, and Augustus would just have time by the return chaise to catch the coach. There was a note from Julius, begging him to come immediately. You may guess the hurry and agitation of the moment, the putting up his things, &c., and now, almost without my knowing it has been so, he is gone. Yesterday she was very ill indeed. There was a consultation of Brodie, Warren, &c. The latter thought very ill of her, and feared for to-day. Mrs. Warren* was with her till past eleven last night, thought once or twice she was gone. She rallied however a little, but Mr. Sloper seems to think she cannot get over this attack. I do hope Augustus may arrive in time to see her, and I feel quite rejoiced to have him off. How one regrets that she has not lived to benefit by the happiness she has given. I feel easier on this point now that I have seen her in London, and that he will feel

* Penelope Shipley, eldest daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph, married (1814) Dr. Pelham Warren, the eminent physician. Of a most unselfish and charming disposition, she was greatly beloved by all the family. She died in 1865.

she did know me. How thankful I am to be his wife—able to comfort him, and with the right to know and hear everything. We had no time for any words when he was leaving, except his reminding me of a dream he had about his aunt a week ago: that she puzzled him by saying she was going into the *Barn*, when he asked about her coming to Worting, and which he made out, still in his dream, by the text of the wheat being gathered into the garner; and he said to me at the time, 'Remember my telling you this.' I got a note from her, written some days ago, full of affection, and thanking me for knitting her some muffitees. . . . Dearest Augustus! how I shall feel now he is gone the increase of love in the last three weeks. We were saying yesterday how it seemed to grow every day, and how it was quite a grief to him to think of it; for it could not last, we had no right to be so much happier than other people. . . How naturally I fall to writing to you in any emergency that you may share with me every feeling."

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*South Audley Street, June* 27.—Augustus will probably have left you before this, and you will rejoice to hear he will have the comfort of finding my aunt considerably better. This morning she said she was a great deal better than yesterday. When I was reading some of the prayers for the sick, she asked, 'Is there not one for rendering thanks for an amendment of health?' Still, though the danger is averted for the present, I am afraid we must not indulge the hope, even if we ought to cherish the wish, of keeping her long amongst us. Her general weakness is so great, and seems rather increasing than diminishing, that her constitution, however naturally strong, will hardly be able to hold out much longer; and when her life is so much more thickly beset with suffering than with enjoyment, even those

who will grieve most at losing such an object to love and revere, ought hardly to desire that she should be detained from her heavenly reward.

"God bless you, and make you and Augustus the endless source of happiness to each other. He will probably soon need you to replace his best counsellor and friend, and he is fortunate in having already secured so good a substitute. I hope some time or other to be a witness of, and therefore a partaker in, your happiness.

"John Sloper has been as kind and attentive, and almost as one of her own nephews, to my aunt."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*South Audley Street, June* 28.—Though Julius wrote to relieve your anxiety yesterday, I presume the loving wife will send over to Newbury for the letter I promised by the night coach, and her messenger must not return empty-handed. Alas! though there is an improvement in my aunt, it can only be a question of weeks or days.

"At Newbury I heard the last coach had been gone half an hour. 'Horses immediately.' At twenty minutes after four I was driving up to the inn at Reading, having gone seventeen miles in an hour and a half. 'Is the last coach gone?' 'No,' said the landlord, 'it is changing horses at this minute.' 'Gallop on, driver!' He did, and we caught it before it started. There was an inside place, so in I got, and by nine P.M. was at home. You may conceive my joy when the servant who opened the door said, 'Her ladyship is much better.'

"*June* 29.—What a delightful note, dearest, did you send to greet my waking this morning, and make me feel less solitary and widowed, shall I say, or *more*. It is just so I would have wished my wife to write and think, years before I had one, and when the name was little more than an idea

to me. To find that idea realised in my own Mia, is a blessing a thousand times too great for me, did God measure out his bounty according to our deserts, and not rather pour it out of his exceeding bountifulness and loving-kindness.

"My aunt is slightly better. Her nurses have hitherto been my aunt Louisa and Penelope alternately. Dear, good, affectionate Penelope would never dream of feeling tired, or own that she was so, till she dropt; but drop she will if this attendance lasts much longer, and it may go on for weeks. Julius has formed a plot for you to come up and relieve her a little by sharing her duties. Alas! if my aunt had done two years ago what she has so nobly done for us this year, she would have had you now to comfort her. As it is, you are still so much of a stranger to her, that there is some fear of her not feeling sufficiently at ease with you in her infirmities. My belief is that three days would get over the difficulty, and make your presence a continual joy to her. I only mention this, that you may not be surprised if you receive a summons. You would come, of course, to a lodging; you would come to attend on a sick person; you would have to exercise much judgment and steadiness; but you would feel that you were of use to her who has united us, you would be sensible it is the only return in all probability you will be allowed to make her, and you would rejoice that at the sacrifice of some personal convenience you are permitted to minister a degree of satisfaction and ease to her last moments."

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*West Woodhay, June* 30.—What a joy to me have your letters been this morning. It is in such times as these that one feels the full delight of the perfect con-

fidence there is between us. I felt so sure of your understanding what my feeling would be about your aunt, that it was quite unnecessary to express it. I think if I came I might be of some little use, though less I fear than many, with equal goodwill, from my awkwardness and inexperience. But in this, as in everything else, do and order as seemeth you best; here I am, your devoted wife, whose highest happiness is to do what you think it right she should do.

"Do not be very vain when I tell you that there was a very large congregation on Sunday evening, great part of which was much disappointed at not hearing you preach—for which laudable purpose they had gone to church! So you see your sermon of the Sunday before gained other approbation besides that of your partial Mia.

"I need not tell you how much I miss you, nor tantalise you with thinking what a delicious walk we should have had yesterday evening after the rain ceased; but somehow or other Woodhay does not look so gay and cheerful as it did some few days ago, and I hear no laughing voices sounding in its passages."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*June* 30.—I am satisfied to have had our first month of enjoyment unsullied. That enjoyment has been so great as to make me only the more anxious to show my gratitude to her who has given it, and to gratify him by the full extent of whose tenderness and consideration I have benefited by so much. The separation of this week will reconcile me to being in any place with *him*, though the exchange of Woodhay delights for a lodging, with summer-days to be passed in a sick-room in London, is not exactly what one should choose. But there is no help, and I doubt not if it is to be, we shall find ample cause to rejoice in having done it.

"I thought this morning what a pleasure there is in the power of sending one's *one* servant off to the post just at the time he ought to be bringing in breakfast—submitting to the *indignity* of having the coffee brought by a maid rather than wait for the letters. No quantity of servants or money could make me feel more independent than the perfect command which marriage gives one over the few one has, and the complete choice left to one's self *which* inconveniences to choose. I have just regained strength and spirits enough to enter upon the new duties awaiting me, if so it is to be. How destined my life seems to be not to stagnate. I look forward to Alton as quite a haven of rest and peace. As much as anything I dread the jealousies there will be about my being with Lady Jones; however, I have nothing to do with that."

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*July* 1.—How I did want you yesterday to admire the most glorious sunset. Mr. Barker, or Burford, or whatever is the name, might have taken some good hints for his Pandemonium in that glowing sea of fire, with the streams issuing out of it, and the splendid battlements of clouds piled one above another closing it in. Even Mr. Sloper was obliged to stand still and admire it, in spite of the ominous appearance for the hay; and truly it has not deceived us, for to-day the heavens seem inclined to pour out their utmost fury upon us, and it will be well if you find anything remaining of Woodhay floating on the top of the waters when you return.

"Let me take advantage of Mr. Sloper's absence among his workpeople, to draw near to my Augustus and tell him how he lives in my thoughts. I can no longer cheat myself with the fancy that he is ensconced, book in hand, pretending to write letters of business in the library; nor flatter

myself with the idea that he is pacing the tapestry-room for exercise this rainy day. It seems to assume a very real air of separation now. . . . . ."

"*July* 2.—The account to-day is most disheartening. That our dear aunt may be spared further pain is now all that we can hope or pray for her in this world. Would that I had gone with you and could have shared the anxiety and attendance of those who have so devoted themselves to her last days, and to whom it will be a lasting satisfaction to feel that they have done so. But this could not be, and I only feel thankful that you have yourself been able to be with her to the last. I have had a very distressing thing to do this morning, in breaking to Ravenscroft (the cook) the sudden death of a sister to whom she was much attached. She was in sad affliction, and it went to my heart to cause so much grief; but there could not be a time when such a communication would be made with more sympathy than after receiving your sad letter, and feeling that ere this you probably are mourning the departure of one who has so long been an object of interest and anxiety. Dearest, how I wish to be with you it is needless to say. You are with those who feel as you do, you will have much to do, and you know that when the time comes, and everything is done that can be done, and you have paid the last tribute of respect and affection to her who has been so kind to you from childhood, you will find me to feel for you and with you, and who through life will seek to be your comforter and friend. I cannot tell you how glad I am that this has not happened before. As your wife I may share every feeling, and, as far as earthly comfort can go, contribute all I can to replace what you will lose."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*July* 2.—She is much weaker. All muscular power has ceased. When lying quite back in her chair she seems

easiest. The fire is going out for want of fuel. The pulse proves the vitality which still remains, but the machine is worn out. Penelope still insists on sitting up every night. There is an occasional cheerfulness in my aunt's manner, and a constant thought and care about others, which are the best practical Christianity, and worth all the sermons in the world.

"*July* 3.—'Much the same, but feebler, and, if possible, thinner,' is Dr. Warren's report to-day. Her senses are growing dimmer. Last night, for the first time, she did not make me out. This morning she did not know Julius, and Penelope doubted if she knows anybody. The greatest comfort is that she is calm and quiet, and apparently suffers little. She often smiles; and her talk, as far as I have heard it, though wandering, is on agreeable subjects.

"*July* 6.—My black seal and paper will have announced to you that all is over. She was called from us at ten minutes after nine this morning. Nothing could be easier than her departure. She literally expired, or breathed away her soul, without a struggle or a groan. Shall we envy or grudge her the reward of her years on years of active munificence?"

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*West Woodhay, July* 8.—My own dearest Augustus, you know how I feel with you—how every thought and feeling goes along with you—in recurring to the many years of kindness and affection which must come before you, in feeling that she to whom you have so long looked for assistance and guidance, who has been an object of such long anxiety and interest, is indeed gone. How grateful I am that I have seen her, and to have the impression which none but personal evidence can give of what she was, and still more grateful am I to have the power now of sharing

your grief and seeking to fill up the chasm her loss must have made to you. . . . ."

Very little doubt had been entertained before the death of Lady Jones as to the contents of her will. To Mr. Sloper, to Dr. Warren, and to other friends, she had frequently spoken of it; and all her relations believed that she had left her property at Worting to Mrs. Warren (Penelope Shipley), her house in South Audley Street to Francis Hare, a legacy to Julius, and the residue of her property, with her library, pictures, and furniture, to Augustus, whom she had always regarded as her adopted son. After her death, however, the rightful will was never found, and it was supposed that she had destroyed it when her mind was enfeebled by her last illness, mistaking it for the old will, which was found, and which was inscribed—"To be burnt." To all the three brothers this was a great distress as well as a serious loss.

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*July* 7 1829, *South Audley Street.*—Dearest, dearest Mia. How providential our marriage took place when it did! Had it been delayed another month, it might not have taken place for years. My aunt, the most methodical of women, and possessing an amount of clear understanding which would have done credit to the best men of business, she, with all her minuteness of detail, has left two wills in the same envelope, and in such a state that it seems clear the second is good for nothing, and the chief question is, whether it invalidates the first. If it does, she has died intestate; if it does not, her money goes almost entirely (for the greater part of it will certainly go) to the last pos-

sible persons in the world she would have wished. And as for Worting, it is not even named; though she had promised it to Dr. Warren, and, it is quite clear, meant to give it him.

"The last will, which has the signature obliterated, and 'this to be burnt' written at the bottom, is dated as far back as 1821. The other is a will of 1809, when my sister was alive, and is chiefly in her favour. . . . . However, thank God! her life was spared long enough to carry into partial effect her kind and generous intentions in my behalf.

"*July* 8.—Old Lewis, the Worting bailiff, has written, 'No doubt our loss is her ladyship's gain, and her dear soul is at rest.' His letter is perfect in its way, from its serio-comic mixture of genuine feeling with scraps of book and sermon phrases. He talks of 'How much she will be missed by the poor of Worting, and regretted by all.' She will be missed, indeed, unless the search to-morrow at Worting after a will is successful, and produces some inheritor of her kind-heartedness as well as of her land. I have myself not a doubt that it will produce it. The more Julius and I have compared our thoughts on the matter, the more certain we are that my aunt has not by negligence, in the most important arrangement of her life, contradicted sixty years, or more, of methodical and provident activity.

"*July* 9.—Doubtless there is another, and of course a perfect will. So many circumstances on inquiry have come out, all pointing the same way, that the fact appears to me as certain as anything can be, which rests only on probabilities and presumptions. It was made about last Michaelmas, and it cannot have been destroyed since. Mislaid it may have been; but sooner or later it will be found. Perhaps it is so now, or at least it will be, ere I finish my letter, for Francis, Julius, Mr. Seton (our good lawyer), and Charles Shipley, set out in a britska this morning at seven, for Worting; and, allowing them six hours

for their journey, they are at this moment searching for it. They return to-night, but it will be late before they can get back. It is for the sake of justice, and of seeing my dear aunt's intentions (whatever they may be) carried into full effect—it is that those who have equitable claims on her, and that the poor, may not be deprived of what she destined for them, and not from any personal interests of my own, that I am anxious to have her will produced.

"*July* 10.—You will grieve to hear that our expectations have been sadly disappointed. Worting has produced nothing. That a will was made at the time she obliterated the signature from the will of 1821, and that she believed it, or some subsequent one, to be in existence, is quite certain, from fifty speeches during the last two months. Whether it has been destroyed by accident, or laid by too securely to be found, I know not. It is not forthcoming, and perhaps never may be; but to Julius and me, and indeed to all who love *her*, and not her property, it is a great consolation that this inconvenience, grievous and manifold as it is, is not aggravated by a conviction—no, nor even by a suspicion—that she was procrastinating or neglectful about her last and most important worldly act. In the meantime a suit—an amicable suit, for so I find they call those suits which provoke more ill-blood than any other—must be instituted in Doctors' Commons; and if the second will is not quashed there, the interpretations of the last clause carries us, still amicably—it is wonderful how amicable people are when their dirty interests are engaged—into the very pleasant Court of Chancery God show us the way out of all such evils!"

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*July* 12.—I wish you could know that at this moment I have got him back. Mr. Sloper being too ill to return yesterday for his duty to-day, Augustus was obliged to put

aside his scruples about leaving the house in South Audley Street, and come in his place, and you may imagine what a meeting we had about eight o'clock last night. If he had been dead and risen to life again, I could scarcely have felt more in having him again. He looks most wretchedly, so thin and care-worn, and has been made quite ill. He consulted Dr. Warren, who said, 'You have come from the extreme of happiness to the extreme of misery, and the revulsion has been too great. Go home to your wife, and she and quiet will be better than all the medicines in the world.' It seems quite clear that there must have been a subsequent will, even if she destroyed it by mistake. Francis seems to have behaved very well. In giving directions the first day after her death, he burst into an agony of tears, and could not go on. When the will leaving a thousand pounds to him was read, he proposed at once its being divided between Julius and Marcus. In case neither of the wills are good for anything, the property would be equally divided amongst the brother and sisters' children—giving thus one share to the Dean's children, one to Mrs. Hare's children, one to Mrs. C. L. Shipley, and one to Mrs. Sloper's only child, Mrs. Charles Warren, so of course the Hares' proportion for each would be small. Lady Jones leaves £3,000 in one of the wills to charities. It is very puzzling, very annoying, and likely to be a long source of discussion. Everything else found is order and method itself—letters all ticketed in packets, 'For Augustus and Julius to read, and afterwards to be burnt,' and the same to others. All accounts are paid up to Easter. Augustus heard her mutter to herself, 'All my worldly affairs are settled, servants and all.' A few days before her death she dictated as clearly as possible a beautiful letter to Lord Spencer. A year ago he had asked for Sir J. Reynolds's portrait of Sir W. Jones, evidently wishing to complete his collection. She was affronted, and re

fused. This letter was to tell him she had reconsidered his request, thought Sir W. J. would have wished him to have it, and begged his acceptance of it; that she had now but a few days, perhaps hours, to live, and could not be satisfied without employing her nephew Julius, as she was too ill, to write; spoke of the mortification she had felt in his doing nothing to promote Marcus, which she had so much at heart; but as worldly things had become of less import, the pain she had felt on this account had diminished, and she heartily forgave it to him, and hoped he would equally forgive any hasty word she might have used in speaking on the subject; that she had now great pleasure in complying with his request, and had always retained the sincerest affection for him. She begged it might be sealed with black, and sent when she was gone, and she then seemed satisfied that everything was done. The brothers give Mrs. Pelham Warren a diamond ring with Lady Jones's hair in gratitude for her attentions. Augustus says Julius cried himself into a fever on the day of the death."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*July* 17.—John Sloper will tell my dearest Mia all the particulars about the funeral—how Julius read the service over her, slowly, distinctly, and with a voice that scarcely faltered; how, after it was over, the brothers walked down with Charles Shipley to the church to fix on a place for her monument; how liberally and with what disinterestedness Charles has behaved in the scheme he has drawn up for a compromise; and all other how's which you would have a painful interest in hearing."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*West Woodhay, July* 19.—I think I wrote on Thursday night after Penrhyn went. Friday was a thorough wet day

again. I had my fire, and wrote out a long extract from Blackstone about New College and Winchester, Founder's kin, &c., as I was ordered, and was thinking how comfortable one could always be when left quite alone, when in walked Mr. Sloper. However, he brought me a letter from Augustus, and the latest news about the funeral, &c. Julius read the service. Nobody attended but the servants, the three brothers, Charles Shipley, Mr. Seton, and himself. The only news about the will is that they have found some money in the French funds, making her property amount to above £60,000. They say Mrs. C. Warren is sure to do what is right and handsome, and Mr. Sloper is very anxious she should, as she is his cousin. Then Shipley Conwy, who is heir-at-law to Worting,* has written in the handsomest manner to Dr. Warren, saying that his aunt did not intend him to have it, and as she had declared her wish that he should have it, he shall certainly make it over to Dr. Warren—a fine thing to do, as £7,000 might have been too great a temptation to give up at twenty-two. She intended to have founded two scholarships out of Worting, which I believe Dr. Warren will do, and he has some land in Wales, which he will probably give to Shipley Conwy—near St. Asaph—so it will be a system of giving up and giving. I find the envelope to all the papers was evidently *new*, and not written above a year ago. This seems to me decisive that the new will was put into the same cover, and that it has been wrongly destroyed. To be sure it is provoking!

"You may guess how impatient I am to hear about Alton-Barnes. When once settled, I think I shall be so happy I shall not know what to do. There is something so enlivening in having real things to do, and I shall be so busy in making my garden and everything nice. I

* His father, William Shipley was eldest son of the Dean of St. Asaph.

begin to feel a little more naturalised, and less as in a dream.

"*July* 26, 1829.—I am glad you feel the comfort of my details, and that you find in this I am not as *yet* changed; indeed, I know not how it could be otherwise, and with one who has so long shared every thought and interest. I feel as if I could hardly—separated as we are likely to be—tell enough of all I feel to make up for the want of personal observations and intercourse. I regret so often that it will be so long before you see us as *we are*. . . . . He has been very busy composing his letter to the Bishop of Winchester about the evils of Founder's kin, which plague him much, and he walks up and down the great saloon up-stairs half the day. I do not know what he is to do at Alton with rooms too small for any quarter-deck—here he has been so spoilt by having such great space for his pacings. Then on Friday came a notice to Mr. Sloper of a confirmation whilst he is away, so Augustus will have to prepare the people for it. He is certainly very queer about his writing; whilst he takes such time often to write a letter, at other times he is equally rapid. Yesterday before service he was about ten minutes writing a sheet-full upon confirmation, which after his sermon he brought out, with the bishop's letter, and I dare say surprised the people not a little, telling them how, a stranger amongst them, he was unable to do all he would otherwise wish to do in inquiring into the state of their families, &c., but exhorted them to attend to this notice, and that he was ready on his part to do everything to help them to a right understanding of this part of their duty; that he should fix a time when he knew who were willing to come—such a time as might suit not *his* convenience but *theirs*, to whom time was more valuable; and then he brought forward every objection they could make to being confirmed, and asked what Christ would say on being told it was too much trouble!

"Yesterday I had my mind enlightened upon the origin of Augustus's interest in and fancy for military tactics and politics—of all the youthful dreams he had, all kept to himself, and nourished up—the long vision of delivering his country, as he then considered Italy, from the Austrian yoke. His account of his early habits of thought quite accounts for any originality of ideas—always making a point of not reading the *opinions* of others, finding out the *facts*, and working them out in his own mind.

"I am amused to think how little most women would have suited him, and how exactly I do. His love for ruminating by himself, to anybody without resources of their own, would be so dull, and he would not like that eternal interruption which many wives would give; then their being fussy about trifles, talking about their neighbours' concerns, vagueness, and the *very least* regard to appearances or show, would annoy him so much; and yet, without liking a wife to be troublesome in fondness, he would ill have borne with the slightest coldness; so that, without vanity, I certainly am more adapted to his *wants* than most could have been. Perhaps I might equally say of myself that, indulged as I have always been, I should have borne ill any person of more irritable nature, and less tender and considerate. Putting aside all other considerations, I never saw anybody so easy to live with, by whom the daily petty things of life were passed over so lightly; and then there is a charm in the *refinement* of feeling, which is not to be told in its influence upon trifles.

"*July* 27.—A new parcel of books has just arrived, and Augustus having seized upon one, I have no chance of a word for some time, and so you shall hear all what you are wishing to know about his expedition. At Salisbury he went through all the forms of institution with the bishop. Saturday, with difficulty, he found his way by cross-roads to

Alton-Barnes, put his hand upon the church key, rang the bell three times, and on Sunday went through the morning service with all the Articles and other necessary declarations—the evening service, prayers, and sermon; which latter, not being prepared, he was obliged to borrow a sermon, and says it was the worst he ever read. This all done, he was duly inducted rector of Alton-Barnes. And now for the house. It has steps up to the door, a wide passage, good staircase, dining-room on one side, study on the other; upstairs drawing-room, three bedrooms and dressing-closet, five good attics, fit for single gentlemen. The rooms low, small, confined. The first thing to be done to cut away a clump of trees just before the windows, excluding all air from the lower rooms. Church a couple of hundred yards off; and a second church close by, belonging to Alton-Priors, a parish of which we shall have the principal charge probably, as the clergyman lives four miles off, and there is only service once in three weeks. Augustus looks for comfort to the high downs on each side of us. I think my eagerness to get to our own house and the readiness to leave Woodhay has much abated since I have anticipated the exchange from this large room, large windows opening on so fine a lawn, to the little confined limits of a low room, small windows, a chalk road, and a barrier of trees, and I look at our fine expanse here with infinitely more admiration in thinking how short will be our enjoyment of such luxury. Then Woodhay now, with the return of fine weather, of Augustus, &c., has returned to its first charm, and we shall have a second honeymoon in comfort."

"*August* 2.—Augustus is so shocked at the ignorance of the people here who have come to him about confirmation, that he is set down to write a sermon for them this evening. I therefore will sit down to instruct you, not about confirmation, but about Alton-Barnes.

"To be sure, Woodhay does seem a paradise on returning, and the fine space and breathing-room is so enjoyable! But comparisons are odious, and we will forget Woodhay, whilst I tell you of our home that is to be. A delightful day we had on Friday. The drive through Marlborough Chase—Lord Ailesbury's—was exquisite. We stopped at Marlborough about three-quarters of an hour looking at household furniture to be sold, and we found little enough to wish for. About two o'clock, after a beautiful drive through the vale of Pewsey, we arrived at Alton. Could we have stopped three miles on this side, we should have been in the prettiest, most delightful country I ever saw; but we are just a little too far, getting too much upon the barren chalk downs. Alton itself is quite an oasis in the desert—a *hamlet*, with much wood and green meadows, all shut in to a small compass, backed on every side by the green hills, which are more broken and better formed than those here, and in a drawing I dare say would give the effect of being in a fine mountainous country! It was much prettier than I expected, and the approach to the Rectory agreeably surprised me. It is red brick, it is true, and the door is in the middle, with little windows on each side, but then it has the tint of old age; the front is nearly covered with clematis and jessamine, and the little green sloping terrace and shrubs and trees round it, though rather confined, give a look of quiet and retirement. The inside was much what I expected, very comfortable as to the *number* of rooms, but the size being fourteen and fifteen feet square, and low, seemed very confined after our spacious quarters here; and then, as we dined eleven, we saw them to the greatest disadvantage. The study, which has shelves all round and cupboards below, looked the best; the others scantily furnished and wretched; yet I could not help thinking how much we should have to do to make them

even as full as they are now. . . . . Miss Crowe took me all over the house and offices. She was, I suppose, a little shy, and I felt exceedingly the awkwardness of the situation, coming to turn out these people who had lived there eighteen years, and were much attached to the place; so that, further than *seeing* went, I made little progress, and I felt quite in despair how to set about anything further. After dinner we went out to the church, which is the smallest place you ever saw, with about half a dozen pews. A farmhouse close to it, with the prettiest possible flower-garden, excited my envy. I was introduced to the lady of it and her daughters, who are of quite a higher order than our farmers in the north. Alton Priors is quite close, and the church, which I wish was ours, has a fine old tower and magnificent yew-tree. I settled my first sketch at once. Altogether it is certainly very pretty. The worst part is the roads, being chalky, and in winter they say it is like walking through so much mortar, no stirring without pattens—old Stoke lanes must have been excellent in comparison. Next morning we got on much better. Miss Crowe began to find out my ignorance, and to offer her advice; and with much kindness set to work helping me to take dimensions for curtains, carpets, &c. She was, I am sure, much amused by my ignorance, and Augustus's perfect helplessness, and I believe she pitied me greatly in having no assistance from him, but 'settle it just as you please.'

"I feel no doubt we shall get very fond of the place, and that Augustus will be heartily sorry to exchange it for Hurstmonceaux. The barrenness of the downs gives our little hamlet quite the appearance of an oasis in a desert, and there is something especially appropriate to the character of a pastor and his flock in the having them all so immediately under his own eye. I am very happy in seeing, by the experience here, how much Augustus makes himself beloved

by the poor people, and how much they like his plain and homely style of teaching them.

"*August* 6.—Augustus says, 'Now you will write to K.,' all the people being gone, and as it is a pity not to fulfil his expectation, I will so *enjoy* myself. Of course Mrs. Hare-Naylor's dreaded visit has not been so alarming as my expectation. She came just before dinner on Monday, with our two half-brothers, Gustavus and Reginald, and our half-sister Georgiana. . . . . David could not have waited upon us all, so Mary came in to assist him, which she did with the same good sense and good humour with which she does everything. Everything seemed to go on with so little trouble, I wondered how people with tolerable servants can contrive so much fuss. One day, to be sure, Augustus said there was not dinner enough, and another day too much; but I told Mrs. H. N. she must in her mind unite the whole, and it would amount to a right proportion of feeding during the three days; and she laughed heartily, and I dare say forgave the inequality.

"Did I tell you of the good sermon Augustus got up to preach on Sunday evening, written in three hours. In such sort of *talking* sermons he will never have any difficulty. He had a hard day's work—the men and women in the morning to be questioned, and in the evening, after dinner, the farmers' sons. One man of fifty wished to be confirmed. 'Do you know who Jesus Christ is?' 'Why, please your Honour, I canna' rightly say.' But of the seventy people in the parish, twenty-seven are to be confirmed. Yesterday was a charming day. Uncle Hugh Leycester came just as we were going to breakfast. He was very much affected on seeing me, and some time before he could recover himself, and I thought he looked ill. He was much interested in seeing the place, and he looked so pleased to see me so happy, and cried a good deal when he went away.

"As Mr. Sloper's hay was spoiling for want of hands, Augustus set us all to work yesterday to turn it, setting the example himself.

"*August* 26.—Having shut out these stormy winds, beating with the fury of December against the windows, made up my fire, and got candles, I will employ my solitary evening in writing to you. Augustus is gone with Mr. Sloper to dine at Lord Carnarvon's at Highclere; for yesterday, as Augustus and I had been riding in the park there, just as we were going out of it, we met Lord Porchester, who expressed much surprise at seeing him, and much regret at not having known before of his being in the neighbourhood, as well as of his being about to leave Highclere himself. So this morning there came a servant over with a note, begging Augustus would excuse the short notice and dine there to-day. As nothing was said about me, I did not suppose myself invited, but advised him to accept so kind an invitation. Highclere is a most beautiful place. The woods there, though on a larger scale and wilder, reminded me of the Alderley beech-wood, and were not less admired on that account. The day before we rode to Lord Craven's, Hampstead, which is on a smaller scale, but extremely wild and pretty. You may think how I enjoy these rides, and seeing something of this country. My steed is the pleasantest I ever mounted, having all the free-going and spirit of a hunter, and the steadiness which gives perfect confidence As for Augustus, he trots along upon Molly, and keeps me in a fright, when she is in one of her fidgets, with the additional anxiety, that when he gets annoyed with her, he does not choose to be conquered, and so sets off, leaving me to my fate, while he finishes the battle in a ploughed field. I think at our neighbour Mr. Butler's they must be much amused by him—finding a volume of Clarendon or of Parliamentary Statutes the minute he gets into the room, and

without another word sitting down in a corner, and not speaking till dinner. I am sure I am invaluable to him in saying all the proper things and laughing at his ways. We dined there on Saturday, and he got up at five on Sunday to write his sermon. He has now got through four of the confirmation series, and will end next Sunday. The last was on the Atonement, and taken partly from Erskine's Internal Evidences. He talks to the people about the star that shines so brightly over Woodhay Hill, about what the house at Highclere is built of, about the crown in the Tower of London, with various other illustrations, amusing enough I dare say to them. He finds greater facility both in writing his sermons and in catechising than at first, and will certainly take a great interest in it.

"*The Cedars, East Sheen, September* 2.—Here I am once again, and very strange and odd I feel being here in a new capacity. We arrived yesterday about four P.M., and found them all standing at the door to receive us. We have parted from West Woodhay quite as our home, and have now done with it as *our* house, and shall never be there again in the same way. It is the close, too, of a happy era —the first three months—which we both regret; and, coming away to other people, it seems becoming like them, and getting accustomed to separation.

"*September* 12.—We have been several days in New Street for our shopping, and I certainly did feel in its full extent the comfort of such an associate as Augustus in such a business—the perfect temper, readiness to assist, and the perfect liberty which it gave one. I believe we were far more independent having no horses to consider, walking where we pleased, and then stepping into a cab or chaise; and so we set out about ten, and never returned to New Street till five or six, stopping to eat when we felt disposed. In a shop in Wardour Street Augustus bought a study

chair, of old carved oak, with a crimson cushion, and he flatters himself that his reverence seated in that will be much respected; and I ordered a book table according to my own fancy, having two shelves above, a bureau part, and shelves below, with a cupboard at each end. These have been our only extravagances.

"*West Woodhay, September* 21.—We took Worting on our way back here, getting there by two o'clock. It is an ugly country of enclosed downs, but of course was full of interest. We stopped at the inn at Worting to order some dinner, drove up to the house, about two hundred yards up a lane—a pretty wooded village, with three or four good houses in it. It was a less formal and much prettier place than I expected, even as it looked on such a wet day. Mrs. Butcher, Lady Jones's faithful maid, was there to receive us, having been ordered there to attend to the valuation of everything, and very sad she looked. Augustus took me all over the old places, and—'Here she used to sit—this was her arm-chair—this her sofa—and so I used to move it for her,' &c.—with many little details. Down-stairs is a dining-room, little study, and breakfast-room; up-stairs a drawing-room, with three windows and books all round, very like the room at Penrhos, and just fitted up in that sort of style, very comfortable without being fine. A fine gleam came luckily to enable us to go out, and I went all over the gravel walks with Augustus, and very pretty they are—nice beech avenues making a round of about three-quarters of a mile. We saw old Lewis the bailiff, and Susan our future dairy-maid. Augustus picked out all books belonging to himself, a few pamphlets out of one drawer and a few out of another, put aside out of the china what belonged to them as children, &c., for Mrs. Butcher to keep apart. She, poor thing, seemed sadly distressed at what to do, nobody to say what should be done or not—so troubled

that Augustus would not dine there. There was the sketch hung up of Augustus and his wet-nurse. I should like to have that. I longed to have stayed longer looking over all the old places. It looked as if Lady Jones had just left it, and I am very glad to have seen it in the old original state. The books would make a very nice addition to our library, a great many modern and some good standard books. After dining at the inn, we set out in pouring rain, going three miles out of our way to Overton to see old Sally Penton. The poor old woman wept bitterly on seeing us; said she could not get over her loss as she ought; so delighted to see me; and sate all the time with both my hands in hers, kissing me, and saying, whenever Augustus went to talk to the granddaughter, what a dear good man Augustus was, and how everybody loved him, and wished he could have had Worting, and of all he used to say and do, and talked about how lucky we were married first, just as you would do. She is just such a little withered acute old woman as Lady Jones was herself, eighty-four, but would hobble down to the door to see us go away, and never did visit I believe give more pleasure. We took her two bottles of wine and a chicken, and Augustus gave the granddaughter £10 towards the payment of the pension, which unluckily Lady Jones had forgotten to pay before leaving Worting. All this was delightful. We had then about eighteen miles on here. Before we reached Highclere, the daylight was gone; one of our lamps was broken, so we could only light one. The post-boy could not find his way in these most intricate cross-roads; and, after driving into a farmyard or two, having to ask our way, &c., we at last took a guide, who, perched on the boot, directed the turns, and sometimes helped to turn the wheels when the horses refused to draw up some of the steep hills, as they did two or three times, being completely knocked up. Anything so bad or so

dark, or so doubtful if we should ever get home, I never felt. We began to debate about sending for Mr. Sloper's cart-horses to drag us on. However, at last, by stopping every hundred yards to rest, we got here at ten o'clock, having been five hours coming from Worting.

"Woodhay looked its old self in yesterday's sunshine, and I enjoyed it exceedingly, and love it so for our first days of happiness. It seems strange not being master and mistress, and *we* think it was regulated better in our reign. To-morrow forty people or more come to a bow-meeting, and Mr. Sloper having given no positive orders about the dinner or anything, makes a confusion which nothing but good temper can regulate. Of these forty I know two, and shall have to do the honours to all!"

"*Sept.* 16.—Mr. Sloper went out hunting on Monday, and gave no definite orders to the last. Augustus and I laid our heads together to arrange the dinner, measure the table, and set in some sort of order the profusion of game which filled the larder, and some of the party actually arrived on Tuesday whilst I was writing out the bill of fare. It was awkward enough for me, having to receive people I never saw in my life; however, Mr. Sloper returned, and about one o'clock thirty-six people were assembled. The day was fair and fine. The lawn, mown as smooth as that at Sheen, with the meadows and hill beyond, was just made for such a purpose, and certainly wanted nothing but a little sunshine to make it a beautiful scene. Luncheon was laid at two o'clock, and the shooters came in by turns. Six ladies and about fourteen gentlemen shot. Of the former, a sulky-looking girl, who had the good wishes of none of the party, carried everything before her, and succeeded in winning the prize, a very pretty butterfly brooch. I had little to do but look on, and every now and then Augustus and I escaped to rest ourselves and moralise on the wearisomeness

of pleasure. I got dressed early, and then, by showing the people to their different rooms, getting their respective things carried up, and assisting at the toilettes of two or three, made amends for any inattention in the morning, for my conscience rather reproached me for skulking away. It was half-past seven before we got to dinner in the hall; really, considering all things, it was wonderfully well arranged, and very little confusion. I begged off sitting at the top of the table, and sat by Mr. Sloper. After dinner were speeches and toasts and the presenting of the prize; then I bowed to the lady nearest me and we came out. Whilst they had their tea and coffee I stole out to superintend the lighting of the ball-room. The saloon up-stairs was capital for this purpose, and altogether the number and size of the rooms just suited such a party. About ten we began dancing, and I really found myself dancing away with all the gaiety, I was going to say, of fifteen; but no—at fifteen I never danced with half the spirit. You cannot think what request I was in as a partner. Mr. Tom Smith, the keeper of the foxhounds in this county, begged Augustus would present him to me, it must be such a treat to dance with anybody who enjoyed it so much. Accordingly, I found him as much up to it, and we flourished away just as you and R. L. used to do. He was quite a better sort of foxhunter, said he liked everything he did only too well, and evidently could find resource in everything he undertakes. You may guess how thoroughly Augustus was bored. If was nearly three o'clock before we went to supper, and four before the house was cleared and we went to bed, and I never was more dead tired. However, everybody seemed pleased. The supper was very pretty, and there was much marvel how Mr. Sloper could have managed it so well. I have no doubt I got infinitely more credit than I had any right to, for I really don't know how it was

all done It was rather amusing likening the different people to those one knows ; they are exactly the sort of class described in ' Emma.'

" Francis Hare is just arrived. What an odd man he is. He walked in just as if he had been in the house two months, talked in the same tone, and has a sort of nonchalance which is very curious. Yet when he rouses himself up, he comes out with something odd and humorous, and has sense enough about common things.

" *Sept.* 30.—Yesterday Augustus had a cold, and, besides, thought that a thirty-mile ride would be further than either he or his pony would approve of, so Mr. Sloper drove me to Alton in his gig, and I was charged with full powers of decision about everything to be settled. We set off about eight, taking David on the pony as our pioneer through the bad roads. It was a lovely day, and I certainly seemed doomed to see the most favourable side of Alton. We got there soon after eleven, and found a pretty state of confusion—a waggon at the door carrying off chairs and tables, and the entrance blocked up by our goods coming in. There, at the door, lay the great case from Clementi, the least necessary part of the furniture being the first to arrive. Mr. and Miss Crowe soon made their appearance from their packing operations, and certainly dressed to suit their work. I was amused by Miss C. instantly setting to business, and with scarcely the preamble of ' How do you do ' showing me the various tin-pans, &c., she had bought. The house was entirely cleared of furniture, men were whitewashing, and women scouring, so that you may fancy the state it was in, showing off all deficiencies in the walls and papers to the utmost. The rooms looked of course larger, and they were beautifully clean. The red American creeper and clematis covering the front of the house, and the old stone over the doorway and windows, made it look suffi-

ciently picturesque, and anything of hills for the varieties of light to fall upon is always an advantage to a place. I engaged a man to work in the garden for eight shillings a-week, milk our cows, clean the pony, and feed the pigs! Mr. Sloper sends his waggon with our goods the end of next week, with cow and pig, and on Tuesday the 13th I suppose we shall transport ourselves and our household. All the new things looked nice, and there certainly is a pleasure in beginning from the very beginning, knowing exactly every individual thing in the house.

"Francis was in better spirits on Sunday. He *went off* upon statues, and antiquities, and Italian traditions, and was very entertaining all the evening, and had some good stories about the Speaker and the etiquettes of Parliament, &c. He met Sydney Smith in the coach, who said if he was to appoint he would make Augustus warden of Winchester. I am glad he has *not* the power."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Dec.* 19.—Certainly your present condition is full of *wholesome* interest and occupation, and, except loving Augustus too much, I don't see any wrong paths before you, and I cannot but admire how entirely you have laid aside all thought and trouble about the will and its decision.

"Nothing can be more wholesome, more comfortable, more satisfying, than the account you give of your studies and life. I perfectly agree with you in wishing to have no interruption from the trash of book-clubs. It would be well if we had all of us a literary Jephson to put us on a restricted diet of solid food. How I should like to assist—no, not assist, but listen invisible to your colloquies; but I expect, by the time we meet again, you will be so drawn out, that I shall be the comparatively silent one.

"On Wednesday, when we were at Lathom, came an express from Knowsley, saying there was to be a railroad exhibition that day near Prescot, and the Liverpool tunnel lighted up for Lords Harrowby and Sandon next day. So we got off as soon as we could, and drove straight to the railroad at Prescot, and there found Charlotte and Penrhyn, and the wonderful locomotive engine flying past. To *us*, who have no turn for these things, and therefore cannot or do not realise any description, the seeing them comes with such novelty and force, and brings such a train of new thoughts—this thing, which is to convey carriages, people, goods, everything, from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles *in an hour*, ruining half the warehouses at Liverpool by making Manchester into a *seaport* town, the goods landed at the docks at Liverpool being henceforth transported at once into the warehouses at Manchester in as short a time as they now take in being carried from the lower to the upper part of the town. The effect of the velocity is that when you stand on the railroad and watch the machine coming, it seems not to *approach*, but to expand into size and distinctness like the image in a phantasmagoria. They would not take any car for passengers that day as it was a newly constructed engine, and they were only trying; but it gave one a *sensation* seeing it whiz past. The next day, at ten o'clock, Penrhyn, Edward, Mr. Stanley, and I, set off in the Derby coach and four for the tunnel, which is at the end of the aforesaid railroad—an excavated vault of a mile and a quarter under the town of Liverpool, coming out at the docks. Lord Harrowby and Lord Sandon were just arrived, with Adam Hodgson, one of the directors of the said tunnel, Scoresby of the Arctic Regions, James Hornby—altogether about twenty of us. We went first to see the carriages in preparation for the railroad. I had no idea it was all in such a state of forwardness. They

are like the omnibus, a coach with a chariot at each end, some fit for twenty, some for thirty passengers; also cradles for pigs, cattle, and goods; and *platforms* with railroad wheels, upon which you may drive your carriage and horses as into a steamboat, stand still, and be transplanted as upon the fairy carpet for thirty miles *while* your horses are baiting, ready to drive off and take you on, and making a ferry of it! They are now thinking of continuing the tunnel under the Mersey, so as to supersede the real ferry altogether to Seacumbe. This seen, we got into a kind of German post-waggon—all twenty—a horse cantered with us up the little tunnel as they call it, and then was taken off, and we were launched into the great tunnel, a vaulted passage lighted with lamps suspended from the centre; a slight push sent us off, and away we started at the rate of thirty miles an hour, our speed increasing as we went on, perceptible only from the strong current of air, and the passing the lamps so rapidly. I never felt so strange, so much in a state of magic, of enchantment, as if surrounded by new powers and capabilities. In less than three minutes from having entered the tunnel in the country, we came out on the other side of Liverpool at the docks. The first effect of daylight was beautiful, and of finding ourselves we did not know where, after the rapid motion, bewildering. We got into our coach again grumbling at Macadam roads, and the Derby pace of ten miles an hour—Edward lamenting his hard fate at being fifty years old at the beginning of such things, Mr. Stanley amusing in his speculations as to the effect of these things in various directions. I tell you all this because you in the South must be in a state of comparative behindness and darkness, and you will hardly believe, as I did not, what is doing till I had seen it. I dare say Augustus will like to know it all. Alas! at this moment you have not him to turn to—not that I pity

you one bit. I do enjoy complete solitude and freedom so much myself, that, though you have a great privation to set against it, I am sure you have a sister feeling about it."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Oct.* 1829.—You must have one more letter from Woodhay. At this moment the waggon is loaded with our twenty-seven boxes, and is to start early to-morrow, and Mary goes off by coach to get to Alton a day before us. She has taken all the trouble, thought of everything, and is quite what E. S. would call a *brave femme*—her spirits rise with the occasion.

"I shall feel as if we were married again, or rather that we really belong to each other, when we are in our own house. Good-bye, dearest K., I wish you could see how very happy I am. That 2nd of June was a blessed day!"

VII.

HOME PORTRAITURE.

"Nature has perfections, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is only His image."—PASCAL.

THE New College living of Alton-Barnes which Augustus Hare had accepted was perhaps the most primitive village in Wiltshire. Completely isolated in the great treeless plain of corn which occupies the Vale of Pewsey, its few whitewashed mud cottages, their roofs thatched with straw and sheltered by large elm-trees, are grouped around an oasis of two or three green meadows, in one of which stands the tiny towerless church of Alton-Barnes, or more properly Alton-Berners, from St. Bernard; and in the field adjoining the more imposing but still very small church of Alton-Priors, which derives its name from a small monastic institution, of which no relics exist, except the brass of a nun in its pavement, and the name of "The Priory" by which a rather better class of cottage close by is dignified.

An antiquarian might find much to interest him in the peculiarities of the surrounding country. The extreme openness of the Wiltshire down district causes the ancient

Saxon landmarks to be more visible than in any other county in England. For instance, in the parish of Stanton, which adjoins Alton, *all* the boundaries mentioned in Domesday Book are still visible; such as, an immense thorn-tree of absolutely immemorial age, on the exact spot where "Anna's Thorn" is mentioned; Anna's Crumble, a crumble being a small round pool for beasts to drink out of; and Anna's Well — all these names referring to the saint under whose protection the village was placed. It is interesting, in reference to these ancient boundaries, to read the charter which mentions them to any old shepherd, and tell him to stop you if he hears any name he knows; and this is the best means of verifying them.

The name Alton is Saxon—Ea-wal-ton, "the place of beautiful springs," corrupted to Awltoun, hence to Alton. The place is spelt Awltoun in Domesday Book. There are still five springs in Alton-Priors; one of them is still called Bradwell, by which name it is mentioned in Domesday Book. The exceeding antiquity of the little church of Alton-Barnes is attested by its flat buttresses, refuting the village tradition that the church was removed to its present site from Shaw, a farm high up on the side of the downs. That which was removed from Shaw, where a chapel certainly existed, was probably the windows of the church, which are of much later date than the rest of the building.

The absolute isolation of the place, without any gentleman's house except the rectory, without any public-house, with scarcely even anything which can be dignified by the name of a village-shop, has preserved in the character of the villagers a simplicity which is most unusual; and though

rough and very ignorant, their straightforward, free-spoken, grateful dispositions made them peculiarly susceptible to the kindness they received from their new rector and his wife, and to the interest which they knew that he felt in them.

My dear mother has herself left notes referring to her husband's ministerial life, which I will now give in her own words.

"An artist in painting a portrait finds he has done little towards effecting his purpose when the features are drawn, and the outline completed. These may be true to the life, and yet the whole character of the face—the man himself—may be wanting. It is a rare thing for a painter to give a likeness that is satisfying to those who have long been familiar with a face, and have been accustomed to see the changes and variations that pass over it as circumstances draw out the inward feeling, to those who have almost lost sight of the outward form in the light that shines forth through it. Now is it less difficult to portray in words the peculiarities and beauties of a living character? Here and there may be a line of resemblance, here and there a trait recalling him who is departed; but the whole, the living whole, the source and spring of all the separate acts and words, how can this be manifested? How can those who knew the original furnish those who did not know him with anything like an adequate conception, or meet the wishes and feelings of those who having known, and loved, and valued the living, desire to have the never-fading recollection in their own minds conveyed to others?

"The beginning of Augustus's ministerial services was at West Woodhay. The three months subsequent to his mar-

riage were spent there, and, in the absence of its usual minister, he performed the service of the church. Hitherto an occasional sermon in a friend's church had been the extent of his experience in preaching, and of the people he addressed he had been wholly ignorant. But while at Woodhay, the examination of some candidates for confirmation brought to his knowledge a degree of ignorance on the part both of young and old that both astonished and shocked him. It was clear that, when the ground was so little prepared, the seed of the Word read and preached in church, and the services of the Liturgy, could profit little. He threw aside at once the more regular form of sermon to which he had been accustomed, and wrote down as if he had been speaking, and in the plainest words, such simple instruction as seemed adapted to the wants of people untaught in the first rudiments of Christian faith. This is mentioned here because it was the beginning of that attempt to teach the poor in a way they could understand which he had so earnestly at heart during his stay at Alton, and which, both in his intercourse with his clerical brethren and in his own family, he often loved to dwell upon, ever noting down from the experience of others whatever seemed likely to effect this great object. Having lived but little in the country, and his attention having been engrossed by other subjects, he was, from education and habits of life, unacquainted with the character and wants of the poor. The poverty of their minds, their inability to follow a train of reasoning, their prejudices and superstitions, were quite unknown to him. All the usual hindrances to dealing with them, that are commonly ascribed to a

college life, were his in full force. But there were some points arising out of his peculiar character and tastes that lessened the difficulty. One of these was his love of plain and simple Saxon English, his dislike of everything like what is called 'fine writing,' and his study of a rhetorical and forcible manner of expression. To those who look upon learning and scholarship as identical with long words and abstruse thoughts, it seemed a marvel how one whose knowledge lay so much more in books than in men, whose mind was both by nature and culture raised above the common standard, could 'condescend to men of low estate,' and clothe his thoughts in language suited to their capacity. But this mystery found its key in the simplicity which belongs to the substance not the shadow of learning, and in the delight he had ever taken in pure mother-English freed from all the foreign innovations that modern affectation has introduced. The chief means, however, by which the want of experience and knowledge touching the minds and habits of the poor was overcome, was the love he felt towards all his fellow-creatures, and his sympathy in all their concerns. In earlier days this Christ-like mind had manifested itself towards his friends, towards servants, towards all with whom he was brought into contact. It now taught him to talk to his poor parishioners and enter into their interests with the feeling of a father and a friend. This is the feature in his character on which the people of Alton now love most to dwell in recollecting their former minister.

"From the circumstances of the place, it necessarily happened that Augustus could not leave his own house to go

abroad without passing by the cottages of the greater part of his people; while they, too, were constantly reminded of him and made familiar with his ordinary habits of life by their close neighbourhood. Many, doubtless, have watched his pacings to and fro on the little garden terrace near the house, and felt a grateful love spring up in their hearts as they thought how often the meditations there indulged were directed to their profit.

"Nor did those simple-minded people fail to look on him with reverence when, seated in his study in the midst of his books, they beheld the sources whence he drew so much of knowledge and wisdom as passed their understanding. He had the power of throwing himself out of himself into the feelings and interests of others; nor did he less draw out their sympathies into his own, and make them sharers in his pleasures and his concerns. It was not only the condescension of a superior to those over whom he was placed, it was far more the mutual interchange of feeling of one who loved to forget the difference of station to which each was called, and to bring forward the brotherly union as members of one family in Christ, children of the same Heavenly Father, in which blessed equality all distinctions are done away. Often would he ask their counsel in matters of which he was ignorant, and call upon their sympathy in his thankful rejoicing. His garden, his hay-field, his house, were as it were thrown open to them, as he made them partakers of his enjoyment, or sought for their assistance in his need. And when any cause of alarm to his property occurred, they showed how fully they had unconsciously imbibed the feeling that it was theirs too. In him they found a friend ready

to listen to all their little grievances, and prompt to remedy them when it was possible to do so.

"His exceeding love of justice and hatred of oppression made him energetic in restoring the rights of all who had been in any way injured; while his respect for 'the powers that be'—his child-like submission to authority—prevented his sanctioning for a moment any insubordination of feeling, or undue exaltation of the lower above the higher classes. The attempt to soften the hearts of the farmers to their servants, which he continually laboured to effect, was specially needed in the winter of 1830, when so much of hostility was manifested between the two orders in the riots that took place. He then showed himself foremost in defending the property of his chief farmer in the formidable attack made upon it, and at the risk of his personal safety addressed the rioters to try to avert the destruction they were bent on. Two of the most furious amongst them held their weapons over his head, enraged at his interference with their purpose, and they were withheld from offering him violence only by the timely interposition of a neighbouring farmer, who came up at the moment. In consequence of his thus taking part with the farmers, the rectory was threatened with an attack. Before, however, the threat could be executed, the heads of the mob were taken and the rest dispersed. But though he spared no pains to defend his neighbour and to detect afterwards the unhappy men who had wantonly ravaged his house and maimed his person, when the prisoners were tried at Salisbury and evidence was wanting to convict the chief offender of the full crime he was supposed to be guilty of, he returned home rejoicing in the beauty of his country's

laws, which administered justice so strictly and impartially, and inclined to the side of mercy rather than of punishment.

"One instance of the interest he took in the welfare of the lowest of his parishioners occurred in a dispute between a young lad and his master, ending in a slight misdemeanour on the part of the boy, for which he was committed to gaol. Having in vain tried to save him from this punishment, which he thought too severe a one, he sought by every means in his power to turn it to his good, and, both by writing him letters while in prison and visiting him there, to soften his heart, and bring him to a right sense of his duty to God and man. A great change has since taken place in the character of this young man, and he is now as steady and seriously disposed as his anxious friend desired him to become.

"It was a favourite saying of his, 'We must get at the souls of the poor through their bodies;' and, in accordance with this principle, his delight in ministering to their temporal comfort was extreme. The arrival of a stock of clothing for the poor was an event of such rejoicing that all who were in the house could not help sharing in his joy. The half-starved peasant, in receiving his warm jacket, was less glad at heart in his new possession than he who was thus enabled by God to share his abundance with those who needed it. Often would his heart seem full to overflowing when, at a feast prepared for the old men and women among his flock, he waited on them himself, and, by by his gentle and loving words, gave a savour to their food which it would otherwise have wanted. It was clearly he who felt the debt of gratitude to be the greatest in being

permitted to give to the least of his brethren in his Master's name. But the lively interest he took in all their worldly concerns was shown most fully when visiting the allotments which he had portioned out to each cottager from off the glebe. His delight, as he collected these his tenants round him by his kitchen fire, and consulted their respective inclinations and powers of cultivating their little plots of ground, according to the size of their families, was very great. Nor did he fail to encourage the industrious and reprove the negligent husbandman, in such a manner as testified how truly their gain and their loss was his also. On many a summer's evening, when the labourer after his day's work repaired to his allotted garden, would his kind friend come and stand by and watch his progress in preparing the ground, or weeding it, or sowing his seed, and talk over the various crops of potatoes and beans or barley that he hoped to see spring up in it, and this in so friendly and playful a tone as could not fail to win all hearts.*

"It may be mentioned, as a proof rather of the prevailing lack of Christian feeling which may truly 'set one mourning,' than of any remarkable instance of consideration on his part, that a labourer who had been allowed to leave his work and was sent home to attend his mother's dying-bed, without deducting the wages due to him had he continued

* Another method by which Augustus Hare materially assisted his people was keeping a shop, in which he sold at two-thirds of the cost price all kinds of clothing and materials of clothing. The shop was held in the rectory-barn once every week, when Mrs. Hare attended and measured out the flannels, fustian, &c. No amelioration of their condition was ever more valued by the people of Alton than this.

at work, was so touched by this little attention to his feelings that he still speaks of it with tears in his eyes.

"But though the temporal good and comfort of his people was near Augustus's heart, far nearer was their spiritual welfare. On his first coming to Alton the greater part of his hearers were so unaccustomed to listen to instruction or to follow any arguments, that his earnestness in the cause of God was the chief lesson which taught them. It seemed to be the prominent impression on all, whether they understood his teaching or no, whether they were disposed to profit by it or no, 'Mr. Hare does *long* to save our souls.' The great importance he attached to their serving God, and the high standard of Christian life he set before them, were the points that chiefly impressed their minds in the beginning of his ministry among them, and it seemed to awaken in many a sense of their own shortcomings in godliness. As he became more intimate with the capacities and wants of his people, and still more in proportion as his own spiritual feelings became fresher and purer from increased experience of the truths he had to declare, his teaching became more adapted to the congregation before him. Human reasonings gave way to simpler and more spiritual appeals to the hearts of his hearers, and the people were themselves alive to the change, and observed, 'how our minister does *grow*,' and that 'he went more and more on in the Scriptures.'

"It was in the winter of 1830, that, finding how ignorant they were of the meaning of what they heard in church, he began assembling the men of both parishes once a week in a barn adjoining the rectory. One of the Gospels, or the Acts, was then gone through, and explained in a familiar

way, illustrated so as to bring it home to their comprehension, beginning and ending with a short prayer. Many expressed the benefit they derived from this mode of teaching, and the additional interest it gave in all they heard in church, and the attendance there was much increased from that time. He took great delight in thus drawing them around him, and in the opportunity it afforded of speaking to them more familiarly and directly than the usual services admitted of. Any little events that had occurred in the parish, any misbehaviour or misunderstanding, might then be commented on or set right. It was one of his constant practices to seize on any passing circumstance, and turn it to profitable account. A few words thus spoken in season, how good are they! More especially while standing over the grave of one newly committed to the dust, would he address the mourners around with suitable words of warning and consolation, and, while he bid them not sorrow as those without hope, exhort them to lose no time in seeking Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, that when they too must lie down in the grave they might lose their life only to find it. On hearing of the death of a man whose sick-bed he had seldom quitted for some days, he hastened to the cottage without loss of time—'Perhaps in the first moments of their affliction I may be able to say something to the mother and her children that may touch their hearts;' and so, collecting them around him, he sought to impress on them the warning which the father's sudden illness and death had spoken to all.

"The misconduct of any one that he thought well of was a real grief to him, and he would spare no pains to bring the

offender back to tne right path; and his joy in the slightest sign of amendment was proportionally great. A poor woman once mourning over the ungodly disposition and behaviour of her only son, he cheered her by the story of Monica's prayers for Augustine, and encouraged her to pray and not faint, in the hope that God would hear her prayers and be pleased to turn his heart. Any surly or ungracious behaviour towards himself was at all times a stimulus to show a more than usual degree of loving-kindness, and to endeavour by continuance in courteous words and deeds to subdue the unkindly and harsh feeling. In a road along which he frequently passed there was a workman employed in its repair, who met his gentle questions and observations with gruff answers and sour looks. But as day after day the persevering mildness of his words and manner still continued, the rugged features of the man gave way, and his tone assumed a far softer character.

"The one pattern ever before his eyes was his Lord and Master Jesus Christ; the first question he asked himself, 'What would Jesus Christ have me to do? What would He have done in my place?' Receiving once an almost insulting letter from a person to whom he had shown great kindness, he sat down immediately to answer it; and when the extreme mildness of the reply was objected to, as addressed to one undeserving of such forbearance and meriting rather a rebuke, his answer was, 'I am not aware tnat I deserve better treatment than my master Jesus Christ, and He was dealt with more roughly than I am,' or words to this effect.

"On all Saints-Days, and on Wednesdays and Fridays in

Lent, service was performed in church at such an hour as might best suit the habits of the labouring poor; and by shortening the number of prayers, it was brought within the limits of time they could devote to such a purpose—between their return home for dinner, at eleven o'clock, and the going back to their work. Those who could not attend, he exhorted at the sound of the church-bell to follow George Herbert's rule, and, while in the field, to worship their God in heart and mind. On these occasions he was wont to explain the epistle or gospel, and in a few words to give such instruction as the time admitted of; and his people often said they learnt much at such seasons. In the last year of his stay at Alton, he also adopted the plan on a Sunday of commenting on the Old Testament lesson in the morning service, as there was then commonly no sermon except in the afternoon; and this exposition he used to call 'Postilling.'

"From his first coming to Alton-Barnes, it was an earnest wish of his heart to do something for the neglected people of Alton-Priors, who were as sheep having no shepherd. Once in three weeks only did a clergyman from a distance come to perform service in the church, and in the intermediate time no notice whatever was taken of any of the parishioners. His desire was to have had the church of Alton-Priors, which was very much out of repair, and the larger of the two, fitted up so as to hold the joint congregations of the two villages, and to have had the two parishes united in one. But this could not be effected without the concurrence of the proprietor, and the passing of an Act of Parliament for the purpose. He therefore performed the

duty alternately, morning and evening, in the two churches, the same congregation attending in both; and finding the church in Alton-Barnes too small to contain the additional number who attended from Alton-Priors, he had the arch communicating with the chancel considerably widened, so as to give space for additional pews, and admit those who sate in the chancel to hear and see, from which they were before shut out. For the equality shown to the inhabitants of both parishes, in this and other respects, they ever expressed the most grateful feeling.

"In the vale of Pewsey the parishes are nearly all small and closely adjoining each other, and as every church has its own minister, the number of clergy is proportionally great. It seemed desirable that these clerical brethren should form some closer bond of union than the common mode of visiting presented, and meet together more expressly for purposes connected with their calling. He therefore united with his brother clergy in forming a clerical society, one object which he felt to be specially needed being the removal of prejudices and lessening of party feeling in the minds of all towards each other, and the enabling those who were young in their profession to benefit by the experience of their elders. Many difficulties arose from the difference of opinion that prevailed among the members as to the propriety of beginning their meetings with prayer, and as to the nature of that preparatory prayer. The High Churchmen were strongly prejudiced against any use of prayer on such occasions, from a notion of its likeness to dissenting societies; the zealous Evangelicals urged the advantages of extempore prayer as fitted for the peculiar

circumstances of the time or place, and they resolutely refused to agree in the formation of any society for clerical purposes that did not adopt *some* form of worship at its beginning. The middle course that Augustus took was to propose the selection of suitable prayers out of the Liturgy, alleging that they might in this way approach as nearly as the spirit of the times would admit of to the habits of the olden times, when divine service used daily to be performed in the church. After much discussion, and the lapse of a year, in which all parties drew nearer together, the society was formed, chiefly through his instrumentality, upon the plan he had suggested, and it has since continued in brotherly harmony. On this and other occasions Augustus would often say his was 'Halfway House.' There were few things which made him more angry than to hear people use the expression of '*going too far*' when applied to religion. '*Too far!* when shall we go too far in serving and loving God, in being made like Christ?' Disliking all illiberality of feeling, he was more particularly annoyed by it when expressed towards those who, acting from religious motives or scruples, differed in opinion or manner of life from others. In such cases above all others he thought the motive hallowed the act so far as to entitle it to be regarded with respect and permitted in charity, even if not altogether consistent with the strictest judgment and most enlightened wisdom.

"In earlier years he had been ever forward to assert the cause of truth, and fight manfully under its banner whenever he thought it was opposed; nor was he slow to wield his sword for liberty or justice. In truth, he seemed to be

the champion of righteousness under every form, and in society was consequently often engaged in discussion and argument. From the active spring of his own mind he was usually foremost in stirring up conversation in others, and drawing out their thoughts by the vigour of his own. But latterly he became much more reserved and silent in society. This arose partly from an increasing dislike to anything like controversy, and from the consciousness of how much his own opinions differed from others. On subjects both of religion and politics, there was in the prevailing mind of the age, so much in the one of party feeling and sectarian spirit, and in the other so little of enlarged and sound wisdom looking beyond the expediency of the present moment and temporal good, that he found it difficult to sympathise in the views of many whom he respected.

"While, however, he censured the error of others, he was sure to spare and excuse the holder of it. In points of personal conduct, too, he had the rare faculty of hating the sin and loving the sinner. His charity and liberality of mind was not the kind-hearted easiness of a naturally sweet disposition, reluctant to find fault and tolerant of evil. In him a severe love of truth and uprightness, a hatred of all iniquity, was blended closely with his feeling of kindness and fear of giving pain. An instance of cruelty, of oppression, or of falsehood, would make a change pass over his countenance; his whole soul seemed to revolt at the mention of any unkindness or ungodliness; and if in any case an opportunity occurred where he could hope to convince any one of the evil of his way, no false delicacy to the person concerned, nor indulgence to his own feelings, hindered him

from speaking the whole truth. He was ready to administer the stern rebuke no less than the gentle encouragement at his Master's call. But, in speaking about others, the smallest spark of good was observed and dwelt upon, while every contrary principle that was manifested would be passed over in silence. Even in speaking of those with whom he was most nearly connected, not a word of blame would ever pass his lips. Any extenuation of misconduct that could be urged, any allowances that could be made, were brought forward, and it was often only by the joy he expressed at the slightest sign of improvement, that it could be known how much he had felt its need, and how earnestly he had desired it.

'Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more,'

were words that expressed not only his feelings on one particular occasion, but the prevailing disposition of his mind. Continual expressions of thankfulness would burst from his lips, not as mere words denoting, as they often do, only a feeling of satisfaction in the blessings he was enjoying, but they were the outpourings of a heart full of thankful love to Him who bestowed the blessings, to the Giver not only of the great gifts, but of every little daily comfort of life; and this, his gratitude, sprang up from the deepest sense of his own unworthiness of such mercies.

"Perfect contentedness with what was appointed for him, and deep thankfulness for all the good things given him, marked his whole being. In deciding what should be done, or where he should go, or how he should act, the question of how far it might suit his own convenience, or be agree-

able to his own feelings, was kept entirely in the background till all other claims were satisfied. It was not apparently at the dictate of duty and reason that these thoughts were suppressed and made secondary; it seemed to be the first, the natural feeling in him, to seek first the things of others and to do the will of God, and to look at his own interest in the matter as having comparatively nothing to do with it. And so great a dread had he of being led to any selfish or interested views, that he would find consolation in having no family to include in the consideration—'Had I had children I might have fancied it an excuse for worldly-mindedness and covetousness.' His children truly were his fellow-men, those who were partakers of the same flesh and blood, redeemed by the same Saviour, heirs of the same heavenly inheritance. For them he was willing to spend and be spent, for them he was *covetous* of all the good that might be obtained. A friend, on looking over his account-book, and seeing how comparatively large an amount of his expenditure had been directed to the benefit of others, suggested that one head of his yearly summary should be entitled 'Public Spirit.' He was never weary in well-doing, never thought he had done enough, never feared doing too much. Those small things, which by so many are esteemed as unnecessary, as *not worth while*, these were the very things he took care not to leave undone. It was not rendering a service when it came *in* his way, when it occurred in the natural course of things that he should do it; it was going *out* of the way to help others, taking every degree of trouble and incurring personal inconvenience for the sake of doing good, of giving pleasure even in slight things, that dis-

tinguished his benevolent activity from the common forms of it. The love that dwelt in him was ready to be poured forth on whomsoever needed it, and, being a free-will offering, it looked for no return, and felt no obligation conferred.

"In society he did not choose out the persons most congenial to his own tastes to converse with. If there was any one more dull and uninviting than others, he would direct his attention to that one, and while he raised the tone of conversation by leading such persons to subjects of interest, it was done in so gentle, so unobtrusive a manner, that it seemed as if the good came from them, and instead of being repelled and disheartened by his superior knowledge, they would feel encouraged at finding they were less ignorant than they had supposed themselves to be. How often has the stiffness, the restraint of a small party been dispelled by the loving manner and words with which he would seem to draw all together, and endeavour to elicit the good in all; and though by nature excitable, and therefore dependent on outward circumstances more than many, there was ever an inward spring of active thought which made his conversation quite as lively and energetic, when alone with his family, as when called into play by the exertion of entertaining guests. Yet, although he enjoyed society, he liked to be often alone—he liked to walk alone, to be in his study alone. There seemed to be greater freedom for his mind when thus without companions, and he would utter aloud what was passing in his mind, or the words he was composing for his sermons."

The portrait which the loving wife began to paint breaks

off here, is left unfinished, and as it was left by her hands, so must it remain; no one could venture to retouch it.

Only a mile from Alton, separated from it by the vast undulation of treeless corn-fields, another little village called Stanton clusters around its church and a few elm-fringed meadows. Hither, soon after the Hares were settled at Alton, George Majendie came as rector, and the two clergymen were soon united in the closest and most affectionate intimacy. Scarcely a day passed without their meeting.

"When I came to reside in Wiltshire," wrote Mr Majendie several years after, "I found that Mr. Hare was my nearest clerical neighbour. I was not at that time personally acquainted with him, but I had known his character at Oxford as a man of talent and of considerable literary acquirements. I soon became intimate with him, and then found that he was not only an accomplished scholar, but that his heart was in his work as a minister of Christ, and that he had truly devoted his life to the care of 'those few sheep in the wilderness' to whom he had been sent as a shepherd. Like George Herbert, he 'knew the ways of learning, but declined them for the service of his master Jesus.' He was not only ready to do good to the poor around him on Christian principle, but he seemed to identify himself with them, to study their characters, to enter into their feelings—literally, 'to weep with those that wept, and rejoice with those that rejoiced.' I have often heard him express his admiration of the strength and fulness of their homely phrases, some of which he loved to introduce into his sermons.

"I shall never forget his appearance at the lectures he

used to give to poor men on Wednesday evenings. The place was a small barn on his own premises, and the many holes in the boarding, but ill covered with sackcloth, admitted the cold air freely. There was a long table reaching from one end of the room to the other, and on each side of the table sat the smock-frocked audience, most of them old men, each of those that could read with his Bible before him. Mr. Hare himself stood at the head of the table, to distribute to them the bread of life. His great coat was closely buttoned up to the chin, and a large woollen wrapper covered him up to the lower lip. His tall figure was erect, his expressive countenance full of animation—his face and figure were not unlike those of Mr. Pitt. A drawing-room lamp, strangely in contrast with the scene, shed a strong light upon the wrinkled and weather-beaten faces of the villagers.

"When Augustus Hare heard of any kind or noble action performed by another person, I have seen him suddenly start up from his chair, with a strong exclamation of delight uttered in his shrill tone, and hurriedly pace the room, rubbing his hands with glee. He really felt 'a luxury in doing good.' I remember being present at a supper which he gave to some old men in the barn already mentioned, where he assisted in waiting on the poor people, evidently enjoying the repast more than those who partook of it; and when the entertainment was over, and he returned to his own fireside, his first act was to run up to Mrs. Hare and kiss her, with an ecstasy of benevolence too big to be repressed.

"He seemed always to think all others better than him-

self. One day I heard him speaking of one of the poor men of his parish, and I asked whether he was a good man. 'Oh yes, he *is* a good man, a much better man than I am.' On another occasion I remember his saying, 'What we can do for God is little or nothing; but we must do *our little nothings* for his glory.'

"His whole religion was full of affection. He was not a mere orthodox divine, defining with the closest precision the doctrines which he taught, but every doctrine was mixed up in his soul with *love*—with love to God and man. It may be said of his creed—

'Of hope, and virtue, and affection full.'

I well remember one day his laying his hand upon his Bible, and saying, with an indescribable look of reverence and delight, 'Oh, this *dear* book!' On another occasion he spoke of it as, 'God's great Medicine Book, full of recipes for every spiritual malady.'"

After Augustus Hare was taken from among his people, one of the residents in Alton-Priors wrote: "I can truly say that the glimpse of his figure approaching our home made my heart leap with joy, and never did he leave it without impressing some valuable truth on my mind. Living too, as I did, in a parish not his own, but one to which he voluntarily and gratuitously gave a pastor's care and superintendence, I felt doubly grateful both in my own behalf and that of my fellow-parishioners; and well do I remember on one occasion, when sitting alone with him in his study, the striking answer he made to my expression of thanks for his kindness in coming daily into our parish to spend an hour by

the sick-bed of Charles Gale, a poor man, who I believe, through his instrumentality, to have died in peace with God through Christ: 'God has given me an abundance,' he said, 'of which I *deserve* nothing, and doubtless for wise reasons has withheld from me the blessing of children; and if I never crossed that little brook which separates what you call *your* parish from *my* parish, I think it very likely that Jesus Christ would say to me in the Last Day, *you do not belong to my parish.*'

"Amongst others, I believe that he was the first instrument under God in awakening serious thoughts for her soul in Jane Jennings. She told me that that which first made her feel a sorrow for sin was a sermon which he preached in Alton-Priors Church. She said, 'I was standing by the door, and as he was earnestly asking us what we came to church for—whether we prayed with our *hearts*, whether we prayed at home and with our families—I felt as I had never done before, and when I went home, where I never prayed at all, I told our folks I was sure we were living in a very different way to what we ought to live and that it cut me to the heart to see our minister labouring so much to teach us, and that we paid no attention to his words.' And then she added, 'You cannot think how anxiously I looked through the sermon-books afterwards, to see if that sermon was amongst them, and when I found it I was so very glad.' She also told me that soon after this Mr. Hare made a rule that before the baptism of any child its parents should go to him for advice and instruction, and it so happened that Jane and her husband were the first summoned for this purpose. She said she had never before dreaded anything so much in her life, having been told by her neighbours she

would be puzzled with hard questions. Her minister saw by her trembling how frightened she was, and, as he kindly put a chair for her in the study, said, 'Don't be frightened, or think I keep a large dog to bark and jump out at you.' But his words afterwards made too deep an impression ever to be forgotten, for, turning to the parents, he said with much solemnity, 'Do you wish your child to become an angel in heaven, or a *devil in hell?*' 'If I were going to give your child a large present in money, say twenty pounds perhaps, you would be ready and willing to thank me; how much more then should you thank God for allowing you to bring your child to the font at baptism, where He promises to give him his Holy Spirit, and make him happy for ever, if you will only heartily and earnestly pray for his blessing?' After these words (which first awakened in the mother's heart that feeling of responsibility she now so largely possesses for her children) he knelt down with them, earnestly praying both for them and their child, and Jane said to me, 'God knows, and at the Last Day I shall know too, but I always think that prayer was answered, for none of my other six children ever asked me the questions which this little boy does—for always, when I have him alone with me, he begins talking of Jesus, and asking what he must do to please Him, and when he can go to see Him.'

"When Prudence Tasker, who had been one of the first received into his newly-formed Sunday-school, was seized with violent illness, how tenderly did Mr. Hare daily visit her dying-bed, obtaining for her the advice of an eminent physician in addition to that of the village doctor, often himself administering her medicines, applying her leeches him-

self, and trying to overcome the repugnance she felt to bleeding by telling her it was her 'pastor' who desired it; and how often since have her parents dwelt upon the prayers which he offered up in that little chamber of death!

"I remember David King telling me once that nothing ever '*cut*' him so much as the words which Mr. Hare preached after his recovery from illness, and that once while working in his garden, his minister, whilst talking to him, in order to illustrate the wonderful love of Christ in taking man's fallen nature upon him, asked David how he should like to become a toad, convincing him thereby that however loathsome such a change would be to him, yet it was nothing compared to that which the Son of God underwent when He laid aside his glory."

Augustus Hare was perhaps the first village preacher (there have been many since) who did not scruple in his sermons to *speak* to his people in the familiar language of ordinary life, and who made use of apt illustrations drawn from the simple surroundings in which his people lived. It is probably from this connection with outward and tangible things that so many of his words still live in the memories of his congregation as vividly as when they were spoken. The following are instances of this practical teaching:—

"The road of life is not a turnpike road. It is a path which every one must find out for himself, by the help of such directions as God has given us; and there are so many other paths crossing the true one in all quarters, and the wrong paths are so well beaten, and the true path in places is so faintly marked, so many persons too are always going

the wrong way, and so few are walking straight along the right, that between the number of paths to puzzle him, and the number of wrong examples to lead him astray, a man, if he does not take continual heed, is in great danger of turning into a wrong path, almost without perceiving it. You know how hard it is for a stranger to find his way over the downs, especially if the evening is dark and foggy. Yet there the man is at liberty to make out the path as well as he can. No one tries to mislead him. But in the paths of life there are always plenty of companions at work to mislead the Christian, to say nothing of his own evil passions and appetites, which all pull him out of the way. One neighbour says to him, 'Take this road; it is almost as straight as the other, and much pleasanter.' Another says, 'Take this road; it is a short cut, and will save you a world of trouble.' A third says, 'Walk part of the way with us for company's sake; you cannot be far wrong if you keep with us; at worst, it is only crossing back into your narrow lonely path if you don't like our way after trying it.' A fourth cries to him, 'What makes you so particular? Do you fancy you know the road to heaven better than anybody else? We are all going there, we hope, as well as you, though we no not make such a fuss about it.' Is it a wonder that, with so many bad advisers and bad examples to turn him astray, with so many wrong paths to puzzle him, with so many evil passions as man has naturally pulling him out of the straight and narrow path—is it a wonder, I say, that, with all these things to lead them wrong, men should so often go wrong? It is no wonder; nay, were it not that God's Word is a lantern to our feet and a light to our path —were it not for the Spirit of God crying to us, 'This is the right way,' when we turn aside to the right hand or to the left—we should all of us go wrong always."

"If a man had to receive a legacy by going to Bristol, what good would it do him to set out on his way thither unless he went all the way? Would he get anything by going as far as Melksham, or even as far as Bath, unless he went still further? The legacy is to be paid at Bristol and nowhere else; and if the man is lazy or fickle enough to stop before he gets to Bristol, not a sixpence of it will he receive. Therefore we must persevere unto the journey's end if we would have a share in Christ's great legacy."

"Has the increase of godliness amongst us kept pace with the increase of our Bibles? Are we as much better as we ought to be with our more abundant means? Has the fresh seed scattered over the land produced a proportionate increase in the harvest? These are very important questions. For if the Lord of the farm, if the great Sower does not see the promise of a crop in some measure answering to the good seed He has bestowed on the land, He will be sure to ask, 'Why is this? Did I not sow good seed in the fields of England? Then how come they to be so full of tares, so full of thistles, so full of poppies? How is it that in some parts of the farm I even see the foxglove and the deadly nightshade? Useless weeds, gaudy weeds, weeds that overrun the ground, even poisonous weeds, I see in it. But I see not the plenty of good wheat which I ought to find, and which alone can be stored in my barn. Why has the crop failed so shamefully?'"

"How often do we see the sinner, perched on the dunghill of his vices, clapping his wings in self-applause, and fancying himself a much grander creature than the poor Christian, who all the while is soaring on high like a lark, and mounting on his way to heaven?"

"The great plenty of Bibles and Testaments which God has given us in this land makes us, I fear, more neglectful than we ought to be of our Prayer-books, especially of that part of the Prayer-book which contains the Epistles and Gospels. Now this is just the same kind of mistake as if a man, because he had turnips and potatoes in his fields, were to neglect sowing any in his garden. The turnips and potatoes raised in gardens are generally of a choicer kind. So it is with the little portions of the Epistles and Gospels which are selected to be read in the Communion Service. They are like so many choice plants culled out of the New Testament for some useful lesson of doctrine or practice."

"Do not think it enough if you learn to spell, and to read, and to say the words of Scripture, but seek to learn the truths of Scripture. Do as the bees do. A bee, when it sees a flower, does not fly round and round it, and sip it, and then off again, like the foolish, idle butterflies; it settles on the flower and sucks the honey out of it. So should you when you come to one of the beautiful parables which Jesus spake, or to one of the miracles which Jesus did; you should do as the bees do—you should settle your thoughts on what you read, and try to suck the honey out of it. But why do I speak of the parables and miracles? Almost every verse of the New Testament has its honey. Almost every verse contains a spiritual truth fit to nourish some soul or other."

"You can no more see a Christian grow than you can see the corn grow. But you can all see whether it has grown by comparing it with what it was two months back. So may you discover whether you have advanced in grace."

"Everything which God has set apart in any way for his own and put his mark on, everything which in any way belongs more particularly to Him—His word, His ordinances, His house, His people—are things which God has cleansed, therefore we must not call them common. He has set them apart for his own service; He has fenced them off, as it were, from the waste of the world, and has enclosed them for His own use. Hence there is the same sort of difference between them and all merely worldly and common things as there is between a garden and Salisbury Plain. No one who knows how to behave himself would bring a horse into a garden, or walk over the strawberry beds, or trample down the flowers. But in riding from here to Salisbury everybody would feel himself at liberty, while crossing the downs, to gallop over the turf at pleasure. Well, the same difference which there is between common down and a cultivated garden, the same is there also between worldly days, worldly books, worldly names, worldly people, and God's day, God's book, God's name, and God's people. The former are common, and may be treated as such; the latter are not common, because God has taken them to Himself, and brought them within the limits of his sanctuary, and thrown the safeguard of His holiness around them."

"Many of you can lift a sack of wheat, and can carry it some little way. But think of being condemned to walk from here to Devizes, or rather from here to Bath, with a sack of wheat on your shoulders every day for a month together. How soon would the stoutest man among you break down under such a load! He might contrive to stagger on a little way, but his strength before long would fail him, and if he did not drop his load it would crush him. Now sin—when a man is in his right senses, when he knows

whither he ought to be going—is a weight on the soul, and presses it down, just as a weight on the back presses down the body."

"The religion of Jesus Christ is altogether a practical thing. Just consider how we are taught anything else that is practical. It is not by hearing or reading about making shoes that a man becomes a shoemaker, but by trying to make them."

"The means, the exercises appointed by our Saviour whereby we are to become holy and godly, are His sacraments, prayers—public and private—and the reading and teaching of His holy word. Still the means are not the end; the road which leads to London is not London."

Nothing seems a more suitable close to this chapter of general reminiscences of Augustus Hare's life at his beloved Alton than the following note, written Feb. 19, 1832, by one who was afterwards his sister-in-law, L. A. H. :—

"I am just come up to bed, dearest Mia, and it comes into my mind to copy for you first a passage I met with in a sermon of Jeremy Taylor's. Every Sunday evening I settle myself in a corner, with a book, trying to shut my eyes to all without. Often comes a short digression, during which I am fancying all you and the Aug. are doing. I hear you sing the evening hymn, kneel with you to prayers, end with praying God to bless you both, and then return my attention to the book. This evening I met with the following passage, and send it you privately, thinking that you may perhaps find as good a likeness for it in somebody *living* as in the worthy knight, Sir G. Dalstone :—

"'For God was pleased to invest him with a marvellous sweet nature, which is certainly to be reckoned as one half of the grace of God, because a good nature, being the relics and remains of that shipwreck which Adam made, is the proper and immediate disposition to holiness, as the corruption of Adam was to disobedience and peevish counsels. A good nature will not upbraid the more imperfect person, will not deride the ignorant, will not reproach the erring man, will not smite sinners on the face, will not despise the penitent. A good nature is apt to forgive injuries, to pity the miserable, to rescue the oppressed, to *make every one's condition as tolerable as he can*, and so would he; for as when good-nature is heightened by the grace of God, that which was natural becomes now spiritual, so these actions which were pleasing and useful to men, when they derive from a new principle of grace, they become pleasant in the eyes of God—then obedience to the laws is Duty to God. Justice is Righteousness, Bounty becomes Graciousness, and Alms is Charity.'"

VIII.

TAKING ROOT AT ALTON.

> "The happiest periods of history are not those of which we hear the most: in the same manner as in the little world of man's soul, the most saintly spirits are often existing in those who have never distinguished themselves as authors, or left any memorial of themselves to be the theme of the world's talk, but who have led an interior angelic life, having borne their sweet blossoms unseen, like the young lily in a sequestered vale, on the banks of a limpid stream."—*Broad-stone of Honour.*

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*ALTON-BARNES, Oct.* 15, 1829.—Are you not impatient to hear of our first beginning? We dined at Woodhay at one o'clock, and left it immediately afterwards, not without some regret after the many happy days we have spent there. At half-past five we landed at our own door, where Mary's smiling face was ready to greet us. You have already, I dare say, anticipated what I am about to say—that we found ourselves less uncomfortable than we expected. The carpets were laid down, the beds put up, though, to be sure, there were neither bolsters nor pillows, and there was a strong smell of paint; but we took refuge in the drawing-room, where it does not penetrate, and with the one table and couple of chairs Miss Crowe left us, we managed very well. These, with the piano, were our sole stock of furniture till to-day, when the arrival of fourteen packages has

given us a day's hard work in the barn, the result of which is, that I am sitting in as comfortable a drawing-room as I could wish to see or sit in.

"To-day has been beautiful, and before we began our morning's work we took an exploring walk, and after wading through a bed of mortar we did get to a dry walk up the downs. Our great object is always where to find a place tolerably dry for our walks, and our first errand to Devizes has been to beg the shoemaker to come and measure us for waterproof shoes. In spite, however, of its wet, Alton looks very pretty—the tints of the trees so rich, with the background of the hills—and the creepers in front of the house cluster in at the windows quite after my heart's desire. There are many little reforms wanted in the way of making bells ring and windows shut; but we shall not do anything beyond these needful things at present. Our gardener's name is Gideon, and his dress a brown fur cap, a short drab jacket, and blue plush breeches reaching half-way down his legs. He and all the people here talk such a dialect I can hardly understand them. I do so much enjoy the uninterrupted quiet, and it seems as if, in fact, we were now for the first time really married. How little difference much or little money makes except in the *scale* of things in a small house; we are so much more amply supplied with common *comforts* than many people are in large ones."

"*Oct.* 20.—A week has done wonders. The bellhangers have put in order all the bells and locks, chimney-sweepers have done their work, and a carpenter has filled up the holes and crevices in floors and wainscoting which let in so much air. You are quite right in not wasting any compassion upon me; in short, could you see me in the evening reading Coleridge's 'Friend' with Augustus, or playing to amuse him, or watch us reading over some of his old letters, you would not think we were much harassed by business.

We have made some acquaintance in the parish; but the cottages are so low that I fully expect every time that Augustus will break his head against the beams. A school is a matter of great difficulty. Not a person can we find either here or in Great Alton, as they call Alton-Priors, who seems fit to teach a school, and the way in which the great girls last Sunday attempted merely a spelling-book lesson was lamentable. However, they are all eager to belong to 'Mrs. Hare's school,' and, I dare say, we shall contrive something for them. On Sunday, as there is only one church-service, it leaves a long time for them; but the boys even on that day are out 'shepherding.'

"We never think or speak of the will, or anything concerning it. We have such delightful days; we go up 'Old Adam' daily, the view is so beautiful, the air so bracing. We shall have ten times more pleasure in seeing things grow before our eyes into comfort, than if we had found them so. We are going to visit the Miss Hares at Millard's Hill, and I already hear my own laments over leaving Alton."

"*Millard's Hill, Nov.* 5.—My school on Sunday mounted up from three to twenty-three, and some very nice girls, and all seeming very happy to be taught; so I had them in the afternoon in the usual church hours, and made the bigger girls teach the little ones their letters. One of them is called Charity Begood. I do not remember any other events before I left our dear little home. I left Mary to superintend carpet-making and cleaning, &c., and also not to shock the aunts with a notion of my being a fine lady. It is a very pretty drive all the way here, about thirty miles, a delightful house, capitally furnished and thoroughly comfortable. They were delighted to see us, and withal are so kind-hearted and easy to talk to, that I do not dislike it as I expected. Then they are charmed with me, because I always like what gives least trouble. On Tuesday Aunt

Marianne took me on horseback to Longleat, a magnificent house and beautiful park. Yesterday we went in their carriage to Frome, where, being a manufactory of cloth, I wished to buy a winter coat; they directly insisted on giving me one of the best cloth. In the evening they had a party, and in order to induce two of the guests who sang well to join, I sate down to the instrument, and was so nervous I made shocking work; however, they were quite satisfied with my readiness.

"*Alton, Nov.* 12.—You may guess how glad we were to find ourselves back in our own little home, which looked very comfortable. Every day something new arises wanting repair or reform, and if we can weather the storm of all the bills to be paid, we shall do wonders. I suppose we shall manage it; but it is a near calculation of comings-in and goings-out. How rich we shall seem to be when we have nothing but regular housekeeping going on. . . . . The days seem to fly so quick. The retirement of Stoke was nothing to this, and the roads are worse than ever. I suppose we shall not be fit company for anybody when we emerge into the world; having no new book, no paper but a country one, no link with the outer world but the *Athenæum*, which, they say, will soon be given up, we shall become quite rusticated.

"*November* 21.—It is always easier to talk to a person when fresh from reading their letter, and so I will begin my letter just when I have enjoyed yours. Many little things which I meant to say escape me when there is an accumulation of things to tell, and you will have full as much interest in what I have to say in the sameness of our present life, as when there were events to record. I suppose many would find it dull; to me it certainly seems less so than any part of my life ever has been, the difference being that instead of looking on and *enduring* the present in expecta-

tion of what is to come, I regret every day as it goes by; but then of course all depends upon the nature of one's companion. Now the activity of mind which Augustus has prevents the stagnation which in *us* for instance constant living together produces, so that there seems rather an increasing stock for conversation than a lesser one, and he is just as much excited and alive when there is nothing exterior to furnish food for remark as in society. I believe there is a book-club at Devizes, but we do not at all want to have recourse to it, and I certainly prefer the having no such temptation to idle reading at present. The reading a little only of what is good, and that with great attention, is particularly wholesome for me, whose habit has hitherto been so much the contrary, and who from indolence have got into so *slovenly* a way of understanding things. Our evening's reading, you will be amused to hear, is sometimes Cicero's Orations, in which I look over as he translates, and shall get some idea of Latin. Coleridge's 'Friend' is our general book, however, which is hard to understand occasionally, but I like it very much indeed. Then, if we are not in a mood for such serious reading, Landor's Dialogues come in, of which I have not heard half yet. Then I make my objections, and he explains. There is some affectation in Landor's style—he leaves a good deal to the imagination to supply—and it requires some attention to find out the extreme nicety with which, in all the little circumstances, he keeps to the character of the age and speaker. But his words and sentences are beautiful sometimes. When he tells a thing, he keeps so much to what he says of Demosthenes, that he never dwells upon that which must occur to the reader in consequence of what has already been said; and this gives great strength to his language, which, with the delicacy of his touches of feeling, I can admire greatly. In the morning one chapter in the New Testament with the

Greek translated literally, and compared, one Gospel with another, with references to commentaries, takes up some time, which, with a walk, reading and talking over letters, lasts us generally till luncheon, and then there are always orders to be given and workmen to be looked after. I have many schemes of improvement in the flower-garden; and into the kitchen-garden I go with my head full of Mawe —'Ought not the sea-kale to be covered up?'—and I feel much ashamed to be obliged to ask the names of spinach, and endive, and celery, and to be told this is not the time when such things can be had. We persevere in going up the hill, a work really not of slight difficulty in these frosty days when the ground is so very slippery, and every step covers one's shoes with a galosh of mortar. Many new air-holes for cold wind have been found out in the last few days, and I think, like all small and old houses, we shall find our rectory very cold.

"We have had several new visitors, and the consequential manners of some of them prepared us doubly to appreciate Colonel Montagu Wroughton and his brother Captain Montagu, who I only hope were as much pleased with us as we were with them.

"*December* 5.—At this moment Augustus is writing about God's works having a *middle*—a point of perfection; about Jesus Christ being the *middle* of the world, the tree of life in the *midst* of the garden. He always puts off his sermon till Saturday, that it may not take up more than its day; whereas, if he began on Monday, it would go on all the week. He began his visiting of the sick a few evenings ago, when he went out after dinner to read prayers by a sick woman. He durst not tell me till he came back, knowing I should scold, as he had only just recovered from his cold; but he pleaded that this would have been no reason against going out on the devil's work, and that he

could not eat his dinner from hearing of her illness, and thinking that he had not been to her."

In December Augustus Hare left his wife and parish for a short time to visit his brother Julius at Cambridge, the great object of his journey being that he might fulfil his aunt's dying wish in persuading his brother to break off his engagement to his cousin, Anna Maria Dashwood, which she had strong reasons for disapproving. These reasons Augustus affectionately and firmly urged to Julius, and though he received his arguments with great indignation at first, he was eventually convinced of their justice, and the engagement was ultimately broken off, though Julius always continued to be the most faithful and trusted friend of his cousin. How bitter a sacrifice his renunciation of this marriage was to him, is told by his letters written at this time. On that very day he was preaching upon "The Law of Self-Sacrifice," before the University. Here is the grand concluding passage of the sermon :—

"We have seen that through every order of beings, in things inanimate and things animate, in the natural and in the spiritual world, in earth and in heaven, the law of self-sacrifice prevails. Everywhere the birth of the spiritual requires the death of the carnal. Everywhere the husk must drop away, in order that the germ may spring out of it. Everywhere, according to our Lord's declaration, that which would save its life loses it, and that which loses its life preserves it. And the highest glory of the highest life is to be offered up a living sacrifice to God for the sake of our brethren. This is the principle of life, which circulates through the universe, and whereby all things minister to

each other, the lowest to the highest, the highest to the lowest. This is the golden chain of love, whereby the whole creation is bound to the throne of the Creator."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Dec.* 14.—Having just seen my Augustus into a farmer's gig which is to take him to meet the coach (a distance of four and a half miles, which they say will take an hour and a half, so you may judge of the kind of roads), I must find consolation in writing to you. He is to be away ten days, going on from London to Cambridge to see Julius, and to hear him preach his Commemoration Sermon. My heart is full at parting with him, but I shall find plenty to do, and be very comfortable whilst he is away, and am very glad he should go. It is such a beautiful morning for his drive, and will enable me to chase away every uncomfortable feeling at letting my tender bird out of its cage by the clear air on Old Adam.

"I have had a good deal of talk with Augustus about his ideas on Inspiration. His notion is that in all the mere detail of facts, narrative of events, &c., there is *not* a *verbal* inspiration; for instance, that it required no help of the Spirit to give the names of David's thirty captains, nor does it in the least signify whether one was left out or miscalled; that in everything that was of the slightest importance to the conveying the knowledge of God—his scheme respecting men, precepts, doctrines—there the Spirit dictated. and as such we must receive it; but the mere historical detail he thinks cannot, with all its variations and inconsistencies, be dwelt upon as every *word* inspired by God without incurring the difficulties which this over-demand on people's belief so often creates. In the Gospels, St. Matthew mentions *two* blind men, St. Mark *one;* this proves they were not copied one from the other; but if *verbal* accuracy is required,

as it must be if inspired *verbally*, here would be a difficulty. In the Christian revelation more especially, which is in this peculiarity distinguished from the Jewish, he thinks the *spirit* and not the *letter* should be attended to throughout. By prayer, by singleness of heart, he thinks that he who does the Will will never fail to know of the Doctrine, and to distinguish between what may be rested on with faith and what may be deemed unimportant, but which being made too prominent may become a stumbling-block. I have not time to enter further into this argument, or into another we had yesterday about the heathen philosophers—how far the truth was revealed to them indirectly through communication with the Jews, and how far the expression 'God has not left Himself without a witness' may in a spiritual sense refer to them—how their theories, without a better foundation, fell to atheism amongst the Romans, till religion rose again with a reviving power in Christianity.

"In his sermon yesterday Augustus told a story about fourteen children who were poisoned from eating herbs at Luneville, in consequence of a great famine, and whose funerals he himself saw in passing through—and so on to the Bread of Life. He brought in too my old woman at Stoke, who learnt the prayers from hearing them at church. The interest excited is great, and probably all the more from the novelty."

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*Alton, Dec.* 14, 1829.—One might suppose that nine or ten hours at Alton would not afford much food for a letter, yet I begin to feel already as if I had a great deal to talk about. First, there were the letters. . . . . Then, I set forth on my walk. I had such a delightful ramble over the Downs; the sun shone so bright, and the air was clear and reviving, and I pushed on till I turned a point of the hill,

and there sprawling beneath me lay the great White Horse in all its chalky glory. I would not go back ignominiously when so far, so I went on, and soon planted my stick in the White Horse's tail! Far beneath in the hollow the sheep were collected together, and the shepherd boy was seated on his knoll of grass. What a time for meditation! no wonder the great poet of Israel was a shepherd, or rather, to give the cause before the effect, *vice versa*. I dare say, however, no very sublime thoughts are conceived on the Wiltshire Downs, and I should fear the mind was as inactive as the body in the boy I saw stationed on the hill with that wide view all below him. For myself, I do enjoy greatly the rambling about on those green hills, and, forgetting that the sun was not always so bright, I began to wonder that we had taken so little advantage of such good turf and free air. About three o'clock Mary came in to announce the arrival of the live stock from Woodhay. . . . . When I tell you that I have had a talk with Becky King about the Sacrament, I believe I shall have completed the history of this, my first day's solitude, in which I have not had one moment to spare, and been as happy as I can be without my own dearest husband. I feel so much difference from the time when I was left at Woodhay. Here the change from having you to having only my own thoughts and books is far less striking, and I am never *dull*, though, dearest, the arm-chair looks very empty, and the silence is not so pleasant as the sound of the voice one loves."

"*Dec.* 16. — Is it two whole days, dearest, since I have talked with you, and nearly three since you went away? It has not seemed very long, and your Mia has been very happy in her solitude, and does not feel half as desolate here as she used to do in that great house at Woodhay; but then a good honest Christmas fire is a much

better companion than a make-believe summer one, with winds and rain driving against the windows. . . . . .

"I have just had my second talk with Becky King, who told me she used to think the latter part of the Catechism was '*the biggest of nonsense*,' but that now she knew better what it meant. It seems your reading the latter part of the Communion Address encouraged her to come and ask questions, and it seems to have been thought by some, as Mr. Crowe never read that part, that it was your putting in. Poor woman! she is beset with fears and doubts, and had she fallen into the hands of Methodists would soon have been in a state of despondency. She said nothing had ever given her the comfort that reading her Bible had; and yet people ask, What good can teaching to read do?

"By this time, I suppose, the object of your mission is come to a point. Would I could see you for one minute through a telescope as you are talking with Julius, and guess at the result. The best I can hope for is, that if you fail, as I fear you must do, he may succeed in convincing you that his judgment is not so far wrong as you have been disposed to think it is. At all events, I trust to the sincere affection which prompts the one to censure and the other to grieve over that censure, keeping your hearts open to the kindly feeling which between such brothers should prevail in the midst of disagreement. It is singular how it has hitherto struggled through all the harshness of opposition, and always succeeded in keeping uppermost. Let it still do so, and all will be well. God be with you, and bless you, my own dearest. Good night!"

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*Cambridge, Dec.* 16.—Julius has delivered his Commemoration Sermon manfully. It was on Self-sacrifice, showing that throughout the universe, animate and inanimate,

from God to the lowest living created thing, every good thing that is done is done by self-sacrifice of some kind or other. So instead of commemorating the departed, he showed how alone things worthy of commemoration could be accomplished; and Bacon by his maxims, and Newton by his life (both members of Trinity), furnished him with examples most appropriate to the subject and to the day. The great feature of the beginning was an attack upon the Paley doctrines, which debase virtue into a refined selfishness. But as the sermon lasted an hour and a quarter, you may conceive how impossible it is to give the darling Mia even the slightest sketch of it. After service, we came back to Julius's rooms, to be present at his distribution of the college prizes for the year; and almost more than in the sermon did I delight in the readiness with which he said something kind and gratifying and appropriate to almost every man as he came to him in succession."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Dec.* 20. — I think I told you about Becky King, who begged to talk to me about the Sacrament. She said she had often wished but never dared to come. She certainly affords an instance of God's Spirit working in her. She seems to have met with no one likely to put such thoughts into her head—has no cant or display, but does seem *really* to feel that she is sinful, and that she is unworthy to come before God. Sometimes she says she feels as if she must be cast away, and then the words of the Bible comfort her—'And if I do but say God help me, it seems to do me good, ma'am.' She told so simply how much she was taken up with cares about this world, and how to struggle on with their poverty and pay their debts, and that she could not help fretting about it, though she knew it was so wrong, that I really felt quite ashamed that she should

see me sitting at my ease, with every luxury around me. I hope to be some comfort to her, but it does strike one as something like mockery to talk to such poor creatures about being thankful for what is given them, and certainly they do need the hopes of something hereafter to look on to.

"I am very busy writing a sermon to be ready for Augustus's return. I don't know whether it will be of any use to him, but it is partly done in his style, which is rather that of plain talking than preaching. We have got a large cargo of flannel and blankets from Frome to cut up, and we shall give them the day after Christmas, which will be a good way of knowing all the people.

"*Dec.* 22.—Your account of seeing the railway takes away my breath, and puts my head into a perfect whirl. What will this all come to? Some great change must take place. I want, as you say, my companion to talk it all over to. However, you are quite right that even great as my privation is of not having him, there are independent charms of being alone which *we* enjoy more than most. It is such a pleasure having things done that I know will please him or make him more comfortable. For instance, I have moved the chairs and tables, till I have made more space for my poor man to walk about. He is so patient, that he never says a word about it, but I know he must long to expel half the furniture that is in the way of his long legs and walks. It is very good for him, however, to be a little curtailed. He will lose the habit of jumping up and twirling round, from the impossibility here of doing it without knocking something over. I have always forgotten to copy for your amusement some lines addressed to him, I forget who by, but describing a Debating Society at Oxford, of which he was a member. Here are those relating to him:—

. . . . .

"And first thyself that planned the vast design,
And bade such powers of eloquence combine—
Yes! sure 'tis he! 'tis Hare whose *gamut* voice
Bids treason flourish, Jacobins rejoice;
Who tells in *alt* what ills our State disgrace,
And mumbles out corruption's fall in *base*.
'Tis he, whose restless hand, now out, now in,
Threats all around, or strokes his beardless chin;
Each adverse speech he vows on conquest bent—
'To declamation without argument;'
Next well composed antitheses ensue—
'Naught true is novel, and naught novel true;'
Till, as vast metaphors distend his breast,
He winds his period up, and chokes the rest."

I have been reading a little of Schleiermacher. Thirlwall's preface, with the history of all the different theories, is quite bewildering, and enough, I think, to turn any one disbeliever in the inspiration. Schleiermacher, I think, clearly has a right feeling *himself*, and only wishes to account for the discrepancies in the best way he can, believing in the main points as divinely taught. But I suspect the effect on most would be rather of creating doubt than of satisfying it. Still there are many singular theories about how this story must have originated in the telling of the Virgin Mary, and that in the telling of the shepherds, &c., which do not at all take away from the high origin; and the supposition that it was originally written down in detached portions, occasioned by the questions of the early converts, and afterwards collected together, does not seem to me at all to take away from its truth or spiritual inspiration, and accounts for the want of connection.

"Yesterday evening I was actually obliged to go to bed from the cold, having tried alternately whether the draught from the door or window was the most bearable. One is obliged to move one's position sometimes so that an undue

partiality of warmth may not be shown to one side. You cannot think how beautiful Alton looks in the snow. Yesterday the sunset on the snow-hills was quite Alpine. But, my poor Augustus—I wonder how he will ever get home today through the deep drifts, and shall be most glad to have him safe here.

"*Dec.* 30.—You will not be very glad of Augustus's return, as it stops my pen so much. I do not know how it happens, but when he is at home there seems no time for anything. He brought his aunt's dog Brute home with him. Can you fancy me with a little beast? However, I shall learn to talk to one soon I think.

"We had a great day on Saturday for giving away to all the people, and so got all their names and histories, and Augustus scolded the mothers whose daughters had '*misfortunes*,' and told them how, in the parish he came from, such a thing was unheard of. On Christmas Day we had only *two* communicants, besides *my* woman and ourselves. On Sunday the Great Alton clergyman did not come on account of the snow, and Augustus had to do the whole morning service there, as well as the evening here.

"*Jan.* 6, 1830.—Julius came on Monday, bringing our young half-brother Gustavus with him, that he might read with Augustus. A new person coming upon one's solitude seems to let in so much new light. Then Julius is much more communicative than Augustus, and more generally conversable. But with all that mildness of demeanour and character, I am surprised to hear him so vehement on politics, &c. I think he will be obliged to end by living in Germany, he is so much annoyed by the present system of things in this country—by the overpowering commercial spirit which fills everything. He must have surprised a fellow-traveller in the coach, who was rejoicing in the present books for children, by saying that there was not one

fit for them to read; and had he gone on to express his regret that the poor had no longer popular romances to read, his companion would have wondered still more. He does not conceal his dislike of people when he feels it, and is not near as cautious as Augustus is. I hope he will preach on Sunday. By-the-bye, Augustus preached my sermon last Sunday, with a few alterations of his own, which did very well. He says he never saw the people so attentive. It was something like my copies of your drawings—having a good foundation, but imperfectly worked up, and wanting the spirit and force of an original.

"*Jan.* 29.—Pray tell Charlie that when his uncle was five or six years old his great play at school was taking Bergen-op-Zoom, the scene of action being Twyford churchyard, and his fortifications composed of string from one tombstone to another. Without any knowledge of geography, he picked out the names he could hear of, so that Malta and Copenhagen were side by side sometimes, and all his leisure hours were spent in arranging plans for assaults, and thinking over, as he grew older, what he read in Thucydides, &c. . . . . His trouble in teaching Gustavus is really repaid by the delight Demosthenes gives him. His language and style is as plain and homely as that of Cobbett, and his eloquence produced entirely by the force of argument. Of course my studies have lain in this line lately, one thing brings up another so; and then I feel so ignorant of all the *general principles*, as if there was so much to be known and thought about that a poor weak mind cannot embrace anything, and I wonder at the bigotry of those who think their own opinions infallible.

"I begin almost to *dread* seeing you again, the happiness will be so great. Julius has left us, having been much shocked the day before by hearing of Niebuhr's death. He laments him no less for the excellence of his private

character than for his literary attainments—says the world has a great loss in the latter, for his researches were so very deep. Having a very nervous mind, it had preyed on the troubles of the times, and worn him out quite in his prime."

M. H. *to* A. W. H. (absent at Oxford).

"*Feb.* 9.—The warm sun and mild air yesterday seemed to be purposely made for your release from prison, and left me no excuse for grumbling over your going away. . . . . As I went my way along the lane to-day, thinking how I could do any good in the parish, I met one of Gideon's children. 'Where have you been to, Mary?' 'To school at Mrs. Patrick's, ma'am.' So in I stepped to Mrs. Patrick, and found she had begun to take in a scholar or two. This was just what I had before thought of, as you may remember, so I sat down and we had a good talk, the burden of which on her part was that she wanted to get a few shillings, and that she was able to teach reading, sewing, and writing; and on mine that I should be very glad to have somebody in the parish who would teach the children, and that I would talk to you about it when you came home; in the meantime she must try to get what scholars she could. She certainly seems fully able to undertake the office; the house is large enough for as many as she is likely to get at present, and till something else turns up we cannot do better than support her. I think when I have announced the birth of your one hundred and first parishioner in the cottages, you will know all the parish news I have heard in the last twenty-four hours."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 11.—There are two things in your last letter I thought of commenting on. One was what you say about

our imperfect powers of mind. Certainly they do prove the corruption and weakness of our *intellectual* nature, but this I conceive to be a distinct thing from the *moral* corruption of which St. Paul speaks, except so far as they act and react upon each other. With regard to religious truth (I mean not unessential points, but a Christian faith), I believe Augustus would say that it is the corruption of the *will* that perverts the intellect—some hidden undiscovered cause perhaps; but he holds that there is no person *perfectly* sincere and honest in his search after truth, who will not sooner or later be allowed to find it, and be helped in his inquiry. But then to be unprejudiced and *open* to conviction is just the point on which we all fail. Our limited capacities, I think, would alone convince us of there being a something far higher to which we shall one day attain, and where all will be made clear which now seems often so obscure. The striving of our nature after something better, and its reluctance to stand still, might be a proof that the image of God in our souls has not wholly been done away; if it was, there could be no chord to be struck, nothing to answer the call, to lay hold of the means held out—in darkness we must remain. I suspect that in many the extreme to which the contrary doctrine is pushed proceeds from a degree of *jealousy* lest sufficient stress should not be laid upon Christ's doing *all* and not part of our salvation; and so (as I think Whately somewhere observes) are doctrines, not *necessarily* dependent on each other to their *extreme* point, made to hang together for fear lest in loosening one both should give way.

"People ought to marry, that by communion with another mind they may look at themselves with other eyes. Now the thing which I see more clearly than I used to do is, how *much* the system of indulgence gives a false view of

life, and tends to raise an expectation and wish of self-gratification in everything, as well as making those occasions when that is not possible appear in the light of great trials and sacrifices. I am much struck with the effect which a different system has had upon Augustus, and how much more wholesome to his character the severity of early discipline was, and the constant giving up of self. Some bad consequences result from the *fear* produced—reserve, and in a less upright mind perhaps deceit; but I begin to think that in the days when subjection to elders was enforced, and when less was done to promote the amusement and gratification of children, more was done to form their minds to a right view of themselves and others. It is well that something of humiliation at finding my own notions of duty lower than they should be arises out of marriage, or what would become of me with such excessive spoiling?

"To-day I have been on the Downs as far as the Beacon, and am quite stiff with the hard work it was getting up the hill through the deep *mortar*."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Feb.* 27, 1830.—Nothing can be more convenient than a parish, no house of which is beyond a ten minutes' walk. Then the power of knowing every individual in it, and of ministering even with our small means to the comfort of all, is a very great advantage. But there is scarcely a grown-up person who can read, and I was not aware before how much the want of this simple knowledge leads to a general dulness of intellect, and how greatly it adds to the difficulty of giving anything of religious instruction. How is the mother of a family, who can never or rarely get to church, and has no means of learning anything at home, to know or care anything about any world but this? I hope

we may in time be able to do something towards enlightening their minds a little, but it is a work of great difficulty, and I long for a *missionary* spirit to be able to speak the truth and the whole truth to them with plainness and openness. The first thing has been of course to begin with the children. Those who are not advanced beyond A B and B A of course get on very slowly, but we have now begun a little village school. The people seem a good deal struck by Augustus's sermons, which, being extremely plain, and at the same time out of the common way, with illustrations from their own sphere of life, have a greater effect than many finer discourses. But how very hard it is to give them the least notion of religion, except as one of forms and outward acts. I am now visiting a sick woman, one of the most respectable in the parish, who has attended church better than her neighbours and brought up her family well She is pleased to have me read to her, but beyond the *Jewish* creed of a God that will reward and punish, and to whom we must pray for help and protection, she seems to have as little sense of her needing a mediator, or of all that she owes to Him, as any heathen might have; and to convince her that the faults, for which she takes God's pardon as a matter of course, are such as the Bible teaches us proceed from the heart and must be repented of, I feel some trouble in making her understand. Till I came here I was scarcely aware, having only seen parishes which had long been civilised and attended to, how much devolves upon the exertion and attention of the *Rectory* in teaching the poor people; and the state of simplicity which one might expect, as you say, from the distance from a high-road, having no town near, and no public-house in the village, is far less than might be hoped. The system of all the women and girls acting as field-labourers—*ploughing* and shepherding, &c.—in itself produces a rough and savage state of society."

M. H. *to* C. S. (after a happy visit from the Stanleys at Alton and an absence in London).

"*Alton, June* 1, 1830.—Here we are again at our own quiet home, which, in the depth of shade and exceeding freshness of foliage, looks more retired and more *rural* even than when you saw it. You may fancy the pleasure it has been to me to receive from Mrs. Reginald Heber a parcel of the 'Life.' She seems to me to have done it so judiciously in making him his own biographer by his letters and journals, and they bring him most vividly before one. Wherever his mind comes forth, the sterling sense united with the candour and liberality is very remarkable. I feel one's loss of him renewed by having him thus brought home to one's recollection. To be sure, how unlike he was to any one else. I cannot read the book without tears.

"Augustus has been working hard at his own hay, going out every half-hour to see what they were about, watching the clouds with an anxiety worthy of any farmer, and scolding because the cocks were not judiciously made, to say nothing of moving half the grass when mown into the next field to dry sooner, which answered completely. Mary has worked in the hay all day, dressed me, brought in dinner, milked the cow, and at seven o'clock there she was in the hay again. When I saw her in the croft, I laughed and said, 'You have had enough variety to-day.' 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'I feel as if I was at home.' Certainly, whether a country gentleman's daughter is *the thing* for a wife or not, a respectable farmer's daughter is *the thing* for a servant."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*June* 2, 1830.—I dare say you have followed us to-day in our walks and rides, and guessed how many recollections have come across us of the beginning of our life

together, of which this is the first anniversary. How blessed this year has been to us both! Who knows what another may be. But we are, thank God, in better hands than our own, and our care for the future as for the present must all be cast on Him. We were so glad to be able to spend this day alone together, and at our own dear little quiet home, which is so very green and fresh; the roses cluster in at the windows, and it looks so very retired and comfortable, that I long for you to see it in its summer dress.

"Augustus has established a second service on a Sunday, which was never before known; and it has been received thankfully, as also his attempts to teach these poor ignorant people something about the Sacrament, which has been entirely neglected. He had quite a little congregation last week on those evenings in which, after a prayer he made for the occasion, he talked and explained to them for above an hour, and they seemed greatly pleased. If we can do something how thankful we shall be, but it must take a long time before any great change can be made; and when the novelty of having a pastor who cares about their *souls* is a little gone by, we must expect to have many discouragements . . . .

"How it unites the interests of rich and poor when the one is enabled to contribute so essentially to the welfare of the other, and when they can join together in one great feeling. I am sure they are wonderfully sensible of, and grateful for, one's taking an interest about their spiritual concerns as much as for their temporal, and it quite saddens one to think that such a weight of responsibility as attaches to the clergy should be so often misused and slighted. Pray for us that we may be enabled to persevere, that God may bless our weak attempts to lead others into that service of perfect freedom, and that He may strengthen our own

faith, that whilst teaching others we also may be advancing in his love and knowledge of the truth, and that we may give all the praise to Him. This last especially I would say must never be out of our minds, for our poor weak nature is so ready to take all the glory to itself.

". . . . I am often tempted to wish there was not another religious book in the world except the Bible, and then there would I believe be far less difference of opinion and more simplicity of feeling. Were Christ himself the model of life and his precepts the standard of opinion, many who are by the errors and ill judgment of even his faithful followers led astray, would be filled more with that spirit of love and peace which marks his character."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, July* 8.—The aunts are just gone—and oh! on Monday next down go the partition walls of the drawing-room, and lo! our beautiful new room twenty-three feet in length! No sooner was the suggestion made of such an improvement being practicable, and the probable execution talked of for a future time, than each sister looked at the other—'I see what you are thinking of, Marianne, and the same thing struck me.' And then came that it was a great pity to delay such an increase of comfort, and that they should have real pleasure in giving it to us. Nothing could be done more kindly and handsomely. It was a beautiful day for their arrival, and all looked to advantage. They expressed satisfaction in everything, found no faults, and I did not ask opinions on things I did not intend to follow, and did upon points where I could. The village was well astonished by the great ladies and their four horses.

"We are going to Stoke in a fortnight. . . . I am sure it is necessary and wholesome to mix in the world sometimes to

prevent one's notions becoming narrow and bigoted, as they will do if one never associates except with those who think with one's self. But certainly the truest enjoyment must always be in one's own dear home, striving to help those around us, regretting only how weak and inefficient are the *human* means of benefiting them. . . . . I do not know if I have ever told you what my study is now—Greek. I read a few verses each day in my Testament, and get on pretty well, my master tells me, and it is such a delight to me.

"*Stoke Rectory, July* 24, 1830.—I can hardly believe that I am not Maria Leycester again; in other respects Stoke is Stoke—its own green, beautiful, summer dress on. The flowers are even better than usual, the Hawkestone and Kenstone range looks strangely wooded and rich, and the bookroom is certainly grown half as big again at least. You would have laughed to see Augustus immediately measuring length and breadth, looking directly at the *cornices*, and yesterday our first walk after breakfast was to dairy, larder, pig-styes, &c.; in short, I find myself observing on various things I passed over so entirely when I lived here, —considering whether the pasture was good in the field, seeing all the weeds in the garden, &c.

"We had a delightful journey, and no adventures. Seeing the little schoolgirls in the lane first upset me. But I behaved very well on getting here—only felt my heart jump into my mouth. My father was at the door. Augustus was as happy and proud in bringing me back as I was to get here. Of course we had a great peal of bells on our arrival, and next day, which is quite a new and grand sound to us.

"*Stoke, Sept.* 25.—The terrible news of the railway accident and Mr. Huskisson's death quite occupies us. Augustus and I have been making out from the newspapers

how many variations there are in the accounts of the story, as told professedly by those who were on the spot; and had he to preach in the neighbourhood at this time, he says he should certainly make use of them as an instance how absurd it would be some years hence to doubt the truth of the way in which Mr. Huskisson was killed because one eye-witness calls it the right, and another the left leg that was injured—because one says he fell on his face, knocked down by the door, and another that his foot slipped, &c.; and how similar are the doubts raised of the truth of the Gospels by the variations of the evangelist story."

A. W. H. *to a* CLERICAL FRIEND.

"*Sept.*, 1830.— . . . . You may remember you said to me, as I was getting into the carriage to leave your house, that you hoped I did not think the worse of you for the discussions we had had together. Now I will not pay your penetration so bad a compliment as to suppose it possible you should not have perceived how greatly I admire many things about you—your care of the parish, your love of natural science, your activity, your unremitting endeavours to improve the condition of the poor around you. Heartily do I wish that I resembled and equalled you in these respects. All I deplore is, that with so much energy of character, and such a love of truth, you should be content to remain, on many points, halting between two opinions; and that you should suffer your peace to be disturbed and your days embittered by questions which, if you would only grapple with them steadily, would many of them, I am convinced, turn out to be little more than phantoms. I do not deny that there may be many difficulties in the narratives we have so often discussed together; but, in the eyes of a Christian, they kick the beam when weighed against the positive evidence afforded us in the life

and character of Jesus. . . . I am disposed to say to any Christian who vexes himself about such questions as that of Jonah and his fish, for instance, 'What matters it, whether the story be literal or allegorical, so long as we believe in Jesus and his tomb, and know that He rose from it triumphantly?' The darkest passages in the Old Testament are illuminated by that event with a reflected light, which shows them to be either true or unimportant.

"Apropos of light, a fancy occurred to me the other day, which, if you would mature and execute it, would show, I think, more clearly than any words can do, how small a part the difficulties are compared with the whole scheme; and, at any rate, how small is the shade they cast on the great surrounding objects. That they are nuisances in themselves I can readily conceive, but then it is simply as being negations; they are but minus quantities, and can no more affect or obscure the glorious truth, with which they are found in juxtaposition, than a thousand thistles in a park can conceal or out-top the oak in it. Over those thistles, be they as high and prickly as they may, the oak will still be seen conspicuously; and it will still afford its giant shelter to all who can force their way through the briars and nettles up to it. And, after all, the Bible abounds in oaks, and has not half so many thistles in it as I have cut down at Hurstmonceaux. My fancy, however, is this, to draw a sort of map of the whole. The Old and New Testaments might be the two worlds, the different books would be so many provinces, the chief events would be like great cities, the difficulties would be deserts, marshes, &c. In short, not to allegorise too much, it would be easy, I think, to colour this plan or map with various colours, from white to black, marking the different shades and gradations of belief as you feel them to exist in your own mind, from the highest intensity of persuasion and conviction to the

shadows, clouds, and darkness—if it ever amount to darkness—of any degree of doubt you may be conscious of. Might not such a synopsis as this have the advantage of making you *feel* more strongly than you at present seem to do how small a proportion your serious difficulties bear to the many great points on which your mind is quite at rest. It is painful to see an anxiety about small matters hanging like a clog about your mind, ever flapping against it and distracting its exertions, and retarding its progress towards perfection. He who is ever laying the foundation afresh will never finish the building. He who has not the foundation laid sufficiently by the beginning of autumn has little time to lose, if he means to have his house comfortable by Christmas. Your house is not comfortable. Would you could bring yourself to devote your energies to the making it comfortable, with a determination of persevering till the work is done. A few months, nay, a year or two, would be well employed in an occupation the certain issue and reward of which are peace.

"I need hardly say that this applies with equal force to your misgivings about some of the Calvinistic tenets. In my opinion, the Arminian who relies on Divine grace, the moderate Calvinist who insists on holiness and refrains from preaching retribution, and the man who dismisses the controversy from his thoughts as too high for his learning and abilities, when brought within these wholesome limits, as being partially unimportant—all these men, I conceive, may meet together in one Church, as in a common field, in which each has an equal right to till. . . . "

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Oct.* 26, 1830.—You may guess the joy with which we found ourselves at home again, and we have had such greetings from all the people. . . . . Yesterday I

mounted Jack again for the first time, Augustus walked by my side, and we enjoyed much going along that beautiful terrace you remember on the Downs, and coming back through the pretty lanes where the bluebells were. Nothing can be more perfect than our present life. The third Sunday we were away, Mr. Bleeck had service at Great Alton church in the morning. In the evening Mr. Peck, as usual, had service in our church. When he came out, the clerk stepped up to him—'That was a very good sermon, sir, you gave us; to be sure, we heard every word of it this morning from Mr. Bleeck; but we shall remember it all the better.' Was it not singular?

"*Oct.* 27.—We have had nothing but doctoring in the parish. The fever reached the house at the end of our lane, and on Sunday night a little girl, one of my best scholars, died of it. Her father lay dangerously ill and another child also. Having just heard of how malignant a nature it was from the doctor, you may guess whether it did not require a little *faith* to see Augustus go into the infected house to read prayers to the sick man without much anxiety. However, here was a case of duty, and after making him take every precaution, I was quite calm in his doing it, and all the things he ordered were very necessary to prevent worse consequences. The man is now, I hope, getting better; but they have it in another house next to Gideon's, and yesterday, as Augustus was passing in the afternoon, he happened to speak to the woman, saw she was crying, and, on inquiry, found that the girl who was so much better in the morning, was, they thought, dying. He came home for some brandy, and ran back with it in spite of the rain, and waited till the child had taken some, and by means of that and rubbing mustard on the throat begun to revive; and to-day she is alive and certainly better. But it seems like a sort of miniature plague, attacking people so suddenly

with swelling in the limbs, &c. Two more in the same house now have it. There is such a making of broth and gruel. The barn does very well with the laundry stove in it, and makes an excellent room for school, and Augustus means to lecture there one evening in the week."

IX.

JOURNALS—"THE GREEN BOOK."

"Love, lift me upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heaven's hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soveraine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof a heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of love, high heaven's King."

E. SPENSER, 1553—98.

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*ALTON-BARNES, Nov.* 22, 1829, *Sunday.*—My thirty-first birthday! my first married one! God be praised for the happiness that attends it. Others have been accompanied by hopes, and plans, and expectations for the future; this presents the realisation of all, and more than all I have ever dared to hope. I no longer look on to what is in store; rather I dwell upon the present enjoyment, and tremble lest another year should bring with it any change. My heart is often full to overflowing when I think of the many fond dreams I cherished of the days to come, and feel now how they have all so fully come to pass. It was in our own little church I this day knelt and prayed, and it was my husband's voice to which I listened, and with him have I this evening read the Psalms and Lessons to our little household, and so joined together in the sacred services of the day. How long has this been an object of my wishes,

to unite with the partner of my heart and life in such duties. In his tender affection, and in the perfect confidence which exists between us, there is a charm thrown over our daily life which certainly equals, and I think exceeds, what I had fancied would be the case; and such is the fear and trembling with which its duration is thought of, that I am anxious to record something of these happy days as they pass, which may hereafter recall them to the recollection more vividly than memory unassisted could do. I can breathe no prayer for the present, but that a sense of our utter dependence on God may never leave me, and that He will in his mercy strengthen my faith and resign me to His will; that whatsoever that will may require from me, be it in suffering or be it in joy, my comfort as well as my thankfulness may rest solely on Him.

"I begin a new life, with new duties, new responsibilities, and I heartily pray that I may fulfil them in that Christian spirit which may in some measure atone for the imperfection in their performance; and that he whom I so dearly love may together with me grow daily in the knowledge of the truth and in the love of God, may He of his goodness grant by the assistance of his Spirit. I feel myself sadly wanting in submission, often failing in thankfulness, wayward in the midst of blessings, ruffled by the merest trifles; the pride and self-will in my heart are continually struggling against my better feelings, but they will, I trust, not always gain the victory, and when no higher motives have influence, the strength of earthly affection will do much. Why do not we fear to grieve Him, from whom we receive all, as much as we do to cause one painful feeling to our nearest earthly friend? My own Augustus! I must not love you too much, or God in his wisdom will recall my wandering affections to Heaven, by taking from me that which makes Earth—Heaven.

"*Nov.* 29.—Augustus read in the morning service to-day Doddridge's paraphrase on the 1st of St. John, which wants only simplifying in the words to make it intelligible to the ignorant. Sunday is always a day of rejoicing with me, and I love my dear Augustus more than usual when he has been exerting himself for the good of his people.

"*Dec.* 1.—A letter with the account of Mrs. A——'s death affected me a good deal. So young a person taken away in the bloom of happiness is always an awful thing; but here her having so long desired the very event which has closed her earthly course is a striking lesson, and I feel that I ought to benefit by it. How wrong it shows it to be longing after that, the consequence of which we can so little foresee. To God we must commit ourselves entirely, and not dare wish for that which he withholds.

"*Dec.* 2.—With what a characteristic dispute about greatness does the 18th of Matthew open. This is the constant struggle now as then, and the simplicity and humbleness of a child are as little to be met with in these days of knowledge and learning as in those of ignorance and poverty. 'By their angels in Heaven,' sounds to me very strongly as if there were appropriate spirits to minister to each faithful Christian. Augustus has been reading Coleridge this evening. Nothing can be more delightful than his style when not involved in obscurity; I certainly prefer it to Landor.

"Augustus told me a curious story of Mr. Pitt being waked out of a sound sleep by Mr. Windham and others, and told that the mutineers had seized Admiral Colpoice. He rose up in bed, asked for pen and paper, and having written 'If Admiral C. is not released, fire upon the ship from the batteries till she is destroyed,' gave it to Mr. Windham, lay down, and was snoring before they got out of

the room. Lord Spencer was one of the party, and told Lady Jones.

"*Dec.* 13.—We have had a long talk about the heathen philosophers. Augustus thinks it is to the crumbs of truth they picked up that the verse 'God has not left himself without a witness' may be spiritually applied—that they might from the Hebrew poetry and prophecies gain some light. Coleridge's opinion is that they had themselves a providential, though not a *miraculous*, dispensation to raise their intellect above the sensible world—to spiritualise their ideas. How inefficient this was, is proved by the fall of their theories into epicurism amongst the Romans. The Stoics were austere moralists, the falseness of whose system was soon detected, and consequently rejected by those who liked to live for pleasure; and, just when the religion of the Jews had become corrupt, and the philosophy of the heathens sunk into Atheism, Christianity rose with reviving force. At no other time could it have been spread so rapidly or extensively as when all countries in the civilised world were subject to one power, and connected with one another through this medium. The Reformation was a resurrection of Christianity, which was repeated in England after the French Revolution by the Methodists.

"*Christmas Day*, 1829.—This blessed day is the first since we have been so blessed by the gift of each other. How my heart swelled within me on receiving the cup of blessing from my husband's hands at the altar of our own little church, where he read with so much feeling and earnestness those beautiful words of comfort, encouragement, and prayer. I never felt them come so much home to my feelings; and imperfect and cold as my best attempts are to realise to myself the presence of Christ, I trust that these will be accepted, and that God will grant to me a daily increasing knowledge of, and love for, my blessed

Saviour. That we may assist and help each other in the use of spiritual things, is my earnest desire and prayer; and never do I feel more thankful for my present happy life than when we unite in these feelings and wishes. It was a thorough Christmas Day. The sun shone bright upon a Lapland snow, and there was a wholesome clearness in the air, invigorating to mind and body.

"*Dec.* 31.—We have reached the end of this happy, blessed year, 1829. It has given to each of us, I believe, that which is more precious than any other gift of God, and not one anticipation of the happiness attending our union has been in vain. Seven months have we now been one, and not one cloud has come between us; each day seems only to draw us more closely together, and to unite our thoughts and feelings more intimately. Let this conviction produce in our hearts true thankfulness to Our Father who has given such earthly happiness, and make us watchful lest it grow into a too engrossing feeling, excluding that higher love to which it should be subject.

"*Jan.* 1, 1830.—The new year begins most brightly and happily, but I scarcely like to look on to its events; for when the present is so blest, one cannot but fear the changes which may be wrought. But my trust must not fail, for God can give us strength to bear. May He lead us daily and yearly nearer and nearer to himself, that our cold hearts may glow with more love of heavenly things, and be weaned from dependence on anything earthly. May I perform the new duties which are opened to me with the humility of a little child, conscious of my own unworthiness, and seeking earnestly for help in all my struggles after holiness.

"*Jan.* 10.—Julius is here, and reads to us in the evenings. He enjoys a story with all the simplicity of a

child. In church, his reading of the lessons and prayers was most solemn and devotional, but in the sermon his tone rather wants variety and energy. Nothing could be better and plainer than the *words* of his sermon, and the thoughts were beautiful. I particularly liked his allusion to our love of tracing things from their beginnings, &c., and the showing how knowledge is not the one thing needful—how much we need a Redeemer, &c. I think, however, for the audience he spoke to, that little would be understood of the natural longing after good; and the classical allusions rather proceeded from the scholar than the parish-priest. I long for him to be thrown more into the world, that, by mixing with different classes of society, his theories may become less visionary.

"*Jan.* 18.—It grieves me to have to part with Julius just as we were becoming more intimate, but the moment of parting calls forth the real feeling, and his farewell speech of how happy it made him to have a real sister was a great delight.

"*Jan.* 28.—When I come to study any subject it always appears to branch off into so many channels, and there arise before me so many points on which I am ignorant, that, instead of keeping steadily to one, my mind is apt to glance off to all the various means before me—gleaning, perhaps, a little from each, but not making any completely my own. To be sure, the more one knows the more one must sink before one's self in consciousness of utter ignorance, and before the overwhelming force of all the materials for human knowledge, spread out in all ages, and so little made use of as they should be.

"I am interested in reading connectedly the Mosaic history—how constantly and *immediately* God presided over the Israelites—how entirely their laws were adapted to every particular occasion, not general in principle—how strongly

the necessity of atoning for sin is shown forth in the sacrificial ordinances.

"*Feb.* 11.—If *substance* means literally what is beneath, to *under-stand* a thing must be to find out that substance—to penetrate below the surface to what lies under. If nobody professed to *understand* a thing who had not thus stood under it, and seen its deeper and hidden parts, how much error and confusion would be saved! How equally does God proportion things, that where outer trials are wanting, inner ones are created by the perversity of our own hearts. The system of indulgence under which I have always lived makes anything less of ease and comfort seem a hardship which requires compassion; and I find that while *great* sacrifices, by calling out a degree of admiration, are a means of fostering our self-love, *little* ones which often do not *cost* us less are more salutary, because they pass unnoticed. I grievously need a more humble and submissive faith—a more perfect trust in the Divine will. If this were, indeed, attained, all would be peace, and it is the weakness of our faith which leads us to murmur, to grieve, or to be anxious. I have much, very much to learn. God grant me grace to learn of Christ to gain more of the spirit of child-like meekness and more resignation to his will.

"*June* 2, 1830.—This happy day has come again, telling how a long year of happiness has been granted to us. We have lived over again in memory every hour as it passed of that eventful day, and rejoiced in feeling how much nearer and closer is the tie that binds us than it was even then; and I more especially enjoy the remembrance of that which first secured to us our present comfort whilst it is undisturbed by all the painful and agitating feelings of the last 2nd of June. How can we be grateful enough for so much of earthly blessing; and yet how often am I half disposed to murmur, or at least grieve, that others are not added, of

which I know not if they would contribute to my happiness. God knows what is best, and in His hands I can *mostly* rest my hopes, though the flesh is weak, and will sometimes presume to wish for itself. . . .

Oct. 23, 1830.—I have been many weeks away with my own family. How dearly I love them, and yet I cannot help feeling now how little they are in comparison with this *one*, and how much happier my life is now in my own home, with its duties and interests, than the less active one I formerly led. When I was at Stoke, I felt how little I had ever done there, and how much more I should now like to do. The last year has brought with it so much more of *apparent* responsibility that I am aware of a much stronger feeling of the necessity of exertion than I formerly had. Yet even now how far does it fall short of all which I ought or even wish to do. Some idle excuse, some vain scruple, some foolish pretence rises up at every turn to divert one from the right path of making the consideration of others always supersede that of self. God be praised that we are returned safe to our dear home, and may He assist our weak efforts and fill our wavering hearts with good desires, that so we may go on increasing in knowledge of His Truth, showing it forth in our own lives, and making it known to all around us.*

* The Journal called "The Green Book" was continued through my mother's whole life. Extracts from it will from this time be occasionally inserted at the dates where they occur.

X.

WILTSHIRE RIOTS AND VILLAGE DUTIES.

"What an union for two believers is a Christian marriage—to have one hope, one desire, one course of life, one service of God in common the one with the other! Both, like brother and sister, undivided in heart and flesh, or rather really two in one flesh, fall down together on their knees, they pray and fast together, they teach, they exhort, they bear one another mutually; they are together in the church of God, and in the Supper of the Lord; they share with one another their grievances, their persecutions, and their joys; neither hides anything from the other, neither avoids the other; the sick are visited by them with pleasure, and the needy supported; psalms and hymns resound between them, and they mutually strive who shall best praise their God. Christ is delighted to see and hear things like these; He sends His peace on such as these; where two are, there is He, and where He is, evil comes not."—TERTULLIAN.

A. W. H. *to* C. S.

"*NOV.* 24, 1830.—For fear you should be alarmed by cross-country accounts in the newspapers, I write a few lines to say we are all safe, after one of the most painful days I ever went through.

"About two o'clock we were summoned by two half-drunken men who professed to be *sent on*. They came to the door, and asked for money, 'any trifle,' announcing that two hundred were coming at their heels. After failing of their errand, they went down to Pile's house, opposite us, whither I followed them. He was gone to Marlborough,

and there were none but women in the house. As the only chance, I had the church-bell rung, but none of the labourers came; perhaps they were too far off, and did not hear. About ten minutes after the troop arrived. The machine had been taken to pieces, but *that* did not satisfy them; they must break it. And breaking it they were, when Pile on horseback dashed in among them, and fired. They would have dispersed, perhaps, in a fright, but in a place where they could close with him, his gun went off a second time. They dragged him down, and have nearly killed him. They then burst into the house, and broke everything to pieces, and for some time I expected they would serve us in the same way; so irritated were they, and so mad with drink. Indeed, they talked of coming back to-night, and burning down all his ricks and barns. But the news had reached Devizes even before I could send a messenger. The Yeomanry were here by six, and I have just heard that they have surprised several of the rioters in the public-house at Woodborough. On the Marlborough side ten men were taken to-day; and a regiment of Lancers were to be there by eight o'clock to-night. So we feel safe again. Maria behaved perfectly, as she always does, thinking of everything that was wanted, and taking every kind and proper step towards her poor afflicted neighbours. I had no idea the English peasantry were such cowards as the men to-day on both sides proved themselves. We hear Woodhay has been ransacked. The fires on Saturday and Sunday were dreadful."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Nov.* 25.—We have had no further alarm beyond the many reports, of which, if we believed one half, one could not have much rest. However, at Pewsey there has been a meeting. Col. Wroughton says the people are

satisfied, and there will be one at Devizes to-day. Troops are at Marlborough and Devizes. We have our own special constables, patrols, and fire-engine, and I trust are in a better state of preparation than we were. Poor Mr. Pile is not out of danger, I fear, though I hope he will do well. A large fire-ball was found in his field the morning after the attack. We hear of five great fires over the hills towards Calne, and at Salisbury dreadful work is going on. Our ringleaders are chiefly taken, and we had the pleasure of seeing some of them go past with the cavalry yesterday morning. All the villages round us seem to have contributed their share of men; and I fear there are some very bad ones amongst them. Our village had not one, and only two were from Great Alton, but of course they all rejoice secretly at what is to bring them greater wages. At the same time they are frightened to death, and the wives come crying about their husbands,—they are sure they will get their heads broken, &c. At all hours people are coming,—farmers to consult about what should be done, and with fresh stories. In short, we live in a strange, nervous state; and if we do not make an example, and that speedily, of some of the worst, there will be no end to these outrages.

"On Tuesday evening, when all was over, and our fears for the night were quieted by the arrival of the cavalry, Augustus and I sat each in our arm-chair, so completely worn out by the anxiety and fatigue of the day, that we neither of us uttered a word for a couple of hours. From my station at the drawing-room window, I saw the whole combat, and you may guess my horror when, hearing the confusion of Mr. Pile's fall, I saw Augustus rush towards the place, surrounded by the 'bull-dogs,'—and my subsequent joy when I saw him get away and walk home. They threatened vengeance so loudly that he kept out of

sight from that time, and I talked to the people who came to the door. As soon as they had filed off across the field to Mr. Miller's, I went down to Mr. Pile's, and such a state of distraction as the house presented I never saw. I went again to hear the doctor's report. The sisters were all activity, and busied about their brother, whilst the poor old mother, not allowed to go into the room, went moaning about, lamenting first over her son, and then over her china; she herself got a great blow from one of the iron crows. The greater part of our rioters are men who earn from twelve to twenty shillings a week at the Wharf, and spend it all at the beer-shops.

"*Nov.* 26.—The activity of the magistrates and yeomanry have struck a panic, which will, I trust, spare us any further alarm. Yesterday a Bow Street officer came to get information. He came out of Kent, and says his own impression is certainly that the fires proceed from the people of the country. He hoped to have got a good clue to one of our incendiaries. The chiefs of our ringleaders are in custody, and Augustus went this morning with Mr. Miller to identify some of the prisoners. He was doubtful about one, till the man put an end to his hesitation by saying, 'You, sir, can witness I was not breaking the machine, for I was talking to you.'

"The worst of such alarms to one's self individually is the want of security they create; every unexpected noise, or delay, or interruption, makes one nervous. How anybody accustomed to wars would laugh at one's petty fears; but certainly a body of undisciplined savages with nothing to lose are not pleasant neighbours. Our own parish is untouched by suspicion, even; but it is very uncomfortable talking to the people. It has, and naturally, too, raised their own discontent, and one hears nothing but murmurs,

and very rarely an expression of proper feeling at the outrages, though they are all as much terrified as if *they* were likely to be attacked. I hope a general agreement will soon be entered into, which will settle things. Our tithes of course must fall as the price of labour rises, and we can get little this winter. Had a few people acted at first in a spirited manner, and resisted the giving of money, it would not have reached such a height; and Sir Edward Poore, as a magistrate, is very much blamed for having given them such encouragement. All agree in condemning the beer-shops as one great incentive to evil.

"I have written so confusedly before that I think you will have no clear idea of my share of the day, so I will tell what I saw. On the approach of the troop, as they came over the bridge, Augustus said to me, 'Go home, and keep in the house;' and so amid the cook's entreaties that 'Master would come too,' which I knew was vain, we betook ourselves to the house, locked and bolted doors and windows, and had just retreated up-stairs, when a thundering knock came at the front door. Finding my plan of concealment would not do, I presented myself at the drawing-room window, and held a parley with them. 'They wanted to do no harm.' 'What have you got those clubs and hammers for, then?' I refused money and went away, but the continued knocking, and threats of breaking doors and windows, soon made me pull out some shillings and throw to them, with which they went away content. Meanwhile I saw in the churchyard all the women and children collected: leaning over the wall of Mr. Pile's yard I could distinguish Augustus and one or two others; and in the farmyard and all round it were the mob, with shouts, hammering the machines to pieces. I suppose this had gone on for twenty minutes or half an hour, when we (the

cook and myself, for the other servants were all gone nearer the scene of action) heard a tremendous gallop, and in an instant saw Mr. Pile ride furiously amongst the mob, who gave way directly, and had he kept his ground there, all had been well. There was a confusion, and all I could distinguish was that the farmyard was cleared; a report of a gun came from the ricks behind the barns, there was a great scream set up, loud shouts, and to my horror I saw Augustus and those with him rush into the field amongst them. However, the alarm for him was not long; after a few minutes I distinguished him leaving the crowd, and making his way to the house, and never did my legs carry me more willingly than as I flew down-stairs to open him the door. When I again got to my station, the mob were all come round and advancing upon the Piles' house, and the noise was terrible of breaking their windows and doors. As they had vowed vengeance against Augustus for having brought the gun out of the house, he kept out of sight, whilst I sent away the few who came for money, and who were easily contented. After they had completed their destruction at Mr. Pile's, which was not till the poor mangled victim was brought down-stairs again, and had given them £10, we had the satisfaction of seeing them file away across the fields to Great Alton. In about half an hour they returned to break the Crowe's machine which we had put in the field, and then we saw no more of them; but as they went off to Stanton, declaring their intention of returning at night, it was an amazing relief when Mr. G. and some other men arrived, who said they had just left Devizes, and heard the troops ordered 'on Alton.' And so ended our siege, which it must be owned was as little resisted as ever enemy was; but the best labourers were all at a distance, and those near, far too much frightened to give any help."

Nov. 30.—I must copy for you part of Julius's letter about the riots:—'The gentry, the farmers, the clergy, the citizens, the tradesmen of the towns must assemble and form constitutional associations for preserving peace and order. By active energy we may still avoid the danger, which if we are supine will crush us. Most now are weak and yield to intimidations, for it requires an inordinate degree of courage to resist a mob with such fearful weapons, and so unscrupulous in having recourse to the most fiendish measures. Surely, too, if people are but active, many a poor harmless peasant may be saved from joining the wicked hordes, many may be saved from the snares they have already fallen into. Surely the clergy still have an influence over their flocks: they should preach from the pulpit, they should speak in every cottage of the blessings of peace and order, of the intolerable, inevitable calamities that must fall on every class from a system like the present. Surely our nobility and gentry, in spite of the pestilential watering-places and other temples of vanity and frivolity that draw them away from their estates, may still marshal faithful tenants and peasants, if they will but appear among them and at the head of them. Surely the charity which the ladies of England have bestowed so liberally and almost prodigally, has not altogether fallen on stony ground, but will produce some good fruit even for themselves here. The heart of England I am convinced is still sound, in spite of all that has been done to poison it. But it must be appealed to strongly and honestly. We are trying at Cambridge to organize a kind of body for the protection of the country round, in the hope that our example may be followed, though there are many who say there is no need of it yet. Good God, not yet! When will the time come to shake off our sleep? When that sleep is cast off by the pangs of death! I was rejoiced by your ringing the church

bell; but, alas! the Dark Ages are past when that sound would have acted as a summons to every living being for miles around.'"

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

. . . "Owing to our predecessor farming his own glebe, we have large farm buildings, and those so connected with the house by thatch, that had the rioters chosen to fire the farthest stack, it would have run like wild fire through our old timbers. I was so stunned by the events of the day, that for some time afterwards I could scarcely *feel*, and rather *thought* than could utter a prayer of thanksgiving. What should we do in such moments without the consciousness that whilst man is against us, we have God with us, and the privilege of going to Him, in the earnestness of real want, to implore His protection. Did we but ask for spiritual gifts with half the energy with which in time of need we beseech Him for temporal aid, how surely should we find within us the growth of Christian graces, which we so sluggishly ask for in general."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Dec.* 10.—The odd thing about the riots is, that this is not a year of scarcity. There has been no hard winter and no uncommon pressure of any sort to raise this outcry. And when one sees that half of the discontented are men who spend their money at the beer-shops, and who might get ample if they chose, it rather hardens one against sympathy with their distress, and inclines one to think the lenity and indulgence granted in return for their proceedings, not the best-judged.

"Our carpenter alleged as a reason for the riots here—

'Oh, they are so ignorant in this county,—there's a many who boast that they do not know a *great A from a turnip*,' and certainly in this vale the march of intellect does not appear to have been great; but it is disheartening to see how small fruit is produced by exertion, and attempts at improvement. Some of the worst characters come from Mr. Methuen's parish, and he has been working for years both week-days and Sundays."

M. H.'s JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Dec.* 11.—We are returned to a calm after a period of much anxiety and alarm, in which we have been mercifully preserved from evil. In the hour of need how necessary and supporting it is to lift oneself above earth, and implore protection from above. I know not how else great trials can be borne, and even in smaller ones, it is through prayer alone that the spirit can be refreshed and comforted, and strengthened to bear the evils around. Yet I felt the weakness of my faith, and how hard it was to cast *all* one's care on that merciful Father who invites us to do it; some would still cling to earth and raise unworthy doubts and fears, and selfish feelings are ever pulling strongly against those heavenly ones of trust and confidence, which should possess one's soul. I feel myself so unworthy of the mercies granted to me, so unable to feel for them that gratitude they should inspire, that when I look on myself I can find no comfort. When the moment of danger arrives, then I feel the wavering of my faith and how much my happiness is set on things below. Whilst I cannot but long for other blessings, I feel how difficult it is to bear those I have with a spirit of resignation to the Giver. May He who knows my weakness have mercy on it,—shew me to myself in every secret fault,—and lead me by gentle steps to that fountain which alone cleanseth from sin."

"*Jan.* 4, 1831.—How fearfully does the year open to this country. With trials and condemnations, and, though with less of disturbance than a month ago, with the continual apprehension of such. A bad spirit seems to be everywhere at work, and the ties and bonds of society to be loosening amongst all classes. An impatience of restraint and disregard of authorities and government is growing up, and the ignorant alike with the informed cast from them the wholesome ties which formerly restrained them. Whence all this originates—how it is to be conquered—no one seems philosopher enough to discover; and it is not easy to trace back to their causes the effects which the change of times and circumstances have produced: in short, when I begin to think on it, all seems confusion and difficulty. That wiser heads may through God's grace be led to the best mode of remedying the evil, is all one can pray for. When one thinks of the advantages and blessings hitherto granted to this country, and sees around one so few really feeling and acting upon Christian principles, so few to whom the Gospel seems to have been really made known in more than its form, can one wonder if God should withhold His protection, or permit our neglect of Him and setting up of ourselves to meet with their fit reward?

"Excess of luxury and refinement have brought other nations low before us, and if our only superiority, the possession of Christianity, is made of non-effect, how can we expect to stand more than they did? Let each look at home. What do I see there? Perfect thankfulness for all the mercies I receive? entire submission to, and hearty trust in Him who gives them? an immovable faith and love in God my Saviour, an increasing effort to do Him service, to live to His glory, to promote the knowledge of Him? Alas, no—I find none of these things. And yet

because others think of me better than I deserve, because they love and cherish me, I would fain deceive myself with flattering delusions. Oh, may I pray for a true knowledge of myself, that I may find out every secret spring of action, let it be ever so mortifying to my own proud spirit; and whilst I learn to judge of others with more mildness, and find excuses for every deviation they may make, may I probe deeper into every fault of my own, and listen not to the tempting voice of praise, remembering ever for how much I have to account, how many advantages, few temptations, and great mercies. And oh, Father of all mercy, do Thou assist me by Thy Spirit, and grant to me and my beloved such a measure of it as may lead us day by day and year by year nearer and nearer unto thee, that our pilgrimage may be continually one from earth to heaven, and our life here prepare and fit us for the eternal home when Thou wilt be to us All in All."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Alton, Dec.* 17, 1830.—I hope by this time you are as free from apprehension as we are. I was told only two days ago that Mr. Hunt was coming with some unknown multitudes to invade us, but, as they have not yet appeared, we may conclude, I think, that we were thought unworthy of so illustrious a company. But I suspect we are not yet peaceable at heart, nor can be so till all discussion is at an end, as to the price of labour, &c. The farmers in their first alarm promised more than they can now perform—then the labourers rebel. Some of those in the neighbouring villages threaten to punish those in ours for submitting to a lower rate, and our yeoman-farmer declares he will not be bullied into paying more until all is settled and the country quiet again. What a struggle of interests it is! . . . .

There certainly is a general spirit of insubordination showing itself in all classes. How much less is the authority of parents over children upheld than it used to be, and the attachment between master and servant. Of this latter bond, our wounded neighbour, Mr. Pile, was saying that in his father's time the single labourers all lived in the house, took their meals with the family, and went quietly to bed at nine o'clock. Now they will not do it, but prefer being independent and having their time to themselves. Consequently the hours after labour are commonly spent by the young men in drinking or rambling about, and all that social tie is broken through which used to connect them with their master's interest. . . . . Then in dress, how it has lessened in respectability, through the cheap and flimsy nature of the materials introduced by modern improvements. We were riding one day lately and passed a woman dressed so perfectly according to the old style, with her kerchief pinned tightly over a dark blue gown which looked quite new, that Augustus inquired where she got so good a dress. 'Ah, sir, you cannot get such nowadays —it was part of the moreen bed-curtains that old Lady Wroughton gave me above twenty years since, and it has been washed many a time, and always keeps new.' . . . I have moralised enough, and, to turn to our proceedings, must tell you that we had a dinner party of eight yesterday —an event so rarely happening in our little rectory, that it was not at all a thing of course, that the dinner should come and go, and the company take their chance of being pleased or not. I assure you due consideration had to be given as to the best mode of enabling one boy to wait on eight people,—and also where the six strange horses were to go. Augustus brought out his choice Trinity ale, and I regaled them with my Portugal plums and Alderley gingerbread and all kinds of clerical dainties. There were no

contretemps, they seemed well-pleased, and all went off much to the satisfaction of my anxious maid Mary, who thought, doubtless, that our credit would have been ruined for ever had there been any disaster. The party was entirely clerical, but not one word of theology was talked, which was quite as well. Had it been, one knows at what a low ebb it would have been, and how truly the Evangelicals might have said how much more attention was engrossed by the temporal than the spiritual wants of the people, and how little of real interest or concern the latter excited. To be sure, if the early Christians could return to earth and be present at some of the Christmas parties of the present day, they would be puzzled to recognise their brothers in name, and would not easily believe that they both professed to serve the same Master.

"I suppose you have seen in the paper the decision of Sir J. Nicholl in favour of Lady Jones' intestacy. It is, all things considered, the only fair decision, and though we are losers, Augustus rejoices in it as more conformable to his aunt's wishes than the re-establishment of the first will would have been.

"We dined at Devizes the other day to meet the Napiers and T. Moore. I liked the poet much better than I expected. . . . . Our drive home was enlivened by the post-boy being attacked by a man with a pistol, threatening to shoot out his brains if he did not stop,—and with difficulty he contrived to flog his tired horses out of reach."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Jan.* 4, 1831.—Julius is here. He preached on Sunday on, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing.' It was a beautiful New Year's sermon—the latter

part referring strongly to the present state of things—the want of security; how an Englishman's house was no longer his castle; warning them against evil advisers—agents of Satan, going about in sheep's clothing—in reality their bitterest enemies; that every newspaper is now telling to what end their counsels lead in this world, and they must know what it would be in the next, &c. He ended by a prayer, beginning, 'Heavenly Shepherd.' He was more animated, and I think the sermon was more of an address than last year. Still it had his usual faults of being too much drawn out without a point to rest upon, if you know what I mean—not leaving any very distinct impression as to the tenour of the whole argument; and further, the scriptural part seemed rather as if *added* to, than moulded together with, the philosophical deductions. I suppose he never thinks it dull here. Several evenings he read out pieces in Milton's Reformation, which is, to be sure, a different English from the present, and strong enough. He and Augustus had a long argument on Sunday evening as to how far Milton was responsible for the savage expressions he uses towards the bishops of his own day; Augustus maintaining that in men of genius, *that* was the mode of temptation to evil passions; Julius asserting that he did not really feel it, and that it was merely *imaginative* violence and manner of expressing the principle of hatred towards what was bad. . . . . I have been obliged with Julius, &c., to put in a word for Evangelicals, feeling as I do, that, however bigoted on many points, and however inconsistent occasionally, and however presumptuous and absurd, there is amongst them more of real influential piety and spirituality of mind than amidst most of the accusers; and that taking out a few such exceptions as Arnold, Arthur Perceval, &c., they are more likely to do good as clergy than the opposite party."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Sunday after Christmas*, 1830.—It should have been the blessed Christmas night itself that I wrote to my own L., but I was otherwise engaged last night, and this evening will serve as well to share with you the joy of this season, and say how I have felt that we were one in the services and rejoicings of the past two days. A bright sunshine and clear frost seem to belong to Christmas, and give outwardly the cheerful brightness which one's inner man is led to feel in dwelling on the glad tidings this day brought. It is the custom here for the carols to be sung in the night, and it is so delightful to be waked out of sleep by the many voices below our window, proclaiming Christ to be born in Bethlehem. There is something in the stillness being so broken, without any *visible* change, which thrills through one's very heart. What joy and happiness those lose who care nothing for that Saviour so freely offered, and who would cling to the cold formalities of *natural* religion, putting aside so entirely the merciful link connecting us with heaven. It does seem to me also a wonderful perversion of human understanding to find in Scripture any ground for lowering the nature of that Saviour, and making Him less than God. I have been the more struck with the inconsistency lately, having compared the different passages on the subject, and both directly and indirectly the evidence does appear so unanswerable. Was it not Erasmus who said he understood the Bible till he began to look at commentators? I think I almost agree with him. . . . .

"You cannot think, in my visitings away from home, how fearful I often feel lest I should be seeming to agree too much with one side or the other; but the fact is that, when I hear fresh instances of party spirit, of presumption, and of that ugly thing called *Cant*, I cannot help agreeing in the con

demnation of such unchristian conduct, though generally giving most of the accounts the credit of exaggeration; and then, on the other side, when I see how much more of real spiritual feeling there is amongst those who are called evangelical, I cannot help preferring their society and conversation, although I dislike exceedingly the notion of belonging to a sect, or of thinking all Christianity void that is out of it. In short, it always ends in my going to the Book, where there is not one following of Paul or another of Apollos, but Christ is all in all, and where the simplicity is so strikingly contrasted with the colour given by all human authorities, and where humility and charity are the graces most earnestly inculcated. My chief feeling, in hearing anecdotes unfavourable, is the longing that those to whom they relate could know how much discredit they bring on the doctrine they wish to adorn, by a too formal adherence to the letter without regarding its spirit; and though it would be worse than mean to compromise what is really essential, I do think much harm is done, or at least many a stumbling-block is laid, by attaching so much importance as some do to trifles, and by the jealous fear of being too liberal. Excellent as are many of the religious books of the present day, I believe that were religious teaching to be confined more exclusively to the Bible, it would be more wholesome, and that fewer errors would be taken up; and in the same way I think that, delightful as the communication is with those who agree with you on religious points, the kind of religious conversations held between people of the same opinion has a great tendency to breed party-spirit and nourish a degree of self-conceit."

"*March* 20.—I fully understand your feeling of preferring a life which has its *crook*. I do believe that following only one's own pleasure and having no call for exertion is not only the least wholesome, but, taking it all in all, the least

happy way of passing life. I am sure I always find it so; and that to have sacrificed one's own inclination in ever so trifling a way, is always repaid doubly. I cannot tell you with what joy I look forward to this spring, in the hope of getting you here; but I would earnestly guard you, in coming here, against expecting too much, either from our people, who have as yet perhaps made but little progress, or from us who are at present but beginners in the art of teaching others, and perhaps in teaching ourselves. O. thought this the dullest and the ugliest place he was ever in, so you must not fancy that you will find a Paradise out of doors of beauty—such there certainly is within of love. But I have no fears of your not being happy here."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*East Sheen, May* 27, 1831.—We came up here on Monday. . . . . On Wednesday evening I went up with Mrs. O. L. to the Ancient Music concert: we had good seats just before the director's box, and were in time to see the Queen enter the royal box, and hear the 'God save King William' struck up. With all the discussions and feelings excited lately, one could not hear this without looking forward and feeling the unsettled state of things just now; nor could one look at the Queen and help thinking on how frail a tenure her elevation might perhaps rest some time hence. There was something very thrilling—almost overpowering—to me, in the 'God save the King,' sung in chorus, all standing up; and I am now so unaccustomed to public places, that even the number of people, all well dressed, had the effect upon me, as on a child, of novelty. I was sorry not to be nearer the Queen; one has a curiosity about such people—to see how they talk (you know what I mean), whether they really are amused and interested by what goes on. The selection was a particu

larly good one, and Pasta sang gloriously 'Ombra Adorata' and a song of Paisiello, and one heard her so perfectly. The harmony and melody of the Knyvetts was delicious in its way, and I have seldom heard at a concert less of the *tiresome* music one generally has."

"*Alton, May* 30, 1831.—Did you think of us on Saturday, returning with Lucy (Stanley) to our quiet home? It was a very cool travelling day, and cleared up to a beautiful evening; so that our drive in our own carriage from Marlborough was delightful, and Lucy was enchanted with all the woody lanes we came through. Augustus was preparing her all the way for the change she must expect when she got here. However, our little peaceful green home was all she could wish, and I believe fully answered her expectations. The three weeks we have been away seem to have made such a change in the growth of summer, and the extreme quiet strikes one much on coming back. I believe Lucy was in one of her most delicious moments, feeling the completion of her long-raised hopes."

"*Alton, June* 2, 1831.— There could not have been a more delightful day for the celebration of our second anniversary. The sun shines without a cloud, and everything looks as joyous and happy as our hearts feel. It is indeed a blessed thing to have had two years of such happiness, and this is quite a fit day to represent it. You may suppose how Lucy has enjoyed it. We had the long table and benches brought out of the barn, and put on the grass-plot under the cherry-tree, by the quince, and twenty-five children came at twelve o'clock to a dinner of bacon and potatoes, and gooseberry pies. The Piles, Miss Miller, &c., came to look on, and had chairs put out to sit under the trees. What is so common with you, being quite a new thing here, was much thought of. Augustus said a grace before and after, and the children sang their hymn, and

each had gingerbread given, and then away they went. It was really no expense, very little trouble, and gave much pleasure. The boys, being out at plough this afternoon, are to have their supper at seven o'clock; and we, having dined at three o'clock, are now going—Augustus and I—to take a delicious ride together, and Lucy to enjoy her solitary ramble on the Downs, with her camp-stool and Brute.

"—We are all come in now, well tired, but I must finish my letter to you. It has been the most exquisite summer's evening, and you may guess how we have enjoyed our ride. How I rejoiced in our being in the country again in this fine weather, for though Sheen is very pretty, it is not above half country.

"We have a curious case in the village just now, of a poor woman, named Mary Browne, who was seized while she was peeling potatoes with what she calls the *Dreads*, fancying an evil spirit came over her, and she has now taken to her bed for three weeks, constantly tormented by this spirit, which, she says, tells her she shall never be forgiven, tries to hinder her praying, and puts all sorts of bad thoughts into her head whenever she tries to think of God or heaven. She seems perfectly *sane*, but so very miserable, it is quite sad to see her. Then she has taken a fancy that she is thus tormented in consequence of having taken the sacrament, which I had persuaded her to do on Good Friday, and thought I had satisfied her scruples. There is the oddest mixture about her of self-justification and self-condemnation. I used to think her so insensible when I talked to her, and now she seems to feel only too sensitively."

M. H. (JOURNAL).

"*June* 2, 1831.—Our third wedding-day! Two years of uninterrupted happiness have been granted to us—such years as perhaps may never again be permitted us to enjoy.

We have grown in love to each other, and in comfort with all around us. Have we grown as much as we ought in love and devotion of heart to our Heavenly Master? This is a question I hardly like to ask, for I fear the true answer would be a mortifying, self-condemning one. *Something* of earnestness in the great work appointed to us, has, I would hope, been added to us; a few seeds scattered amongst our people, have, I trust, been the *beginning* of some good, which, by God's blessing, may spring up even from the weakest instruments. But when I look into myself I find nothing there but food for sorrow and mourning, that, with such advantages of situation and circumstances, I have made so little progress in attaining a true Christian spirit; that I am so little humbled before God; that my faith is so weak, my trust so wavering. Oh, my God and Saviour, do thou listen to my earnest prayer! Take from me the coldness and deadness of heart I so often feel in spiritual things. Enlighten me by Thy Word of Truth to see and know Thy will, and by the Holy Spirit assisting me, enable me to struggle without ceasing in bringing my thoughts and affections into obedience to the Cross of Christ. Help me to subdue every selfish and wayward feeling, every desire lifting itself up against Thy will, and make me to feel what immense causes I have for thankfulness to Thee. This day united us for ever upon earth. Oh, may it be the forerunner only of that more perfect union we may hereafter enjoy in heaven! Do Thou, gracious Lord, be with my husband, softening his heart more and more into perfect love for Thy service, strengthening his faith, and filling him with that joyful communion and heavenly peace which Thou dost bestow on Thy true believers. We must look forward to times when all may not go on as smoothly as it now does. Troubles and sorrows must come; and I feel at times a painful dread lest there should be found wanting a chasten-

ing hand to wean me from a too great love for the things of this life, and from placing my affections too entirely on earthly objects. I have been, with one exception, perhaps too prosperous, and my life has too little call for self-sacrifice to be altogether as wholesome as it might be. I must endeavour to supply the need of outward teaching by a more watchful self-examination, a more diligent study of God's Word, and more earnest and unremitting prayer for help and support. May God in His mercy quicken my feeble wishes, and bring them into reality and fulfilment."

A. W. H. (Note-Book).

"*Whitsunday.*—Who has not seen the sun on a fine spring morning pouring his rays through a transparent white cloud, filling all places with the purity of his presence, and kindling the birds into joy and song? Such, I conceive, would be the constant effects of the Holy Spirit on the soul, were there no evil in the world. As it is, the moral sun, like the natural, though 'it always makes a day,' is often clouded over. It is only under a combination of peculiarly happy circumstances, that the heart suffers this sweet violence perceptibly, and feels and enjoys the ecstasy of being borne along by overpowering, unresisted influxes of good. To most, I fear, this only happens during the spring of life: but some hearts keep young, even at eighty."

L. A. S. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, June* 3, 1831.—I have only been letting a few days pass over the heads of my ideas here, before I began to write. Everything is exactly like my expectation, except that I had imagined too large a scale, and that I had

no idea *how* great a difference there was between Augustus known, and Augustus unknown,—for I never knew him before in the least. The second day after I came I thought a little child would look very dear on the little lawn, but I hardly think it is *necessary* to their perfect happiness,—it is so entire. For myself, I can only say the guest without a husband is as happy as the hostess with; and, when I was walking over the White Horse's *Tail* yesterday evening, I felt the very feeling of Wordsworth's Solitary in the 'Excursion,' when—'No prayer he breathed—he proffered no request.' The only alteration I wish, is to cut down half the trees, but Augustus does not at all agree. It is so amusing to see the interest the grave scholar takes in his cow, and horse, and meadow. He came in yesterday and said he meant to water the grass in the orchard, and was very angry one day because Maria and I had walked all through the long grass, which was to be cut at five this morning. He takes his daily round through the village, and returns with a minute account to his *Mia*. You would have enjoyed seeing Maria yesterday, busy preparing for her school-children, filling the jars with flowers, placing the table under the cherry-tree, all the children meanwhile peeping through the gate; and then, when all was ready, Augustus exclaiming, 'Throw open the doors,'—and putting each happy little thing in its place. The feast concluded with the children singing the Morning Hymn, led by Maria. I did enjoy the day thoroughly. It is no difficult task to rejoice with those who rejoice,—and rejoice was written in every look and action of the *two* throughout the day. Then we dined at three, and I and my camp-stool went to explore the Downs. The carpet of cistus, and milkwort and thyme there, is quite beautiful. I delight in the Downs, but they are very fatiguing. The only thing I long for is a running brook, with forget-me-not. The source of the Avon is like the

outpourings of a soap-tub. Likewise there is a great scarcity of flowers—except *downy* ones.

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton*, *June* 8, 1831.—I do not think our political horizon is at all more cheering than yours. On Saturday night, a great fire consumed four wheat ricks, and four barns full of thrashed corn, about seven miles off, near Abury, because the farmer had used a machine. On Monday we called on Mrs. Goodman, and found the old lady in great alarm; one of her sons, who is a farmer, having sent word that morning that one of his servants had been told by a horseman riding by—'If your master does not pull down his machine, all his ricks will be burnt by to-morrow night.' This sounds just like November again, and Augustus and I rode home with something of the same feeling returned. This, with the expectation and threat of burning all the corn as soon as it is ripe, makes one look forward with some dread to the next few months. There is no doubt that a most fearful spirit of insubordination and dissatisfaction is abroad, and if ministers do not speedily find some remedy, I fear the Reform Bill will have little effect in quieting the disaffected. . . . . We read Burke, and find him really a prophet, and lament there is no such wisdom now.

"One day Lucy attacked Milton's 'Paradise Regained' as lowering Christ; so Augustus brought it out to see, and, I think, allowed it to have that tendency. You would laugh to hear her say she has only one objection to Alton,—that she could not be alone enough,—meeting people in every field; and even on the Downs on Sunday evening she met some men who entered into conversation, and told her a long history about the parish, and 'if *Lady* Hare thought she would ever do any good she was mistaken,' &c.

Augustus is getting very fond of her, and says it is something quite *new* to him,—the books she mentions, and the people, and some of her remarks. She certainly lives more in another world than this;—but nothing can be more charitable and lenient than her way of speaking of people. She is much delighted with our hay being all about, and the whole family turning out to work. One day a swarm of bees settled in our kitchen chimney. The next day two claimants came to own them,—that great division existing as to whether they had flown here from the north or south. Augustus referred the matter to certain judges, who decided against our parishioners; and I believe it ended in Augustus paying *both* parties for them, and the bees are established in our garden.

"The little carriage has arrived at Marlborough; but now is a great difficulty as to who can be trusted to drive it over here? As our new horse has not been tried, and William has never driven him, we are afraid of sending him for it. Gideon offered his services, but not being used to coachmanship he has been rejected, and in short, I do not at present see how it is ever to get over the nine miles between Marlborough and here, unless we call a parish meeting to ascertain if any of our flock can drive. Then when got here, where is it to be housed, the barn being otherwise used? So you see we are put to great inconvenience by our new gift."

M. H. (from her Parish Journal).

"*June* 11, 1831.—There had lately come into the parish a Baptist named Richard Douse. I had not held any communication with him till this evening, when in coming from my usual visit to Mary Browne, I went into his cottage. After some little talk about poor Mary's unhappy state of mind, he said, 'Ah, I was once in as bad a way as she is.

It is now many years since I was turned to the Lord.' I asked him what caused him to think seriously. 'Why it was one day when I was working for Mr. Pile's father; there were a many of us, and we were talking of dying. I said I was not afraid of death, why should I? I had not been cursing nor swearing, nor doing as many did. I always went to church, and did nobody any harm. The next day it came over me all at once. I was not able to go out to work for eight weeks. I thought I was so vile a sinner, God would not have mercy on me. I could get no rest, and they were for sending me to a mad-house, thinking I must be mad. One day I was out in the field. I had beat away my wife and mother that I might go and pray, when all of a sudden it did seem to I as if I heard a voice say in my ears, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." and in that minute it seemed just as if two great hefts of wheat were lifted off my back.' From that time Richard Douse seems to have been comforted, and said what a blessed thing it was; that he had seen others in a like way. A young woman at Allington had sent for him when she was ill. He had talked with her, she was bad a long time. Some time after she died; he was not with her, but he heard she was triumphant. Another case he told of a relation of his own. When she was dying, she sent for him, and, hearing he could stay all night, said, 'Oh, let us bless the Lord for it, then you'll be with me and hear the last word!' He answered, he hoped it would be a comfortable one. She replied, 'I can only give as it is given.' When her parents asked, why she liked so much to have her uncle with her, 'Oh, because we talk about Jesus Christ;' and she would not talk of anything else.

"A woman coming in at this time, we took our leave, when he followed us out of the door, putting out his rough hand to shake mine, the tears standing in his eyes."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, June* 15, 1831.—You will be glad to hear we *have* got our little carriage from Marlborough. We borrowed one of Mr. Miller's servants to ride Goodman Dull to fetch it, and on Saturday it arrived. The pony looks twice as well in harness, and goes admirably. On Monday we were, as you may imagine, all impatient to try it, and set out about five, Augustus driving. The very first turn, we came suddenly on two immense timber loads, and narrow indeed was the alternative of going into the ditch, or being fastened on a wheel. However, we did escape both evils and went merrily on, and nothing can do better. The carriage runs so easily and quietly, and *Dull* scarcely merits so unflattering a name now, he goes so perfectly, never starting or stumbling, and just fit for his driver.

"My poor woman continues much the same, though we have doctored her body with physic, and her head with vinegar and water, and endeavoured to exercise her mind by reading and talking. It is a very singular case certainly. She is a woman that a year ago, in an illness, I found it impossible to make any impression on. She was 'not worse than her neighbours, went to church,' &c. Now she has these *tempts* come over her, that God will not forgive her, and that the Evil One will carry her away. It makes her in a *sweat* all over. Then she prays and it goes away; but her dread is, lest it should get the better. She is comforted and very grateful for our reading to her, and says, if she can get over this, she thinks she shall be happier than she ever was."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Highlake, June* 23, 1831.—A beautiful day on Monday tempted me to choose the open carriage on the railroad.

We got there an hour before the time; but not having seen the establishment, I was anxious to investigate the whole apparatus of engine and carriages. At ten we started. Three open cars have cushions and divisions, and look very inviting *empty*, but when filled you are brought into inevitable contact with much that is disagreeable. I was especially so, for I had an intolerable fat neighbour, who was up and down every minute, till at last some one told a story of a man who was killed last Friday by standing up contrary to advice, in that very carriage, and tumbling backwards over the side; after which he was a little quieter. The carriage held four-and-twenty. Two men who sat opposite amused me by their conversation. Respectable tradesmen they looked; one—indeed both—sensible moderate men. Of Reform, one said he had been a Reformer all his life and was so now; but should be more hearty in the cause if he could be sure it would stop; but when he heard the triumph of the demagogues in the success of their perseverance, he could not but agree with them that they had but to persevere again to get what they wanted more; that he knew many Reformers who were beginning to look the other side the question. He was the sort of man that looked as if he spoke the opinion of a certain class. Nothing can be less enjoyable, I think, than the mode of travelling. You see nothing before nor behind but the carriages before and behind. The noise is deafening, the motion jarring, and besides the Manchester atmosphere you carry with you, which there is no seabreeze, as in a steamboat, to counteract, particles of cinders or iron dust get into your eyes and blind you for the time, and make your eyes weak for a day or two afterwards; however, in the shut carriages these evils are avoided. Our train consisted of a hundred and fifty. It is as well managed apparently as it can be; but to me, who detest

all bustle of the kind, the luggage and the omnibus, and the quantity of trunks that even three little people take to convey their goods when everything must have its place, make the convenience of one's own carriage rise sensibly before one. I feel it, however, almost wrong and ungrateful to speak disrespectfully of such a wonderful invention and arrangement as it is. The rapidly improving state of the country through which it passes is curious, Chat Moss getting into cultivation—houses building, &c."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Millards Hill, July* 2, 1831.—We left Lucy to her solitude on Tuesday, and set off hither at eleven o'clock in the little carriage—only Augustus and I. We trotted merrily on to Trowbridge, it being a cool day, and thought we had maligned Dull. Then we waited an hour, had dinner, read the newspaper, and set off again at half-past five. The road was so hilly all the way to Frome, that we got on very slowly. Our chief amusement was that, in going up one of the long hills, we were overtaken by a newsman from Bath, who began talking to Augustus, saying how many more papers had been in request—at the rate of eight or nine a week more than before the Reform Bill. Then he talked of how many miles he walked a day, &c.; 'but I shall not have to do it much longer.' 'Why? how so? Have you got some other place?' 'No, sir; a relation has died in the East Indies, and I and my brother are his heirs, and we never saw till lately the advertisement, which had been for three years in the papers. We were offered yesterday £4,000 for our shares.' 'But you won't take it?' 'No, sir; we know what the amount is—ninety-three thousand odd hundred pounds.' He entered into all the details of how the Will was in Doctors' Commons, and about the interest and legacy duty, &c. 'Not that *we*

should have been up to this if the lawyers had not set us up to it.' He was the commonest pedlar-looking man. Augustus was very near giving him a shilling, for the sake of saying that he had done it to a man worth the half of ninety-three thousand pounds."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, July* 7, 1831.—We came back from Highlake by the train, but in the shut carriages. There was a man killed in our train, but we knew nothing of it at the time, but that there was an unexplained stop of a minute; in fact you know just as much of what goes on in any other part of the train as if you were at Alton. There were only three places vacant when we went three hours before the time to take our places. It is more like taking places at a theatre than anything else. You book yourselves for the seats you choose, and, having a number on your ticket, find your place accordingly in the train. Another remark I made was, how little idea you have of the distance you pass over, when the objects are not previously known to you. No road having ever been upon the line of railroad, of course there are no landmarks, and for anything one sees, the distance might be only twelve miles. It did seem marvellous, indeed, to find one's self at Huyton Church, six miles, in eight minutes, from Liverpool."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke, Sept.* 30. — I felt very sad in parting with you, dearest Lucy, and in thinking that I should return without you to our peaceful home. Our pilgrimages are at present, it is true, through widely different paths, and yours is often rugged, whilst mine is permitted for a time to be strewn with flowers; but the final home is the same to both, and perhaps the very thorns and briers which seem a hin-

drance at the time, may be the best and surest means of arriving at the end in safety, and further the poor weary pilgrim on his journey far more effectually, than the more pleasant attendants on the road in flowers and smoothness. However this may be, it is happily for us arranged for our good by One who seeth not as man seeth, and whose infinite wisdom and mercy knows how best to suit our needs. May we only use the means placed in our power, whether of joys or sorrows, so as to advance nearer and nearer to His eternal kingdom, and then it will matter little whether these few years be spent in one way or another. What a blessing it is, dearest, that our re-union has proved indeed so true a one, and that we feel ourselves in the same course, running the same race; we indeed are far behind, yet I would fain hope striving after the same prize; and especially do I rejoice that it is no longer I alone who share your thoughts and love and prayers, but my own dearest Augustus also who is united with me in your heart. This is no trifling result of our three months' happiness, and will endure long after the impression of it becomes less strong than it is at present."

"*Stoke, October* 10.—.... When I think how I used to complain of the want of interest and the dreariness here, which now seems to me by comparison so extended and beautiful, and think how it never has occurred to me, at our little miniature of a garden and house and grounds, to feel a deficiency, I am fearfully sensible what a great weight of happiness rests upon one person, and how dependent I am —upon what? Upon a Father who loveth His children better than any earthly parent, and will never leave nor forsake them. We have had a delicious evening service. Julius, who is staying here, read prayers, and Augustus preached, I having just before had the pleasure of hearing one of my favourite cottagers say of the last Sunday's sermon, 'I have

never had it out of my head since. I never heard a minister that satisfied me so well. I hope I shall never forget it, he went so desperate deep; and told such truth, one could not but understand it. I take it he must be a rare good *diver* to preach like that.'"

XI.

SUNSHINE.

"Every one ought to read in a triple book,—
— in the book of Creatures, that he may find God;
— in the book of Conscience, that he may know himself;
— in the book of Scripture, that he may love his neighbour"
ALANUS DE INSULIS.

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*HECKFIELD PLACE, Oct.* 15, 1831.—Who do you think we have here?—Lady Elizabeth Whitbread. She is mother to Mrs. Shaw-Lefevre, wife of the member for Hants (which I never knew till I came here, so uncommunicative is Augustus about his relations), and sister, as you probably know, to Lord Grey. I must speak of her first, for I can only think of her. She is a *magnificent* woman,—has been very handsome, and is so dignified, with such simplicity and strong sense; one could see in a moment it was no ordinary character. When Augustus was reading a letter of Lord Grey's in the paper to-night, her eyes filled with tears; and when he said anything in praise, her face glowed with delight. Just now, one does look with great interest at any person connected with political life, and she has all the *old* experience of it, and delights Augustus by bringing up what she has heard from Charles Fox. Mrs. Lefevre is very much pleased at our coming, wants us to

stay longer, and is all kindness. There is nobody but her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Shaw-Lefevre, and her children, who live here. Mr. S. Lefevre is absent at Winchester sessions, but returns to-morrow. It is an ugly-looking red brick house, but very excellent inside, rooms on a large scale, and everything very handsome and well appointed, though a little formal. There is a charming large common close by, with copsewood, and wild brambles and furze, looking both cheerful and picturesque ; and the distant views, like Woodhay, are soft and rich. Mr. Blackstone is the vicar, and comes in and out here whenever he likes. He has been here both evenings, and this evening we have had some amusing discussions, in which Lady Elizabeth bore her share, and that a very delightful one. There is a genuineness and truth about all she says that does one good to hear ; and then she does *listen* in such a way ! and raises herself up at times in her plain black dress with such dignity, when any opposition to her opinion is raised. Augustus had attacked some expression of Mrs. Shaw-Lefevre's at dinner, and she said immediately, 'Oh, you and mamma would agree about language, she is as fastidious as you are ;' and accordingly, as soon as we went into the drawing-room where Lady Elizabeth was (for she has been very ill, and only comes down in an evening), they began a discussion upon language, in which she quoted Fox's opinion that you should always talk with the *people*, and she found as much fault with modern corruptions as Augustus himself—said she could not understand half of what was said nowadays, there was so much phraseology in certain sets. Then they got upon public speaking, and she criticised some of the speeches, and spoke with delight of her brother's ; then to preachers, when we had a very amusing discussion between her and her daughter about Mr. Howels. . . . But I must not go on in this way ; you may imagine how entertaining it is. I

quite delight in this country, it is so cheerful and airy, and yet so well wooded; just the sort of country to live in for enjoyment."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*The dear Alton, Oct.* 22, 1831.—A threatening shower passed away before we got into the Vale, and the sun shone brightly as we came over the brow; and said Augustus, 'Well, it is not so *beautiless*.' There stood Miss Miller and her cousin busy at work in their garden; there were the little school-girls at the usual corner; and some little way farther, there came out of his cottage-door, at the sound of the wheels, John Brown himself, in his blue cap, which he took off, stroking down his hair as you may *see* him doing, with his honest welcome. The dear little peaceful home! You know what my feeling is when I come back to it, and that I have scarcely a word ready to give the servants who greet us, so full is my heart at this moment."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Corinne Bay, Penrhos, Sept.* 28, 1831.—This has been a happy Sunday. I could not go to church, and have spent most of the morning and afternoon in my rocky chamber, with the seagulls and kittewakes for a congregation. Nowhere, I think, can one enter more into the beauty of Christ's discourses than by the sea, where most of His words were spoken. The waves, in their stillness or motion, must be the same everywhere, and the sound, on our ear as we read, was in His when he spoke.

"At this moment, a huge brown seagull is flapping over my head, two white-sailed sloops are lying in the bay, and the air is as soft as June. The wind does not touch my paper, but there is enough to give the sea motion,

and make the small waves break over the limpet-covered rocks."

"*Oct.* 16.—I intend this to find you when you arrive at the dear home. I have fancied you saying every now and then to Augustus, '*next* Sunday we shall be in the little church;' and much as you have enjoyed seeing all the dear Stoke and Alderley people, I *know* the full heart of grateful joy, and the thrilling sensation, with which you will see Gideon run to open the gate, and feel, as you drive in, that you are once more all in all to each other."

"*Nov.* 7.—Now for two happy hours. They all went to Beaumaris this morning, since which I have fulfilled all necessary duties, and now have established myself in the breakfast-room. The three Greek books are ready open; my task for to-night, the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of Matt. vi. When I was eating my solitary dinner just now, I thought of the last I ate at Alton, with Brute by my side. It is blowing a heavy gale, and there are such strange noises abroad; the dogs are snuffing and listening as if they heard people—growling low. Your letter came just as I was thinking of you both in prayer, and spoke less of earth than heaven. You place me completely by your side. How little I did what I ought to have done; how much I did which I ought not to have done at dear Alton, and yet it is very sweet to me to think that we are perhaps sometimes helped on our way and fresh grace given, in answer to the humble prayer of some of Christ's little ones, who remember the little word of advice or comfort we offered, long after our own fleeting thought of it passed away. I have been refreshing myself with some of St. Augustine's and St. Anselm's meditations, and I always find *myself* most honestly described in the writings of these old Fathers,—there is such a deep knowledge of the human heart, with such simplicity and heavenly-mindedness. They spoil one

for modern authors. I find Julius very often in these old men's quaint sentences."

Only a week after their return to Alton, Augustus left for London, to hear the legal argument of the Winchester Appeal, which he had been long occupied in drawing up on the Founder's Kin question.

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*Alton, Oct.* 29, 1831.—When the dearest Augustus gets this, his ordeal will be over, and the argument whether good or bad will have come, I trust, to a conclusion. Either you will be railing at the inefficient manner in which Jenner served your cause, or at the long-winded prosiness of your opponents; you will have longed to get up and defend your own position, or you will scarcely feel a triumph from the weakness of your adversary. I hardly dare venture to hope that this will find you satisfied with the able way in which the question has been argued, and content to rest its decision on the impression that argument has left. You know how much your own darling Mia will think of you and wish for your success on Monday; and if you are disheartened and wanting comfort, you will like to have a few lines telling you so, though they can do you no further good. I rejoiced so much yesterday in the beautiful day for your journey, I hardly could regret you were not with me to enjoy it; and my walk up the hill was full of pleasant and grateful thoughts, both of you and the dear Luce, who had been my last companion on the Downs. With so bright a sky and balmy an air, one could only love tenfold those whom God has given us to love, and feel how little reason one has to doubt his wonderful care over them. I am glad you do not know how weak and faithless my heart often is as regards the future, and how many times there

comes across my happiness an unreasonable dread of what is to come; such feelings are however useful, I daresay, and serve to keep up a sense of our dependence and need of help, which might with stronger nerves be forgotten or weakened. We have received such great mercies hitherto, we cannot doubt that the same loving Father will be with us always, whether in chastening or joy. Dearest Augustus, you know how tenderly I love you; and how, when you are absent, my heart cannot help gushing over with affection, for then I feel how bare and desolate life would be without you. It is so blessed a thing in our affection that no blights or spots obscure it, as is often the case in little things, between those who are really attached, from dissimilarity in character, or some unavoidable circumstance of unsuitableness. But I must not dilate on this often-told theme. I hear a voice calling me to give an account of myself, and though it should be ever so unimportant in the eyes of many, to my own husband I know that the details of my day cannot be uninteresting.

. . . "The school was, of course, my first object; where I was much pleased with the progress the children had made in our absence. They had learnt all I had set them very perfectly, and said it very well, and I was well satisfied that Mrs. Patrick had done her duty thoroughly . . Then, what else did I do?—scold Gideon, who did not much like it, and said he should be three days over the work, which three days were short ones, seeing the potatoes were safely *hodded*—is not that the word?—before night.

"*Oct.* 30.—No dear Sunday work to-day—no sermon to pin, no date to write, no hymn to hear. The house seems especially dull and unlike itself to-day; and, when the teaching was over, and service ended, I missed the dearest Aug. sadly. The only consolation I could find was that the singers did not choose to sing, and that both morning

and evening service were without any relief, so that you would have been tired. The churches were reversed in consequence of the frost this morning, which made the great church too damp for use; but this afternoon we had service there, and *our* seat, I am happy to find, has been new boarded at last.

"I have been reading Chalmers' 'Civic Economy.' How admirable what he says of the advantages of Local Districts, and the bringing teachers and people into contact; and the want of more labourers in the vineyard to make the harvest plenteous. In how many places one hears complaints of the want of churches, and ignorance of all the people; and yet people talk of no Church reform being necessary. The danger is, lest in these change-loving times, a stone or two may be pulled out, which may chance to be the main prop of the whole, and the whole edifice may come down at once, where repair and amendment only are needed. We must labour all the harder whilst means and time are allowed us; and, if in this little spot we could sow some of the good seed, it will be a blessed support and comfort when the great earthquake does come. I pray for my dearest Augustus that he may be strengthened and confirmed in his own faith, and enabled to win many over to the Truth, and may we both make many shoots upwards, if it is only as a sign of our thankful love for all the blessings given us.

. . . Sleep well to-night, and do not dream about standing up before the Bishop to plead your Anti-Founder's cause, and do not let all the ghosts of poor Wykeham's much injured and greatly beloved kinsfolk haunt you. When may I look for the dear step, 'that has music in it, as it comes up the stair; for there's nae luck aboot the hoose when my gude man's awa'?'"

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*London, Oct.* 31, 1831.—We were at it till dark. Sir Herbert Jenner learned and composed; Erle, strong, clear, and very good; Phillimore, as yet, weak as water, save such strength as in spite of himself Wykeham's statutes give him. He has got half through his speech, and will proceed to-morrow morning. Then comes Lefevre, who will, I fear, be powerful. We have the right of reply, and all is done. You would have been amused at the objection taken at the beginning of the case against my presenting the Appeal, because I was no longer a member of New College. He also read a passage from the statutes against those who, 'at the instigation of the old Serpent,' plot any innovation on Wykeham's statutes. So that all my labours have been at the instigation of the Devil! Truly, if so, he has been a worse paymaster than usual, for he has given me none of his coin.

"*Nov.* 2.—Our argument was resumed yesterday. I got to the Court a quarter before ten, and found Phillimore at work. They had begun about ten minutes. But what sort of a place is the Court? Why, like any other Court, with one end raised, like a horse-shoe, with a great round chair in the centre, wherein sat the Visitor, with the collar of the Garter, but out of lawn sleeves. Patteson was on his right, and Lushington on his left, on less conspicuous seats. These filled the centre of the horse-shoe; we occupied the right of it, Phillimore and Lefevre the left. In the centre, below us, was a large green-baized table, round which sat the reporters and the audience. When Phillimore ended, up got Lefevre, very serious, and wisely diffident. With the Canon and Civil Law he had the good sense not to meddle. His best point was an attempt, and I expect a very just one, though it made little impression on the Judges, to infer from

a variety of old documents that the questions discussed before Bromley and Laud were *not* of degree, but of pedigree—and, if so, the main prop of our argument is cut away. Jenner replied, and made some good points in reply to Phillimore, and would have made more, but Phillimore, to break the effect of his speech, kept interrupting him every other sentence. His law was dull and lengthy, and I half wished the reply had fallen to me. I woke the night before with my head full of what I should say if I had to speak. About four the business closed, and the Judges departed, not half so tired I hope as I was. My impression of the ignorance of Doctors' Commons is unchanged. With Jenner's industry and attention I have every reason to be satisfied. But most assuredly, if the case were to be re-argued, I would go to work myself; and I will venture to say, that with the insight I have gained into the bearings of Civil Law on the question, and the advantages of great and good libraries, I could do better, or at least provide better materials on the question."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Nov.* 2.—What is the dear Luce about, that I have not had a word to comfort me in my solitude? but, indeed, you are with me now in every walk, and it is quite curious how you rise up in my path wherever I go. It is no longer an occasional thought and wish that you might sometime or other come here, a feeling I used to have when breathing the Down air—this Lucy would enjoy;—but it is the certainty that you know every bye-lane and house and field around us, and that to your mind's eye they are often as present as they are to mine in reality. The little sparkling old Hannah Baillie told me the other day, 'I never can help thinking of *she* as I go down that lane, nor should I if I lived to a hundred!' And then she told me of your

sitting down and reading to her there, and of all that was said on both sides. The dear little woman is as eager to hear and to learn as ever, and there is a sincerity about her which one must hope much from. 'Ah,' she said, 'I hope God Almighty will bless that good lady for all she did here —indeed her pleasure seemed to be amongst the *poor*;' and, little as it may seem to many, by you the prayer and blessing of poor Hannah will not be despised. All hands and minds are just now as busy in getting in potatoes as they were in gleaning when you were here, and few people are at home. Do you remember the canting old man, who talked of how many chapters he read in a year? Since we went he has sent his son and daughter, and their children, away, and taken his *sweetheart* to live with him. So much for the good his chapters did him! I begin to think his former wife was not much to be wondered at for having a distaste for texts.

"And have I written all this, and not said a word of the dear Master, the chief subject of my rejoicing over your visit that you have learnt to know and love each other? It is such a pleasure to me to think that there is now one person who knows what he is, and there is no one but you who does know it in the same degree, and there is a sensible difference between thinking it right people should love each other, and thinking it impossible they should do otherwise."

"*Saturday Evening, Nov.* 12, 1831.—Augustus has not gone down to the Study. He is walking about in the drawing-room, then sitting down, and scribbling as fast as he can, then referring, it may be, to the newspapers before him; for his subject is the cholera—his text, I believe, is 2 Chron. vii. 4—and what a subject it is! How soon has England followed the fate of its sister countries, in spite of that sea, which so many hoped would save it from the scourge. If the evil really comes home to our own doors,

God will, I hope and trust, strengthen us to meet the trial. At present, I confess, I shrink at the prospect, and feel very faint-hearted in thinking of the winter before us. Sometimes I am quite ashamed of the indescribable dread I feel of all the trial of our faith likely to beset us, and the more we love each other, and enjoy our present happiness, the more I tremble for the sad reverse it may please God to bring upon us. For the first time, I now really rejoice that I have no children to watch over and add to my anxieties, and, in the present state of this country, I feel sure it is far better to be as independent of outward circumstances as possible. My faith is sadly weak at times. Pray for me, dearest, that I may have grace given to help and support me, and to enable me to set my affections more upon things above, and that my Augustus may be helped to rouse the sleepers and excite the slothful to watch and be ready. The liability to fevers in this vale has taken away one's confidence in the *treeless* openness. Augustus brought from London a medicine chest full of the proper medicines, and he has been giving orders to get the unsavoury lane purified, as well as a dry path made for the people to come to church.

"And now, to turn to a more agreeable subject. What do you think he brought me from London? the most beautiful little Greek Testament you ever saw. Then I have a Parkhurst like yours. With these excitements, I hope to get on much with Greek, and, by-the-bye, I can comfort you with the experience I have had—that, having for a long time been forced to study every word, and fancy it was all uphill, and I was getting on so slowly, all at once I found myself far more advanced than I thought, and got on much more rapidly. It is much the best way to read only a little, and make yourself thoroughly mistress of it, as you seem to be doing."

"*Sunday Evening.*—How I wish you could have been here to-day, and have heard the sermon. Augustus began by saying that he should explain what the danger was that the form of prayer alluded to, and entered into all the details respecting the disease, its beginning, and gradual approach; read out of the *newspaper* the symptoms, and also the advice of the physicians about temperance and cleanliness; then specified how this country, from its thick population and rapid communication, was, more than any other, likely to have it spread in every part; entered into the *details* of how every house should be ventilated, and how both personal and domestic cleanliness were essential as precautions, and all this *before* it came to our doors. When it was really come—if it did—'the first thing, to put the patient into a bed as hot as possible, the second thing to come *to me*,' without a moment's loss of time—an hour's delay might be fatal: he had procured all the necessary medicines. When, from the temporal danger, and the precautions necessary, he turned to the far more important need of timely repentance, and the impossibility in this sickness of turning to God at the last hour, and was gradually warmed by the subject to exhort and beseech their consideration of these things, you may fancy how the dear Augustus's countenance was lighted up, and how all the feebleness of bodily fear (of which he has by nature much in cases of danger) was subdued and conquered by the bright hope within him and the prospect of serving his Lord and Master; and when his appeal to their soul's welfare ended by his triumphant question of, 'What have Christ's servants to fear?—a little sickness, a few pangs, a plunge into the grave, and an issue thence to life and glory!' the impression left was far from being the melancholy one which all the earlier details of his sermon might have led one to expect, and I really feel more comfortable

than I have done for some days. It was in Great Alton Church, and the people were, as you may suppose, all attention, and some, I believe, in tears. God grant their hearts might be touched. Augustus got through it very firmly, but could scarcely get through the blessing. At this moment he is resting upon the sofa, and I have been playing and singing the hymn in times of danger,—'And when thy sorrows visit us, oh grant thy patience too.'"

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Nov.* 22.—The dear Mia and her husband unite—when are they disunited?—to send greeting to their dear Luce. They wish she was here to keep the birthday to-day, and to rejoice with them in their happy lot. . . . . I have taken a great liking, a great respect, rather, for Pontin. We were asking him about bedding, and he said, with the greatest simplicity, 'Oh, we are very well off now—we have got sheets.' 'But, to keep you warm?' 'Oh, yes, and we are warm enough with the sheets—we do very well, thank you.' And his little girl the other day, seeing our Jack and Dull coming down the brow, put down her umbrella, though it was raining, and hid it under her cloak. 'Why did you do that, my little girl?' 'Not to frighten the horses.'"

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Nov.* 22.—Augustus is just gone off to the barn having been busy studying the 'Sermon on the Mount' for to-night. I wish for you so much in our daily evening lecture. Sumner's book is very good for the purpose, and, of course, Aug. puts in explanatory bits of his own, and he sometimes reads one of Reginald's hymns. The people bring their Bibles, and look out any references, and it is just what I have long wished for. We have to-day finished,

together, Malachi, and shall begin to-morrow with Lowth's Isaiah. You, too, will be studying this prophet, for he is in the course; so you may think of us, and I know you like to know our line of thought and study."

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Cambridge, Nov.* 22, 1831.—Very many happy returns of the day to you, dearest Maria! and on very many 17ths and 22nds of November may you and Augustus drink each other's healths, each of you blest in seeing the other by your side, both of you blest in living amid a flock to whom you are administering the comforts of earth, and whom you are buiding towards the bliss of heaven. Dearest Maria, it is a great joy to think that one of my brothers, the dearest of them, is blest with the choicest gift that Heaven can bestow, a good and loving wife. For myself, though I know full well how to prize it, though there is nothing on earth that my heart reveres so much as the graces of womanly virtue, my destiny has cut out a path for me, from which I can only gaze at it from afar, but which, God be thanked, has many pleasures of its own, far more than enough to content any heart, not a prey to morbid cravings. Still, I rejoice most heartily that one of my brothers has met with the goodlier lot, the choicer happiness; and may God bless you, Maria, for being the source of it—for making Augustus so happy! I wish I could give you my greetings by word of mouth, and could drink your healths in your presence. As it is, I must content myself with doing so in my lonely tower: and yet I ought not to call it *lonely;* for it is thronged with immortals, though the outward shell of mortality is rarely seen in it.

"When you come here next spring,—and, as you have set your mind upon dragging me away from my *beautiful* rooms to Hurstmonceaux, in order that you may stay in

your *beautiless* parsonage of Alton, you positively must not put off coming here, God willing, beyond the coming out of the leaves next spring,—you must make yourself at home here for at least a week, and then you will have time to find out what noble-minded persons I am living among.

"Edward Stanley seemed thoroughly well pleased with his stay here, and told me that our great men were the best people he had ever met with, talking wisdom and nonsense in the same breath, and with the same unconstraint, and pouring out their knowledge as liberally as if it was dross."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Penrhos, Nov.* 15, 1831.—My week of solitude, unlike yours, has seemed only a day long. I have done so much Greek. No study ever came in one's way at a better time; it puts everything else out of my head and makes the hours fly: and living as I do so much alone in thoughts and interests, though with many round, it is very wholesome to have some one engrossing study; and to look steadily at the times before us, with the almost certain approach of cholera, requires a steady and continual practice of *Faith*, which though I can enforce strongly, I shrink from at times myself in looking forward to all that may be in store for those I love. One thing always will come into my prayers —that if the cholera does come, it may not reach *Alton*.

"*Nov.* 22, 1831.—The first thing I remembered when I woke was—your birthday, and my eye fixed on the dear Alton picture over the fireplace. The first verse of the morning Psalm is the proper language of rejoicing for this day—oh, how often we forget to thank God for the present blessings he is loading us with, while we are anticipating a time when they may cease, forgetting that if we are *his* children they never can cease. God bless you *both*, is

the constant prayer of my heart. Do not fear the cholera. Put all into the hands of that God, whose eye is ever over us. You may say of me—'she talks to me, who never had a husband, and I am very weak in Faith'—but we both know there *is* a Rock and Shelter from every storm. There is a beautiful passage on Faith in our favourite Leighton,—'Faith rolls the soul over on God,—Faith sets a soul in Christ, and then it looks down upon all temptations, as at the bottom of a rock, breaking themselves with foam,'—or something like this."

"*Alderley, Dec.* 22.—I dreamt last night I was at Alton, and you told me in consequence of something Augustus had said at church, that Mary Brown had decided on going to the sacrament at Christmas. Often, when I am on my knees in prayer, the white cottage, or the dirty lane, have come so visibly before me, it is no exertion of thought, but quite natural to pray for *her*. Poor thing, the more one feels the perfect joy it is, to walk under the light of God's countenance, the more easy it is to pray for those who are for a time suffered to walk in darkness. All this would be *Greek* to poor Mary, but tell her I thought of her last Sunday in church, when reading the Collect and Epistle, and the Epistle struck me as one just comfortable and short for her to learn. It is a good Christmas greeting. 'Rejoice in the Lord always; and *again* I say, Rejoice'—as if there was nothing more else for God's people to do, but to rejoice. I shall rejoice much with you this Christmas, for I shall spend much of my time with you. I hope Julius will have some sunny days to walk up Old Adam, and if he calls the view from thence *beautiless*, he will be only fit to live all his days with the noble-minded sages of Trinity College.

"Augustus would be ashamed of me (though *you* will not) if he knew how I delight in all the smallest things you can tell me about him, the Mia, and Alton. You need never

fear speaking of him, though it be in *praise*. Remember I have lived under the same roof for three months, and love him *so* much, that I can well understand your loving him almost *too* much. If all Christian pastors were like him, there would be a different spirit in England now. The seed you are now sowing in Alton will not be lost, but after *many* years of perseverance and trial, with God's blessing on your labour, may we not hope a little Christian band of rescued souls will, from that apparently barren soil, enter into heaven, there to prove your crown of rejoicing."

"*Dec.* 29.—Your note has just come. Such brings sometimes more comfort and love and healing on its wings, than pages of writing. If much talking is bad, a word in season is *very* good. If God indeed is our God, we do well to rejoice, but very ill to complain of any little passing trouble. It is in the storm and amid the rocks that the Anchor and Beacon are most prized, and many a blessed promise in the Bible would remain a sealed promise, if the key of sorrow, or trial, or temptation, were not sent to open its stores, and send warm to one's heart such words as—'Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid.'

. . . . "I have been trying lately to like old Jeremy as well as I do Leighton, because Augustus does, but I cannot help finding my greatest delight in the meek and spiritually minded Leighton. Jeremy puts a great staff into my hand, but Leighton does the same, and at the same time puts a rose into the other hand."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Dec.* 14, 1831.—I am just returned from the top of Old Adam, having thought of you as I can scarce help doing always on those green sloping Downs, with all that wide country spread below one; and watching, not the busy gleaners and the waggons loading, but the slow, toilsome

plodding of the horses and oxen at the plough. The soft mild air and autumn gleams make one's position so high above all earthly fogs and smoke as wholesome for mind as body, and I am come home all the better for the pure air I breathed there.

"Augustus gives an extra lecture this evening to as many as like to come, about the Sacrament, and will have more next week upon it, preparatory to Christmas. He takes increasing delight in this part of his work, as well as in our *domestic* lecture, and I do hope and trust that God's blessing may attend his labours.

"The cholera seems gaining ground. . . . . My really greatest fear of future trouble and sorrow arises out of the conviction I have, that such would lead me nearer to God, and that my heart does need often a greater exercise of self-denial, and to be taught a greater dependence on happiness not of this world. I want to be helped to be ever ready to let, 'Rapture, comfort, present ease, as Heaven shall bid them come and go.' One thing I do feel, and that is after moments of greatest depression, there comes across me a bright and cheering hope that God *will*, when the hour comes, He *will* make a way for us out of the trial, or strengthen and support us through it. As we were reading on Sunday evening of dear old Latimer's last moments, how glorious did one feel a Christian's end to be, and what the triumph over human impurity and weakness which such a spirit had gained.

"Last Sunday as Augustus had preached in our church in the morning, he had not been able to write a second sermon for Great Alton, so he took a volume of Bishop Wilson's sermons, which are very plain, up into the pulpit, and after a few words explanatory about the good old man, he read them a very good Advent sermon, with his own little alterations.'

"*St. John's Day.*—I longed yesterday to have answered your dear letter, but the sun shone so bright, that, when Shop was ended, I could not resist a ride till our early Christmas dinner. When I came into the house I met Augustus in the passage, his face radiant with joy, and he pulled me into the study to see a parcel just arrived from Aunt Louisa, containing three most comfortable warm shawls for our three best old women, and a parcel of warm stockings for the men. Cannot you fancy the dear man's happiness over them: I could not guess what had happened. Our Christmas Day was perfect, except that in consequence of some dissension amongst the singers, we were deprived of our waking carol, and I was obliged to be satisfied with the good news being communicated by a voice sweeter to my ears than a more harmonious one would sound to many. Perhaps the moment of greatest joy in the whole day was when I saw the red cloak and black bonnet of little old Hannah Baillie amongst those who were round the altar, and saw and heard Augustus, with eyes full of tears and such a smile of joy, and his voice trembling with emotion, give her the blessed bread and wine. He could hardly say the words, and the affectionateness of his manner to her, and the simplicity of heart with which we knew she was receiving the blessing, were most touching. Poor Mary Brown, alas! had no heart to come, but I saw her in the evening steal across the fields to church, and I hope she picked out a great deal of comfort and good from the sermon."

M. H.'s JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Jan.* 4, 1832.— . . . . . Perhaps it is for me the more desirable to have some written trace of my present enjoyment left, since I bear about with me a constant impression, a feeling I can hardly give words to, that my present life is

as it were a dream, from which I shall be awakened before it has lasted any great length of time, to find myself once more alone in the world, with God only as my refuge and comfort. This is no new feeling or view of things, although it is of course strengthened by the circumstances under which this year has begun—circumstances which, I must own, press at times heavily on my mind, far more so, I fear, than a faithful trust would allow of. 'Be not faithless, but believing,' is a charge I too often need as regards temporal things; for though I have a *firm* belief that with the trial will come strength meet to support it, if we only seek and ask for it, my faint heart is sadly apt to shrink from the prospect of trial and suffering, and from the possibility of having my greatest earthly comfort and treasure taken away. Most deeply do I feel the weakness of my faith and how little it practically works within me, when fears and doubts and anxieties cross me about a future which is all in the hands of Him who has so mercifully ruled all the past for my happiness, and who will not leave nor forsake me, even should He see fit to call to himself the heavenly spirit he is now preparing for heaven. To that home we are both journeying. Oh! may we never turn aside from the strait way, but whatever rocks beset our path, may we be permitted to tread it together, and may the light, as we go on, ever brighten before us and lead us on from hope to hope, forgetting what is behind and beside us, and pressing forward with greater earnestness to the prize of our high calling."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Jan.* 22, 1832.—Augustus has now an evening school on Mondays, and studies as much for it as if it was a scientific work, in all the School-Books, to learn the best mode of drawing out the sluggish understanding of his untaught

lads. It has always been a subject of reproach to me that we had made no attempts to teach this class who are above the Sunday school in age, though far below it in knowledge, and the prospect of confirmation just gives us a *handle* for instructing them. There are many grown people who express a wish to be confirmed, and we shall not dissuade them, as it affords a pretext for talking and reading to them, and enforcing an examination into the state of their souls, and may eventually lead them to come to the Lord's Supper with fewer scruples and more hope of benefit. Every way opened for one is so good a thing, for it requires some courage, and I fear more boldness than we have, to press the subject on people uncalled for.

"We dined with the C's. the other day, and at this dinner party an agreement was made amongst the clergy to meet at our house on the 10th of February to discuss how they might form a society amongst themselves to meet at stated times and communicate together on professional and religious subjects. The difficulty will be how to make it *general* enough to admit members of different opinions and degrees of zeal, which, in order to do general good, must be an object; and how to make it, as Mr. Majendie well said, a meeting not like a common dinner-party of neighbours, but one from which each might return home better, and encouraged and stimulated on to further exertion. The hope is that the decidedly uncongenial will not join, and that those who are only a little *sluggish* and partially asleep may get some little good.

"I wish you had seen Augustus's grateful face the other day when he had been talking with old Pontin, who came to him for advice about confirmation, and who did express himself so thankfully for all he had received, more especially for the spiritual instruction he got in the barn. I came in at the moment, and when the good old man left the room,

Augustus cried like a child. Truly it is a blessed office to have thus to minister comfort and consolation to the sick in heart, and with even one's weak and imperfect endeavours to be able to do some little good; and whilst so much remains to be done, and so much is undone, I trust we shall not be tempted to bow down to our own acts, though one must be ever watchful, for of all the deceitful insidious ways by which self sets itself up, there are none more so than through the medium of things *done*. When there is something tangible to lay hold of, then self erects its head: 'I have done all this,—spent this money, or time, or trouble!'"

"*Jan.* 9.—The Master began his sermon on New Year's Day by telling the people what was meant in the world by 'a happy new year,' and then dilated on what *he* wished for them by the expression, in referring to that blessing as including all he could most desire to be granted them, and explaining to them all it included. It was a very happy New Year's Day, and the first week of 1832 has been most blessed. Every day we seem to grow happier and more united, and often do I tremble and turn away from the thought that it is so, in dread of its being thought fit to withdraw it from us.

"I quite long for you to read Neander. To be sure it does make one groan over the change from Early Christianity, and yet he is so fair and impartial, he does not in the least attempt to conceal that human nature was then just the same as now,—just as prone to set itself up and rest in the change produced by forms, just as ready to slacken its zeal whenever persecution lessened. Neander thinks so much more of the inward than outward service, that you will see he is not very *orthodox* according to our Church on outward forms of government, &c., but the Christian life he does set forth most beautifully, and I can hardly conceive a person

reading through his book and not feeling more impressed with the feeling and understanding of what spiritual Christianity ought to be, and how it should leaven our whole life and amalgamate itself with our habits. In a passage quoted from Tertullian on the blessings of a Christian marriage, you will, I hope, think of us. About prayer it is excellent. I will quote a passage as a specimen: 'The spirit of thankfulness to a heavenly redeeming Father, the spirit of childlike resignation to Him, the feeling in regard to Him of the needfulness of his assistance, and the consciousness of being nothing and being able to do nothing without Him, must animate the whole Christian life. This life must, therefore, be a continued thanksgiving for the grace of redemption, a prayer of constant longing after an increase of holiness by communion with the Redeemer. This was the view of prayer which the New Testament was designed to substitute in the place of that which had previously prevailed.'

"We never take 'the Sabbath day's journey' now; it is too late after church. It is now only in the new orchard walk, and thence we see all the dear people going across the great field in their smock frocks and red cloaks. The church is fuller than ever.

"*Feb.* 21.—Whenever anything is going on I long to tell you, because I know you will rejoice when we rejoice and sorrow when we sorrow. Augustus has been very busy the last day or two bringing into effect his long-wished-for plan for giving the cottagers each a piece of land for their own, and Maslen having consented to give up a part of our glebe which he rented, Augustus has determined to let it out in lots to every family in the parish in proportion to its size. Gideon, as our ambassador, went round to give notice, and yesterday, after the Shop was over, every man having a house in the parish came, and they all stood round the

kitchen while the happy rector put down the quantity of land each wished to have, and read to them his conditions and rules, to which they all joyfully consented.

"It is since I last wrote that the cholera has made such near approaches to us. In consequence, Augustus gave notice on Sunday in church that he had always determined when it came so near, to have weekly prayers in church, and he therefore now told them that it was his intention to have them at half-past eleven o'clock every Wednesday, the time at which he hoped it would be most convenient for them to come,—that they were not to be alarmed at the approach of danger, but meet it with the boldness of Christians. And then he told them how the *heathen* fled from their sick in time of pestilence, and how the primitive *Christians* nursed them and devoted themselves fearlessly in the service of others; and after a little further exhortation on how they should feel on this occasion—how it behoved them more especially to repent and turn to God in earnest, he said that he hoped those who were not able to come and join with us in church in imploring God's mercy and forgiveness, would, when they heard in the field the church bell summoning us to this service, put up their own prayers for the same purpose.

"We are looking forward with great impatience to the Feast day, which is to succeed our Fast, and you will fancy how the dear Augustus chuckles over the thought of our *dinner-party* in the barn, of Becky King, Hannah Baillie, and all the old men in both parishes. They know nothing of it yet. These would seem very egotistical details to any one but you.

"*Wednesday Evening.*—Our congregation was thirty-five besides children, which was satisfactory, and shows they liked the plan. Of course Augustus chose and shortened the prayers a little, so that they might get to their work in time."

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"We have just got Arnold's second volume. As far as I have seen them, the sermons are quite a model: they are aimed with great care and skill at the congregation he is addressing, and he generally hits between wind and water. You must read them. . . . . He ought to be a bishop; though his promotion will occasion a great outcry. An excellent high-churchman said of him the other day, 'I know him and revere his virtues; but I will not buy his book: I may perhaps look into it; for he is just the man to do incalculable mischief.' So was said of Wilberforce; so was said of Luther; so will ever be said of those clear-voiced men whom God raises up from time to time to speak plainly in the ears of his sleeping people."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, Feb.* 15.—I long to read Dr. Arnold. All my prejudices are in his favour; it seems to me the present times are particularly calculated to keep prejudice low and humble. The narrow road to heaven, though still we are sure as strait as it was when our Saviour described it, is, to the human eye, now so broken up into very narrow lines, that some good men walk side by side, their eye fixed on the same object, their feet avoiding the same stumbling-blocks, but yet with a wall between them, which prevents the more lowly on-creeping traveller from seeing that they are walking together. How differently the world speaks of and judges two such men as Dr. Arnold and Mr. Girdlestone; and how differently they themselves *see* human measures and things,—yet they are *one* in spirit, and *one* in labouring to do all for their Master's glory. Many, we may trust, are loving members of that blessed invisible Church within a visible Church, which Cowper speaks of, who are, to earthly eyes, walking very far asunder.

"*Feb.* 28. I open your letters with a little blessing, and I close them with another. From the first day I heard of the cholera being in London, I have said an additional prayer, with my evening one, for you, my darling, that your faith might be strengthened, and that you might be enabled to cast all your care, your *one* great care and treasure, wholly and entirely on God. The moment I heard of the cholera, I remembered what Augustus said about having prayers, and hoped he would. When I read of the dear people standing round the kitchen, listening to their rector, my heart was as full as if I had been one of them.

. . . . "It is very comforting to see how strong the spirit of Protestantism still is in England and Ireland, that if there really is danger, thousands will flock to their post, and *as yet* a Radical Ministry will not be England's Law. I have felt so often lately how much easier it must be to 'act the martyr's part,' than the patient *waiter* and *truster*,—how glorious and enviable must have been the last moments of some of our Reformers, their *human* feelings, knowing what a legacy they were leaving to their country,—their *heavenly* eye seeing what St. Stephen saw. If there is so much dispiriting and sad in the present state of England and Ireland, there is much also most reviving; and, perhaps, if actual danger should come to England in a political or religious form, all party spirit will be forgotten, and the true Christian Martyr and Patriot again appear united."

The intimate knowledge which Augustus Hare had now attained of all the family and domestic interests of his parishioners had drawn the tie between pastor and people at Alton so very close; and the grateful affection with which they regarded him, the warm welcome with which they greeted him on his morning walks (for the very small

size of the place enabled him to visit almost every cottage daily), had brought the Alton villagers so near his heart, that he looked forward with dread to any possibility of separation, and felt that in any other event, except that of the wardenship of Winchester being offered to him,—a post for which he felt himself peculiarly qualified, and whose duties he could not venture to evade,—he could not endure to be separated from them. No pecuniary advantages could weigh in his mind against the comfort of his quiet home,—a home which was not so much marked by any outward site, as its foundations were laid deep within the hearts of his people. Thus the prospect of the rich family living of Hurstmonceaux, in view of which he had married, and which he knew would be offered to him by his brother, upon the death of his uncle Robert Hare, had ceased to afford him any pleasure. Unlike his brothers, whose affections clung around its old castle, and who were attached by the associations of childhood to its every field and wood, Hurstmonceaux had never been his home. He had only been there on occasional summer visits with Lady Jones, and associated the place with his mother's increasing struggles against poverty and ill health, and her complaints of the rudeness and uncouthness of its people, who were contrasted by her with the grateful peasantry, to whom she had been accustomed near her villa at Bologna. He remembered also, that his mother herself, as she observed the nervous susceptibility and delicate refinement of her little Augustus, had felt how unfitted he would be to cope with such a people as that of Hurstmonceaux then was, and how much she would prefer seeing him established elsewhere,

and her quick and ardent Julius in the family living. All these circumstances Augustus had for the last year urged upon his brother Julius, entreating him to take the richer living, when it fell vacant, and to leave him undisturbed in the humble rectory of Alton.

Since the death of Lady Jones, to whom he had been most tenderly attached, and with whom he had been in the habit of staying whenever he could get away from Cambridge, Julius Hare had had no other home than his beautiful rooms in the tower overlooking the Lime Avenue at the back of Trinity College. Here he had rejoiced in the constant society of a noble band of friends, Whewell, Worsley, Peacock, Thirlwall, Sedgwick,—and, in a younger generation, Sterling, Trench, Maurice, and Cavendish.

At this time also, the professor of Italian at Cambridge was the Marchese Spineto, whose clever and charming wife had been a Miss Campbell, of Craigie. With her, in great measure, lived her handsome sister, Jane, widow of Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras, who had died in India in 1827. A close intimacy with the Spinetos led, two years after his separation from his cousin, Mrs. Dashwood, to the second engagement of Julius Hare, with Lady Munro—an engagement which lasted for many years, far into his Hurstmonceaux life.

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H. (Inserted here as belonging to the subject.)

"*Trinity, August* 30, 1831.—I have two long letters to thank you for, dearest Maria, and both of them, especially the latter, are exceedingly delightful and affectionate. The subject of that latter one being so much the most important,

I will say a few words about it first. Much that Augustus said, and many of your arguments, have had very considerable weight with me. If my blessed mother's plan was really such as he says, and events, in spite of apparent obstacles, have thus, in a manner, been working together for its fulfilment, I should be most loth to hinder it, for the slightest expression of her will would be to me like the law of heaven. The greater fitness of a small parish for Augustus's health, I also admit. I believe, too, there is a greater likelihood of working with efficiency in your parish than at Hurstmonceaux, where, from all I hear, the flock are in a very wild state, almost at enmity with their shepherd. Your farmers again are a good deal more tractable than my uncle's. All this, on thinking over the matter, I see clearly; but on the other hand, I do not like to think of you shut up for life in that beautiless, uninteresting country, with your no garden. The house might do very passably; but the no garden to me would be an insuperable objection. However, of course it must rest with you to balance between the advantages and disadvantages of your present station; if, when Hurstmonceaux becomes vacant, you still prefer remaining where you are, it will then be my duty to think about taking it. Remember, however, that nothing that has passed is to be considered by you as imposing any obligation upon either of you. You are at the most perfect liberty to change your mind to-morrow, next month, next year, or whenever the living falls; you excite no expectations in me, no wishes, and consequently you will disappoint none. I am always averse to forming plans, to making decisions about the future, which the very next month may utterly frustrate; and more especially in the present state of England, how impossible is it to calculate what will be the state of any living in England, or whether there will be any livings at all, next year! If the Birmingham

political union take it into their heads to say there shall not, our ministers and our parliament will crouch before them, and execute their decree. So far as concerns myself, I should be very sorry were any event to happen soon which would take me away from my present station. And this leads me to your very kind sisterly admonition. Now both you and Augustus seem to me to have forgotten that, according to the principles and the universal practice of our Church, the education of youth at both schools and universities is especially entrusted to the care of her ministers; so that he who is engaged in that office is labouring in his vocation. These principles and this practice seem to me to be perfectly justifiable and right. It is a narrow notion of the duties of the Christian ministry to conceive that a Christian minister is not following his calling unless he is employed in pastoral duties; though these are perhaps the noblest and heavenliest part of his office. So that if you tell me I am not performing my duty as Christ's minister, I will answer, Yes. But that is owing to my own weakness and waywardness, and is no way chargeable on the post where I am standing. It is perfectly true that the welfare of England, perhaps her very existence, depends mainly on the activity and zeal of her ministers, and on God's blessing prospering their endeavours. But it is also of great importance, more especially at this season of the intellectual chaos, that the fountain-heads of knowledge should be under proper care, and that the young men who go forth by hundreds every year to act in their several callings, should be duly stored with sound principles. Such being the case, I think it may fairly be left open to any individual to select that sphere of the ministerial duties on which he chooses to enter; supposing his choice be regulated, not by caprice or indolence, but by

an weighing of his own qualifications, and of the good

he is likely to accomplish. Now it seems to me that the task I am engaged in is of all others the one I am best fitted for, by such talents and acquirements as I possess; and little as may be the good I do here, I think God has so constituted me that I might do more good here than I could in any other station. At the same time, by peculiarly fortunate circumstances of time and place, by being in this glorious college, and having such noble contemporaries, I am most singularly blest. Several times in the course of last summer, in conversing with persons I became acquainted with, and hearing them speak of their situation, did my heart bound with gratitude for my singularly favoured lot. It would be a sad exchange to give up my beautiful rooms, my friends whose converse strengthens and steadies my mind, and the brother of my heart, Worsley, whose bright face kindles a feeling of the same sort in me every time he enters my room, whose step is so gladdening a sound on my stairs, for the dismal solitude of that great, big house, with not even a cottage within half a mile of it, and not a soul nearer than my friend Townsend at Brighton, with whom I should have a thought in common. I speak with the utmost sincerity, when I say I do not think I should make an efficient parish priest. I know not what, but there is an incapacity about me for conversing with the lower orders; part of it may be constitutional; habit may have much increased it; the very nature of my pursuits, of my studies and speculations, withdraws me more than others from the commerce of ordinary thought. I find a great difficulty in carrying on a conversation except with a very few of my friends: my thoughts don't seem to move in the same line as theirs; my views, my interests, seem to be so different; it is hard to find a point of union. This grows upon me year by year. I know not how to check it; and I fear I should never get over it. I fear I should never learn

to talk to the poor as they ought to be talked to; in time, perhaps, I might learn to preach to them; but that you know is a very small part of what a parish priest has to do. Thank you again, dearest Maria, for your very kind, sisterly letter. I have tried to show you that it is not mere selfishness that makes me averse to exchange, and that I am at a post where, if I work zealously, I shall be acting the part of a Christian minister. At all events, you will see that it is very, very questionable whether you would be consulting my happiness in placing me at Hurstmonceaux; and therefore you must not allow such a notion to have any weight with you in refusing it."

The news of Mr. Robert Hare's death arrived at Alton on the 27th of February, 1832; but, before that time, having obtained the consent of his brother Francis to the transfer, Augustus had secured the promise of Julius that he would accept the living of Hurstmonceaux. Both brothers went into Sussex to attend their uncle's funeral. Thence Augustus returned happy to Alton, and Julius made up his mind to leave Cambridge, but decided upon spending a year in Italy before entering upon the duties of his parish.

M. H. *to* A. W. H.

"*Feb.* 29, 1832.—The eight o'clock coffee is just finished —such a good new loaf, pity the dear master is not here! And now I may talk to the dearest Aug. without fear of interruption. He knows full well how the fountain is bubbling up at the very thought of him, and how ready it is to pour itself over on the paper. I should like to know where you are this evening, whether at some dirty inn, or at *Julius's Rectory*. God be with you wherever you are, and watch over you, and bring you safe back to the loving wifie

the dearest, the Mia. I think she cannot ever have loved you before when you have been away. It was only make-believe. Now it is real, if there is reality in anything."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Feb.* 29, 1832.—You will guess what we felt on Monday when the packet of letters came in, and three with black seals at once convinced us what had happened. Certainly, the first sensation was joy, to think that everything was settled, and that there was no longer a question left about our leaving Alton. We could not help putting ourselves in a different situation, and fancying what we should have felt had it been otherwise; and I think Julius would have been quite satisfied had he heard us, that we had acted for our own comfort. I daresay with the additional income we should not have been able to do half so much for our people there, and so much would have had to be spent in *unprofitable* ways; and when we were vainly striving to excite some feeling amongst a scattered people living at a distance, how often should we have thought of our little *family* at Alton with regret and sorrow. No; I am quite certain we have decided for our own happiness, and, hoping as we do, that it may be a means of calling forth all Julius's power for the good of others, I cannot think we have been wrong in following our own inclinations."

"*March* 13 (*Sunday evening*).—This has been so beautiful a day, that as I was walking about the fields between services, and studying my afternoon's lesson for the children, it made me seem to see you and your class under the trees on those lovely summer Sundays last year. I do love a fine Sunday; it seems to cheer and lighten the way to God's house, and fill one's heart with deeper thoughtfulness, to know all alike can enjoy it; and the dear Augustus was so earnest, and

applied his subject so *home*, that I do trust the seed might not fall quite in vain on some hearts present."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, March* 3, 1832.—I do hope, dearest, you have indeed chosen best for your own happiness, as you surely have for those around you; and we will hope that Hurstmonceaux will be no loser. . . . Tell Augustus, that when I read the letter which fixed him at Alton, I lit a large bonfire in my heart, round which all the old men and women and little boys and girls of Alton shouted and danced for joy.

"I have read almost all Arnold's 'Sermons,' and like them much. They are like 'Watts's Hymns for Children,' so beautifully simple, yet containing all the deep truths of religion."

Julius Hare *to* M. H.

"*Trinity, March* 9, 1831.—Your sisterly letter came at a time when it was most acceptable; for, finding that half measures, as usual, were good for nothing, I betook myself to my bed altogether last Friday, determined not to leave it till my foot had regained its usual dimensions. You will, perhaps, tell me that my malady was sent to convince me that a college is not quite such an Elysium as I appeared to fancy, and that, at all events, it is a bad place to be ill in. To be sure, as Worsley is not here, I have had a very great number of lonely hours these last three weeks, seldom interrupted except by a flying visit of inquiry or two; and with no great aversion to solitude, still, not being in a plight for hard-working, I should not have been sorry to have heard a little more of the human voice. The letters of my friends, however,—and especially, as women know best how to comfort a sick-bed, of my female friends,—have supplied me with

a delightful substitute for it; and among them, yours has chimed in very sweetly with those I have received from Anna and Lady Munro. What I said to Augustus will have proved to you, that unless he has changed his mind, which I did not think likely, mine is made up. As I was talking to Thirlwall on the subject the other day, and speaking of my happy removal hither, and of the well-spent ten years I have passed here, he said, 'Yes, this has been a very pleasant Purgatory; may your next removal be to a Paradise!' This struck me the more, superstitious as I am, from its coincidence with the expression I made use of in my letter to Augustus. Be this however as it may, whether Hurstmonceaux is to be a paradise to me or a wilderness, or, as is more likely, something between the two—my lot is now cast. I am to quit this goodly college, with all its goodly inmates, and to take up my rest there, in all probability for life. Indeed, when I have once grown familiar to it, I think hardly anything in the world would ever induce me to leave it. I agree entirely with you, that 'a life of mere literary activity is not all that is required from a minister of Christ's Church;' indeed, for my own part, I do not think a life of *mere literary activity* can be wholesome for anybody, it ought always to be combined more or less with *practical activity*. If I were not engaged in tuition, I would grant to you that my present life is not suited to my profession; but, by the practice of our Church, as well as that of the Roman Catholic, the education of youth has been consigned almost exclusively to the clergy; nor do I think it at all desirable that the clergy who are employed in this task should combine it with the cure of souls. That this practice of committing education to the clergy is wise and wholesome, I do not think you will deny: if you do, I will leave Augustus to prove to you that it is so; but this you leave wholly out of sight in your objections to my merely literary

life. The question then ought to be, there being these two posts for a clergyman to fill, for which I am the fittest, naturally and by my acquirements? I fear such a question must be answered in favour of my staying where I am, so that I have many scruples of conscience to mingle with my numerous personal regrets. However, as it is the sad wedding that makes the happy marriage, so he who feels no pain at leaving one home, is never likely to find, and indeed does not deserve, to find another. Happy are they who discover objects of interest and attachment wheresoever it pleases God to place them; and I believe He has blest me with the power of doing so in rather more than an ordinary degree.

"It was singular that it was only on the Saturday night I sent to Thirlwall the last page of our second volume of 'Niebuhr,' containing our little prefatory note, and on the Sunday morning I heard of my uncle's death. But there is still a third volume to come; and I am already engaged in the Philological Museum, which, though I trust it will not stop, will hardly go on so well when I am removed from its immediate superintendence; yet I should be sorry to see it discontinued, now that, after having been so many years projecting it, I have at length started it, and in such flourishing plight. Perhaps Thirlwall will undertake some portion of the editorial cares, as, I rejoice to say, he is to succeed me as lecturer, and probably in my rooms, unless Whewell does so, so that I shall have a rich fulfilment of that noble prayer: 'May my successors be worthier and better than I.' However, while these rooms are still mine, you must positively come and see them. I should like to have the leaves out when you are here, so that you may see my avenue in its beauty; and I should like too, if possible, to manage that you should be here with Lady Murro."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton*, *March* 19, 1832.—I have enjoyed a little visit to Oxford much, partly because I saw so many people that it was pleasant both to see and hear, and partly from the pleasure of seeing the dear Aug. so pleased. Many of the people you will not care to hear about. They were interesting to me chiefly from having for many years been associated with Augustus, and from the interest they seemed to feel in seeing him again. But there were one or two people that I wished for you to see and hear with me. One was Mr. Pusey, the Hebrew Professor. I had a good deal of conversation with him, and was much delighted with his extreme goodness and modesty. All he said about the poor, about a country clergyman's life, of which he spoke with envy, was so right feeling, and his manner was so encouraging, that I felt as if I could have said anything to him; there was truly in him the humility of deep learning. He talked to Augustus about Neander, with whom he had lived as much as he could when in Germany, and said it was of such as him he was thinking when he praised the theologians of Germany, and not of the Rosenmüllers, &c., whom he had been accused of favouring.

"Another person, not less interesting, Augustus took me to call upon—Blanco White. He is sadly out of health, and was walking up and down his little room, wrapt in a great cloak, and complained of being unable to do anything. However, after a little time he got animated, and forgot his grievances. At first his good English would make one forget he was not an Englishman, but by degrees the foreigner showed itself in the cast of countenance, action, and, when animated, by a little hesitation in bringing out his words. He spoke of the work he is now writing on the Inquisition, and said he had been tracing the origin of it in persecution up to the times of Theodosius, but he said it

was very painful and irritating to his feelings dwelling upon it. 'They are not dead, these old fathers; they are every one of them living. I see them all.' He talked a good deal of Whately, who was a great friend of his; and then got upon the signs of the times, and that he thought everything was at work for a change, and of course in the struggle, evil must be produced, and would perhaps for a time seem to overbalance the good, but he had a confident hope good would prevail—just as a body in a state of fermentation appeared to be in one of decomposition; that the error of the present interpreters of Prophecy seemed to him of the same nature with that of the old Jews, when they looked forward to the temporal kingdom of Messiah on earth. There was a remarkable mildness and suavity of manner mixed up with his energy, reminding one of the Spanish priest, whilst his evident sincerity and enlightened views showed how he had broken through the bondage.

"Living in a college seems to me much like living in a magnificent prison, being surrounded by such high walls, but the Warden of New College has a very good house, and it is pleasant being there. I think, on the whole, my impression of Oxford was even much more favourable than I had expected; that there certainly are a great many who are very excellent and labouring to do good, whilst many who sometime ago would have been content with the *form* of godliness, are by degrees being leavened with a much larger portion of its *spirit*."

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*March* 25, 1832.—The dear Luce will probably like to hear a little about our Fast and Feast. We got back from Oxford just in time to allow of my preparing a sermon on Lev. xxiii. 27, as a kind of preface to Wednesday's service. Monday and Tuesday passed much like other days, excep-

that two of the farmers told their men they should be paid for a day's *no*-work on the Fast-day, provided they came to church, and kept away from the beer-shops. How many came for this promised pay, and how many from a right feeling, I know not—though from the interest which they manifested about the Fast, I hope and trust the right motive predominated. But, between the two, the church was filled fuller than it has ever been in my recollection, excepting on the first Good-Friday after our coming to Alton. Unluckily, I was rather out of voice; however, by the help of singing 'a hymn proper for the day,' I got through my long service; and, during the sermon, the interest gave me back my lungs again. The text (I know you like such little particulars) was from Luke xxi. 34—36. The subject was first an exposition of the chapter, and its division into its main parts, namely, the destruction of Jerusalem, and the treading down of the Jews till the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled; the signs which are to intervene between the fulfilling of those days and the coming to judgment; and the practical lesson which the text affords of the conduct to be pursued by us, if we would not be taken unawares. The practical lesson, of course, formed the main part, in its two branches of drunkenness on the one hand and worldly cares on the other, and I never saw the people more attentive. Our Fast was kept on vegetables, the servants abstaining voluntarily from dressing meat for themselves as well as for us. In the evening I had a supplementary lecture in the barn; so passed the day. And then came the Feast. There had been all sorts of consultations; what should be ordered? and who should be asked? But we will suppose them well over—the ox's head and skin for soup, and the cut of the—I forget what—for boiling, safely brought into the larder; and the guests invited; and Mary busy preparing the savoury viands. 'But where is the suet for the

puddings? It is two o'clock. Very odd of that butcher disappointing mistress. Betty Perry, step over to All Cannings, and see why they have not sent it?' Thus spake the careful Mary, but the assisting Betty did not disobey her word, but she stept forth, and stept, too, pretty hastily, for she was back again from All Cannings in an hour and a quarter with the long-expected suet: so active are people when they go upon their own errands, and serve with a ready will. We had Majendie to dine with us, and J. Sloper, too, rode over, which made us a large party in the drawing-room waiting the announcing of the company. And now the door opens, and John says, 'Please, ma'am, they are all come;' and the dear wifie has put on her cloak, and we are all gone together into the barn, where, ranged on the two sides of the long table are standing—three old Kings, and old Hailstone, and old Perry, and old Hams and John Swanborough, and Becky King and her good man with the large appetite and weeping eyes, and Hannah Baillie, and Sally Browne, eleven in all. And at the top and bottom of the said table were tureens of good, rich, substantial broth; with Sloper at one end, and the Master at the other, to help the same. And now the Master has said grace, and the standers have become sitters, and the spoons are in full activity; and Majendie and the dear wife and Mary are waiting upon the full-mouthed guests. And they are all looking very happy, and saying that this *will* be a day to talk of, and drinking our good health, as the sober mug of beer is set before them. After the broth came the beef, and then the puddings, which I think were the favourite part of the feast; and then another grace, and we are once more in the drawing-room, pleased at having been able, and with how very little money and kindness and attention, to please so many of our people. And so, having finished my story, what remains but to with

the dear Luce good-bye, and to commend ourselves and our parishes to her prayers.

"(M. H.) The dear Master's report will not preclude my say, for he has not told what two dear, appropriate graces he uttered before and after the Feast, nor how the old men raised up their hands together as he said them, and prayed for a blessing both on the receivers and givers, and joined in their hearty amen; nor has he told that of the remnants six families have had an abundant meal sent home to them to-day. You may fancy the delight the dear Aug. took in his evening; and I scarcely ever felt more thankfulness, more love, not for the dear people, nor for the precious husband but for Him who gives the means and inspires the will. How I wished for you on Wednesday. You would have liked the sermon much, and would have spent the day to your heart's desire. The chief part of the sermon was urging the necessity of making the day a symbol of our future life by greater self-denial, more continual prayer, and deeper humiliation, that it might not pass away in a few hours' service, and that perhaps lip-service, but in a real fast of the heart.

"*April* 1.—We have, though not as yet actual death, dangerous sickness before our eyes just now, and our last two days have been taken up almost entirely by attending three sick-beds. One of them is at Stanton, whither in Mr. Majendie's absence they sent for Augustus yesterday morning, to a poor sick-boy of seventeen, who had had a horrible accident; falling from a hay-cart on the sharp teeth of a harrow, which went in through his back four inches, and of course his torments were excruciating. Both times when Augustus went yesterday he was scarce able to speak, except in ejaculations of 'Lord, have mercy on me!' but his father's account was very touching, how he had prayed, and how he had warned him about

his future life; and once, when he woke from a doze, he said 'Father, I have been a long way. I saw in my dream a great hill, and there was a narrow path up it, and I wanted to go along it, but there were so many bushes on both sides I could not get along, and I saw Christ at the top calling me to him, but I could not get to him till He held out his hand and helped me.' Is not this a singular and touching story? The father never left him, while the mother and sister were going on, unconcerned, with their work below stairs, only seeming to grieve over the loss of the father's day's work.

"Of our own two cases, one is the blacksmith's daughter, a young pretty girl of sixteen, who lived with Miss Miller as servant, and came home a few days ago with constant sickness, which has now turned to inflammation on the brain, and I can hardly think there is a chance for her. She was quite insensible herself to-day, but after helping to hold her whilst the doctor bled her for the third time, Augustus and I knelt down with the poor afflicted father and sister, and he prayed for her and for them, and more sincere prayers, I am sure, were never uttered. Augustus could hardly get through them, much less wish them good-day afterwards. Our other patient, poor James Powell, is nearly in the same state, and I believe from the same cause—inflammation on the brain. Both these cases show how vain is the hope of administering spiritual comfort even, and much less spiritual instruction, in dangerous illness. Neither of them could even join in the prayers, but for the survivors it is a call that may not be in vain, and some words uttered in such moments, when sorrow has opened the heart, may go home with God's blessing on them. You may suppose how wretched poor Avis Powell is; and really here, where we live so much amongst and with the people, two such cases

of affliction throw quite a sadness over everything. I suppose were we oftener summoned to such scenes, the heart would grow in some degree hardened to them, but we have had so few of them, that Augustus was quite worn by the feelings they excited. Poor Prudence I feel the more interested for, because she has all winter been one of my Tuesday's confirmation class, and seemed to take such interest, and be so grateful for all I taught her: she appeared to be a thoroughly good girl, and perhaps to one in her rank of life this may be taking her away from the evil to come. When the poor have strong feelings, it is the more touching, because they come out so naturally, and the father's hard features, moistened by tears, following so anxiously to know what one thought of his 'darling' (so he called her), and so resigned to think it was best if God did take her, were very hard to hear unmoved. We have just sent John off to Pewsey (eight o'clock), to carry the last news of the poor patients to the doctor. Augustus is about his sermon—'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,'—and I have tried to make you present with us by setting before you the subject of our thoughts and employment to-day and yesterday. In returning from such sick-beds, how grateful do I feel that hitherto God has in mercy spared us such anguish. Whenever the time comes, as come it must, when we too shall be tried, we shall have your prayers, dearest Luce, and He who is our rock and fortress will be with us and support us through every storm.

"*Sunday Evening.*—This morning Augustus sent Gideon off to Devizes for Dr. Brabant, that nothing might be left undone; and he came whilst we were at church, and pronounced both cases to be utterly hopeless. Poor James is not so insensible as Prudence, but only seems occasionally to recognise those around him. When Avis said to him to

day, 'Do you hear Mr. Hare praying by you, James?' he muttered, 'I shall soon hear more than I have ever done yet!' but generally he appears quite unconscious of who is there, and only holds up his hands, as if praying inwardly. You may suppose how solemn a day this has been with us all; how my first class wept over their dying companion as I touched upon her state to them; how Augustus alluded in his sermon to the two cases of extreme sickness, and besought all to be ready; and how many tears were called forth. If anything can touch those hitherto careless, surely death, when it calls the young and healthy and the stout and robust, as James was a year ago, must preach most powerfully.

"*April* 17.—Two hours ago I watched the remains of poor Prudence consigned to the grave—ashes to ashes. It was such a lovely evening, and the view of the hills above the little cottages from Great Alton churchyard in the still evening light, with Augustus standing over the grave, reading those fine words, and the group of people all round, sobbing their responses, was truly a sight not to be forgotten. I do not wonder at the effect of field preaching. There is a solemnity in the scene where the sky is above one and nature all round, that is far above the most hallowed aisle. It is an affecting sight to see a young maiden borne as this was by young men, and the white sheet carried over the bier by eight young girls all dressed in white, with white hoods over their bonnets. In this case also the bearers were true mourners, and wept bitterly over the loss of their companion, and besides her own family, there was scarcely a dry eye in the church, which was nearly full of people. Augustus took the opportunity, and in a few touching words, after the lesson 15th Cor. was ended, addressed the congregation assembled. Pointing to the coffin where lay the body of her who one little fortnight since looked forward to life with as much confidence as the

healthiest amongst us, and who was now called away almost ere she had entered life, he said how only two days before he had been called upon to perform the same office over a man in the prime of life. He was cut off without more time for preparation than this delicate flower which had scarcely blossomed. Could any one say that the summons would not call him next? Could any trust that he should have longer warning granted? Could any feel that he was ready? Which did they think of the hours spent by this young girl did she now look back upon with most pleasure and delight,—those spent in idleness and wasted in folly, or those devoted to her God? Be it then our care so to pass our days here, that when, like her, our earthly forms are laid in a narrow box, we may look back on hours of piety and devotion, and that no dreams of wickedness may disturb our rest. Something to this effect was said. Then as we went out of church he spoke a few words of comfort to the poor afflicted sisters and brothers and father. 'Remember, my good friends, that those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.' The mother was too ill to attend the funeral, a great sorrow to her, poor thing, for they consider these things so much. Her grief is very touching, for it is I am sure hallowed by the true source of comfort. She kept up as long as life remained, and never left her darling's bed, watching her with such intensity, never heeding my going in, but addressing to the poor unconscious girl such words as these—'Yes, you are going to be a blessed angel in heaven with your dear Saviour, are you not, my child?' Both she and poor James died the same day. It was on Sunday evening that we followed him to his last home Avis and her five children were there. His illness had excited great interest amongst his fellow-labourers, and God grant that the softened hearts which shed so many tears as his body was consigned to the grave, may bear in mind that

they like him may at the last have no time for making their peace with God. The 40th Psalm was, by his own desire, sung during the funeral service, and a hymn over his grave. . . . . These to others might seem trifling details, but you will be interested in them, knowing how we live as one family with our people, and really the last week these two families have excited all our interest and sympathy. I quite longed for you at the funeral—to stand with me by my earthly treasure, and pray for me that strength of faith and love may be ours daily more and more till we are called hence too. I think I could have stayed by Prudence as I saw her this morning in her coffin for hours,—she looked so calm, so peaceful, and there is something so mysterious in death. Is it not curious that my last lesson to her was that very chapter of Cor. xv."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, April* 13, 1832.—By this time, I think, poor James Powell can be no longer one of your *living* congregation, but, if he is gone to God, if he should be the first shock of corn gathered from the little field given in charge to Augustus, we may now see how his illness of last summer was sent to prepare his soul for its long journey. How well I remember Augustus telling us one day, after one of his visits there, that he had been teaching him—'I must work the will of Him that sent me whilst it is day—the night cometh when no man can work,' and how much struck he seemed with it. The night has soon come to him; God grant it prove to him eternal day. Tell Avis, with my best comfort, I prayed for her and her family this morning, and send her this verse from which every Christian family may take comfort. 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me.' Since I left Alton, I have been so daily in the habit of

following you in all your known and fancied pursuits, that I feel as much with you in all you tell me, as if I was really there. During prayers, I have so often found myself walking up the hill towards that white cottage. I used to carry so light a heart up that dazzling hill. I do not think the happiness of any one creature was ever so thoroughly *felt* by another, as yours by me. Everything you speak of, joy or sorrow, hope or fear, I instantly see reflected in my own heart; and I do feel it a blessing that the never-failing friend of my early life has a husband, whom to know well, is to love. I cannot in the least describe the effect knowing him has on my mind—the sort of effect that it is to the eye, looking out on a landscape through an orange-coloured glass window, that makes everything look sunny."

JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Trinity*, *April* 4, 1832.—Alas, what sad tidings the papers contain! The mightiest spirit that this earth has seen, since Shakespeare left it, is departed. But he departed just like himself, in the perfect healthful possession of all his faculties, as a man who has fulfilled the duties of the day, and falls into calm sleep after it: and even his last moments were moments of enjoyment, he was just expressing the pleasure he felt in the genial warmth of the spring. What a pleasure it would be to possess the arm-chair in which Goethe closed his eyes, after having gazed on all that this world could produce, and behold, 'to him it was very good,' and I doubt not that to the very last moments he felt the truth of his favourite stanza:—

'Liegt dir gestern klar und offen,
Wirkst du heute froh und frei;
Kannst auch auf ein morgen hoffen,
Das nicht minder glücklich sey.'

Dear, glorious old man, would I had seen him before he was taken away; would I had heard his voice, and beheld the calm majesty of his face.

"What if—the thought has just struck me—we erect a joint Hare monument to our mother and aunt in Hurstmonceaux church? That would be appropriately a Hare monument; and I think it seems likely to be the place with which we are to be most intimately connected, and if there is to be another generation of us, we may teach them to venerate the two blessed sisters, our double mother."

On April 25, the news of Marcus Hare's return to England reached Alton, and the rector left for Plymouth the next day to meet him and preach on board the *Southampton*, the admiral's flag-ship, to the commandership of which his brother had lately been appointed. He rejoined his wife at Sheen, and they afterwards went together to pay their long-promised visit to Julius at Cambridge.

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*Devonport, May*, 1832.—Marcus says that when the *Crocodile* sailed for Sydney, they left one of the crew in hospital there, with a dog that was much attached to him. On they sailed, and no one thought any more of the man, till one night the sentinel came to the officer on watch while they were off Van Dieman's Land—'Very strange, sir, but M—— has just walked up the gangway, and his dog with him.' Then came one of the seamen—'A curious thing has happened, sir; I saw M —— just now standing between these two guns.' The seaman said nothing about the dog, and there had been no communication between him and the sentinel. This became the common talk of

the ship, and they found on their arrival at Sydney that the man had been buried the evening he was seen, and, what is a curious coincidence, the dog had been missing at the time for two or three days. This last fact was mentioned by Colonel Lindsay, in whose hospital the seaman had died, and who came on board to inquire into the story,—it had been so much talked of."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*May* 3, 1832.—Have I not followed you closely, my Mia, all through this last week? Did I not see Augustus open the letter, and give the jump? and did you not hear me wish him joy of the arrival of 'the dear Marcus,' whom I have heard him speak so much of? and did I not see you sending him off to Plymouth, trying to persuade yourself to get through a few days without him, which I will give you full credit for having managed very ill?"

M. H.'s Diary.

"*May* 12.—To Cambridge. Trinity College. Dr. Whewell to dinner.

"*May* 13.—Sunday. Sermon, Professor Scholefield and Mr. Rose. To the Marchesa Spineto.

"*May* 14.—Mr. Kenelm Digby to breakfast. To Babraham. Dinner in Julius's rooms. Thirlwall, Rose's, Spineto's Whewell, Romilly, Airy's.

"*May* 15.—Library. King's College Chapel. Dined Thirlwall's.

"*May* 16.—Breakfasted Mr. Rose. Called Marchesa Spineto. Mr. Landor to dinner. Dined Marchesa's.

"*May* 17.—Mr. Sedgwicks. Luncheon Marchesa's. Dinner Whewell's, Professor Smythe, Rose's, &c.

"*May* 18.—Left Cambridge."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*May* 11, 1832.—I have been looking in Heber's journal for all he says of Lady Munro. How highly he speaks of her, and the estimation in which she was held, also her beauty and pleasing manners. She must be the most likely person possible for Julius to like. You would like to have such a sister—and one who knew Reginald, too, in India. Now, dearest, I have written enough to show that I think of my darlings when they are absent from their cage, but shall much congratulate them when they hop into it again, and the song is sung, and the perch returned to."

"*Alderley, May* 26, 1832.—At this moment you are returning to Alton, and are, perhaps, descending Dull's long hill—oh, no, I forgot, you come the other way—or you may be just turning in through the gateway, or standing at the drawing-room window, feeling, I need not tell you how, while the Aug. is gone to visit his pig, and his cow, and his meadow, and now you may, for a while, forget the kingdom full of troubles, and lead the life you best love. I could scarcely be more with you at present than I am in fancy this evening, and Mary is rejoicing, and Brute is sitting erect for joy, and the quince-tree is in full leaf, ready for another swarm of bees.

"I mean this letter to get to you on the 2nd of June. How I shall be with you on that day I need not say. I shall creep after you to the study, go through the service with you as you read it with your dear husband, then collect the flowers in Mrs. Pile's garden, and get the table ready for the children. I shall not long to be with you; but be happier thinking of you at a distance than I was—present—last year, for then, oh how much less I loved you both than I do now.

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton, May* 26, 1832.—I have no need to say one word of description to my dearest Luce. On many an evening as lovely as this have you sat out with me on the little peaceful grass-plat, and listened to the blackbirds, and enjoyed the extreme quiet and shade of our little home. On many such an evening have you walked up the toilsome hill, and sucked in greedily the little breezes of fresh air that met one at the top; and then, when we had come down the green path of the corn-field, we called in at Brown's cottage, and found John with prayer-book or Bible in his hand, and said a few words of comfort to poor Mary. Just so have the dear Aug. and I spent this delightful close of a summer's day, and often does it make me think of you, to return so exactly to the blessed days of last year, only wanting you to enjoy them with us. Nor did we the less miss you as we drove along the lanes yesterday evening in the Dull carriage, and I could almost have fancied you seated in the vacant seat, repeating Keble as we went along. The joy of getting home, and in such weather, was, as you may guess, very great; for we have been in so many different places, and seen so many people, that it seems a very long time since we went away, and, surely, no pleasure we have had during our absence has given us half the gratification of hearing poor sick Charles Gale's expressions of joy at hearing our carriage-wheels, and thinking it *must* be Mr. Hare, or of being told by so many that they have 'missed us *desperate*.' Yet, much as we enjoy our return, I do not regret that we have been away. It is wholesome, both for mind and body, to have the variety and change of scene, air, and society, and gives us food for future reflection, as well as making us begin our work here again with greater zest from the temporary break. I believe it is quite necessary, for one's own individual good, to mix occasion-

ally in the concerns of *Earth*. It draws forth other, and often more trying, points of character than are called out in retirement, and is very humbling to one's inner man in showing how hard it is to be tolerant when others differ from us, how difficult to be charitable when one's own standard is not followed. That we are, not from any merits of ours, but from God's good pleasure, placed far away from the temptations and trials of the world, I do most gratefully feel as a most merciful privilege and favour; but, at the same time, I am fully aware that there remain temptations and trials *within* us, quite sufficient to make us watch and fear, and that we must be more diligent in our inward search, since the outside has much less need of cleansing; and I do not think I ever return to our happy life without feeling as if the absence had strengthened and confirmed me in my love for heavenly things, and taught me to know myself better.

"Julius's rooms at Cambridge are most perfect, looking as they do down that glorious avenue, and the Gothic windows are filled with beautiful geraniums, &c.; his walls literally lined and papered with books, except one side, over the fire-place, where Raphael's 'Madonna and Child,' and two or three other good pictures are. I fully enter into his feeling of the unworldliness, the freedom from care, the leisure afforded by such a life, and with him the warmth of friendship keeps alive the affections, which, in general, must lie dormant in a college; yet I shall be much surprised if, after two or three years of his country life at Hurstmonceaux, Julius has not received more of real happiness than in many years at Trinity."

L. A. S. *to* A. W. H.

"*June* 2, 1832.—Dearest Aug., to-day one year ago I heard you say the grace for the school children on the lawn

under the cherry-tree, and I felt from that moment I should like you. It seems a very little while since this day last year, yet in its course we have both had many joys and little troubles, now passed away; and on looking back nothing seems to have been really of consequence, but how we have done God's work. You have both been fed in green pastures, and in leading others to the waters of comfort, have been yourselves refreshed and nourished, and may there be a *deep* well now filling at the door of your hearts from those very waters, to uphold and strengthen you when God shall call you to a more arduous task than that of feeding His lambs and enjoying His mercies. It does not lessen your present happiness to be prepared for a change; and who can look on England now, and not involuntarily turn round to see if the sword and armour be ready? I always think of you both, as the two, not *best*, by I hope many hundreds, but quite as the two *happiest* people in the world, in your lot and perfect oneness of mind. It is always a holiday to my thoughts when I let them have a ramble to the dear Alton, only they would be there much too often if I did not keep them in order; but on the 2nd of June they are to be with you all the day."

A. W. H. *to* M. H.

"*June* 2.—

"No youth ere drank his exiled prince
So zealously as I drink thee,
No nun ere hung around her cross
So fondly as I'll cling to thee.

"What words! a wife—by God's own hand
To man the last, best present given;
Love—the religion of the heart,
The only foretaste here of heaven."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*The happy Alton Rectory, June* 2.—The evening of this blessed day is come, and our dear Luce is sharing our thanksgiving over its third anniversary. Never were three years more rich in mercies, more sparing in trials and troubles; and how can we be grateful enough or loving enough for being so tenderly treated? You know, and none so well, all the cause we have for blessing and adoring God that He has brought us together and permitted us to serve Him, and, 'by love's supporting power, to cheat the toil and cheer the way;' and it is a comfort to think that we have your prayers that we may not make this our earthly home the only one to which we look, but that we may press onward, feeling in every added mercy an added link to that chain of love which should bind and unite us to our heavenly home; that so our future pilgrimage, be it set with roses, as the past has been, or, as is perhaps more likely, with thorns, may still be leading us heavenward, and that our union may be perfected and completed hereafter. I was almost afraid we might have a wet day from the showers of the last two, but the sun shone as brightly as on the last .nd of June. The table and benches were spread under the cherry-tree, with chairs for the lookers-on; the jars of flowers placed upon the table; the children, consisting of twenty-four girls and seven of the little boys, arranged in order. Then came the Master, and said a grace resembling the one of last year in substance, only with the addition of a few verses read first out of the parable of the marriage supper. After the second grace the children sang their hymn, and then all the little ones performed their little exercises, and so ended the feast. After the company had walked round the orchard, they took their leave, and my darling Aug. and I were left to ourselves. Whilst he betook himself to his sermon in the afternoon, I went to fulfil his

duty of reading to poor Charles Gale. I do not know whether you remember him—quite a young man, with a wife and three little children, but since last summer he has never been out to work again, and is now in that slow, lingering consumption, which wastes away day by day, without any severe pain, though he suffers much from weakness, &c. He has, however, none of the false excitement and hope of life which usually attend this disease, and has for some time felt that he was beyond the skill of any earthly physician. A more humble and grateful patient I never visited, and as he is able to read, and takes great delight in it, he is far better taught than those we have generally to deal with. Whilst we have been away he has read quite through the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and he talks of all the different parts quite as if they were realities. He was very much interested too in Hooper. He is so very thankful for being taught, and says he never missed anything so much as 'not seeing Mr. Hare,' while we were absent. He has not much of the joy of believing; he mourns so much over his own want of love, and that, from his weakness, he can pray so little: and he said to-day, 'When God is so merciful to me, and has done so much for me, it seems so bad not to love him more. Ah, this is the grief!' But his sorrow is a much softer and more Christian sorrow than poor Mary Brown's, and though he has not an *assured*, he has a comfortable hope, I think, at times, and is turning to his Saviour as his only trust and confidence. His poor wife sits by with a sick child on her knee, that will scarcely outlive its father, and I would fain hope that she is learning where she must seek for hope and comfort when her trials come, as they must shortly do.

"There was a wedding this morning to celebrate the day, and the bells have been ringing quite suitably. It has been such a warm evening, and the boys have had their supper

under the cherry-tree, too, at eight o'clock; and now bed-time is come, and I must end my talk with you, and rest my tired body to be ready for to-morrow and its duties.

"*Monday.*—It was the most delightful day yesterday, and our new church arrangements answered very well. We had a very full congregation in the morning, when Augustus preached on Psalm lxviii. 18. In the afternoon all the Stanton people (the church there is being rebuilt) came with Mr. Majendie to Great Alton Church. Augustus went, and I stayed at home to teach the children, for which it gave me a nice long time. We dined at four, had a pleasant rest for reading on my part on your seat in the garden, and for Augustus to walk about and meditate on his lecture till a quarter before seven, when Little Alton church bell again called us together, and we had a very full church. Aug. made variations in the lessons for the benefit of those who had heard the regular ones at afternoon service, and, instead of a written sermon, he took up Arnold's sermons, and took one of those on Faith as his groundwork, adding a great deal of his own, and it had in fact all the impressiveness of an extempore sermon, to which I have no doubt he will, after a little practice, get used in this sort of way. Nothing could do better, and earnestly did I entreat a blessing on his words, that some of those listening so attentively might take them home. How the dear Luce would have enjoyed her Sunday; but perhaps one spent less agreeably would have been more profitable, for outward advantages often make one less watchful, and it is not in proportion to the external that the internal work goes on. To those who have to teach others, too, it is more difficult to turn one's thoughts home and *learn* for one's self, and I find myself thinking so much oftener of what will benefit others than of taking the lesson to my own use, that there is its danger even in every duty.

"Our laburnums are in such beauty—they make the place look so gay."

"*The Luce Seat, June* 21.—Before me is the large field, and just beyond it the tower of Great Alton Church peeping out of the trees; on one side of the field old Maslen's farmhouse, on the other side a bit of our wee church. The great elm-tree spreads its shade over my head, divided from me now by no fence, only a gravel walk, running along on one side into the orchard, and on the other, through an archway of honeysuckles, round the corner to the flower garden. And here I sit, where Luce so often used to sit, where so many Greek lessons have been said, so many newspapers grieved over, and so many comfortable words read from the Book. Scarcely could I believe it another June; for in the field behind me the Master is hard at work in his hay, and all our little household are engaged in making the most of one of the finest of summer days. . . . . I am sure it will need little exercise of fancy in you to place before you the dear Master looking so pleased over his work, and singing his chirping notes of joy as the sun shines, and the pleasant breeze gives assurance of the safety of his favourite hay. Nor will you have any trouble in picturing the bustle yesterday, just after dinner, at the news of an approaching storm, and how the *walking* haycocks were speedily seen traversing the field and uniting into one rick, the tall, thin bearer bending under his load as he went along. Nor would you less have been present a few days since, when we were called out by a swarm of bees around the house. They clustered round the chimney, and made an alliance with the former occupiers, and we concluded they were from our own hive; but up came a man soon after to claim them, and our own we found afterwards in the hive. When they swarm, I do not expect that anybody

will let us keep them, for everybody comes here after their bees, so fond are they of coming to our garden.

"Poor Charles Gale is dead. He had not seemed any worse the day before when I was with him, but he has left behind his weak and suffering body, and I trust his soul is in that rest for which he so earnestly longed, and yet to the last so much feared, lest it might not be for him. Such assurance of hope as many seem to possess is not given to all, but I think one cannot doubt that where the heart is looking to Christ, and trusting to Him, and doubting only from the greatness of personal humiliation, the obscurity and dimness which hides the glory from the earthly body will all be removed the moment the spirit quits its weak tabernacle here. I have always been accustomed to incline to think perfect assurance either a presumptuous feeling or a gift to but a few favoured servants of God, though fully aware that it has been constantly united with the deepest humility

"*Friday*.—What a change of weather since yesterday! Instead of bright sunshine, and summer's sky, all is gloom, and wind, and rain, and the poor master's hay must take its chance. We were all set to work in a great hurry yesterday afternoon, and they got a good deal carried before the rain began."

"*July* 18.—We have had a great alteration made in our little church, which is such an improvement. That little arch which hid the pulpit and its inhabitant from all the chancel end has been taken away, and a large opening made, which gives room for two pews in addition, and will enable every one to hear and see. We have been obliged to have service in Great Alton Church for two Sundays, and next Sunday our own will be re-opened. Aug. means to speak about the change, and take for his text a verse out of 2 Kings x. 21—'And the house of Baal was

full from one end to another;' showing how the church may be filled, and yet not by worshippers of God, and that the purpose of it is not for people to stand and sit unconcerned with all that is read or spoken, as so many seem to think. Our Sunday is now a very busy day, for between the morning and evening services, that is, in the afternoon, Aug. catechises and lectures the class of young men and women for confirmation from two till half-past three or four; then we dine, and have service again at seven, with a sermon more especially addressed to the young persons, and a good deal put in extempore."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Leamington, June* 12, 1832.—On Whitsunday we went to hear a Baptist minister, who preached 'in a large upper room furnished,' the last time we were here. They have now built him a chapel. There was nothing finer there than a straw-bonnet; the singing was literally singing God's praises; and his sermon the pure simple truth as it is in Jesus. Here we shall go while we stay at Leamington; for a church is only a building unless it has a soul, and the church here has no soul.

"Nothing can exceed the attention and tenderness of Dr. Jephson. He has come regularly every day since I wrote last; and every time we see him, we feel our interest in him increase. An old and venerable clergyman who was at the door yesterday when he came in, said to him, 'Ah, doctor, if you would but take my medicine as readily as I take yours.'"

L. A. S. *to* A. W. H. (After a remonstrance from him upon her attending the Baptist Chapel.)

"*Leamington, June* 27, 1832.—Yes, all the *world* of Leamington do fill the Church of England Chapel every

Sunday, twice or once, to receive dispensation and encouragement to commence another week of vanity and folly. There stands at the door a boy, with a heap of dirty tickets in his hand, and a man stops pulling the bell, and says, 'do you want a pew?—give that boy a shilling, and he'll give you a ticket.' You give your shilling, and a clerk, in appearance and expression a close resemblance to Mephistopheles, and who walks about all church-time serving Mammon, takes your ticket, and shows you into a crowded pew. I suppose it is possible, when there, for some few so to abstract their minds from the present scene, as to worship God in spirit and in truth, but *I* cannot do it. Woe unto you, if you look up, you find a hundred pair of eyes, under the smartest bonnets, looking about as if at a spectacle. I cannot be so independent of my senses, when I hear the mockery of worship, as to gain the least benefit from any part of the service: it seems to me that it is making an idol of the church, if we do not make a difference, according to how it is served. If one was starving, and saw a palace, with a fine service of plate set out, but no food on it, and just opposite, a wretched mud cottage, with good food on pewter plates, would not the hungry traveller enter the mud cottage and eat. The blessed little Baptist Chapel here is the mud cottage, and Mr. Coles the means of leading many souls to Christ. . . . But there is no fear of the most excellent Baptist minister who ever preached, making me desert the Church of England. Every time I go, I feel more strongly how beautiful our service is, and, in my own parish, I would not leave my parish church for any dissenting chapel; but here, where I am unknown, with no ties, no duties to leave, I feel it would be turning my back on a door which God himself had opened, if I did not go thankfully to Mr. Coles' chapel."

A. W. H. *to* L. A. S.

"I am sorry to hear so bad an account of the Church at Leamington; but it is one of the advantages of our good Church, that *we* (meaning by 'we' the educated) are only very partially dependent on the qualifications of the minister. If he can read, and most clergymen can do that much,—he must read the liturgy,—all his stupidity, if he be stupid,—all his carelessness, if he be careless,—cannot unmake that into anything unscriptural or undevotional. And as to the sermon, Herbert has said enough about that; you know Who, according to him, when the preacher is incapable, takes up the text and 'preaches patience.'

"The day after to-morrow, Julius reads in at Hurstmonceaux. God speed him in his new vocation! I cannot regret that he should be likely to travel with Landor, though I do regret the abuse I hear of the latter. Southey, and when I mention him I mention one of the first literary men in England as to sterling moral worth, has the following passage about Landor in his 'Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ.' 'Walter Landor, whom I have pride as well as pleasure in calling my friend.' And this is the man who has been described as being, 'without honesty and principle!' I wish that I could speak publicly in defence of a man whose heart I know to be so large and overflowing; though much of the water, from not having the branch which Moses would have shewn him thrown into it, has unhappily been made bitter by circumstances. But when the stream gushes forth from his natural affections, it is sweet and plentiful, and as strong almost as a mill-stream. For his love partakes of the violence of his character; and when he gives it a free course, there is enough of it to fill a dozen such hearts as belong to the ordinary man of pleasure, and man of money, and man of philosophy, and to set the upper and nether mill-stones in them a-working. The loss of Missolunghi, a friend of his who was at Florence at the time

told me, made him ill for a fortnight. 'He ought to have been more resigned,' some respectable man would say at hearing this. Perhaps, sir, he ought: perhaps he felt too much: but what shall we say then of those who felt too little, who felt nothing? what shall we say of the tens and hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who did not eat a mouthful of toast, or drink a spoonful of tea the less, for hearing of the subversion of a Christian fortress, and the destruction of its heroic garrison by hordes of barbarous unbelievers? And what I so strongly feel is, that while our estimate of ourselves must be the strict standard of the Gospel, our estimate of others must be comparative. He who feels any wrong, or cruel, or base thing more than others, and would go further to prevent it, must always have my good word. And being such a one, I must continue to value Walter Landor, while praying that the good he has already may be improved and hallowed, and that from being a man of men which he now is, he may be changed and lifted into being a man of God. Doubtless, there are passages in his 'Dialogues' which I should wish away; and amongst them, most of his attacks (and they are incessant where the subject admits of them) upon Popery. I do not like pulling and tugging at even a decayed branch of a fruit-tree, lest the tree itself should be shaken, and some of the fruit should drop off."

XII.

THE SHADOW OF THE CLOUD.

"A religious life is not a thing which spends itself like a bright bubble on the river's surface. It is rather like the river itself, which widens continually, and is never so broad or deep as where it rolls into the ocean of eternity."—BEECHER.

IN the summer of 1832, Miss Clinton spent a month at Alton, where her warm affectionate interest in all that went on made her a general favourite. With her, the Hares had more enjoyment of the natural advantages of their home than they had ever yet done, making many pleasant little excursions in the "Dull carriage," or long rambles amongst the Downs, taking "Jack" the pony, and riding it alternately, and then stopping to sketch. During these expeditions, Miss Clinton's vivid perception of the beauties of nature, and her power of seizing and making the most of the picturesque and interesting points which even the dullest landscape affords, seemed to open a new world to them.

In the middle of August, Miss Clinton returned to London, and a few days after, the Hares left home to join Mr. and Mrs. O. Leycester, and be their guests at Tenby, instead of the annual visit to Stoke. When they reached

Swansea, after a very stormy passage from Clifton, they found the cholera raging there. In the next house to the inn they first went to, a number of people lay dead and dying, and the friends, not allowed to enter the doors by the town regulations, were standing in an agony outside, waiting for news. To their relief, they found, after some hours, that the hotel where the Leycesters expected them was in another part of the town, and they moved thither; and the following day, by carriage to Tenby. Cholera was at that time supposed to be exceedingly contagious: the favourite remedy was a glass of port wine, with twenty drops of laudanum, to be taken on the first symptom.

The remembrance of the summer at Tenby was always a source of peculiar pleasure to my dearest mother, because she thought that when they were together there, her father first learnt to appreciate and love her husband, to whose marriage with his daughter he had given a most reluctant consent, and with whom he had never got beyond a mere outside acquaintance, during the short summer visits at Stoke. She greatly rejoiced in the sensation which was created in the little town, whenever her husband preached in Tenby Church, as an opportunity of showing her father and Mrs. Oswald Leycester how much he was appreciated by others. And for herself, the summer was filled with days of entire enjoyment, spent in rambling with him amongst the rocky coves, sketching in their caverns, or in longer excursions to Pembroke, and Carew, and to Manobeer, where Augustus cut his name, and that of his Mia upon the ruin, and declared that if she were taken from him he should return to live there as a hermit, as the most utterly desolate

place that he knew. Each day's companionship increased the delight which they derived from each other, and their entire unity already began to make their friends tremble as to what the effect of any separation might be upon the one who was left. This was peculiarly the case with Lucy Stanley. Speaking of the life which the Parrys (see page 228) were now leading at Tahlee, in Australia, she wrote at this time:—

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"Their happiness so much resembles yours. The foundation is the same—the oneness of mind, the sunny view, ever seeing the bright side of things; and if Bella is entrusted in her children with the one blessing withheld from you, she has to set against it, in her anticipations of the future, the thought that *this* is probably the most peaceful spot of her whole life, as from the very nature of his profession and character, it is unlikely that he will sit down idly even by the happiest domestic hearth, as long as there is anything to be done in the service of his country. You, darling, have a 'happy warrior,' whose arms you may help to brighten, and who is most at his post when by the side of his own 'wifie,' and in the midst of his people. May God bless you all *four*, and long continue to others the happiness of rejoicing in yours."

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Tenby, Sept.* 23, 1832.—Why is it that ruins of old buildings, independently of their picturesque effect to the eye, interest and please us so much? May it not be that they form a link between God's works and man's, having by time and the operations of nature become harmonized, softened, and in some sort likened to rocks and picturesque objects

of natural beauty, whilst retaining the associations of former animate life? awakening within us imaginations of what has been, and calling up those feelings of sympathy for times gone by, and people who have lived before us, which in the ordinary course of life are altogether put aside. The suspicion and jealousy with which a pious mind perhaps is inclined to look at the works of mere man's creation, is here lulled to sleep, by the approach which such remains of former glory seem to make to works fresh from the Almighty hand. There is none of the hardness, the limitation, and the consideration of worldly interest, visible in the broken fragments left, which in a complete building fit for present use seems to draw the mind only to earth and its cares and pursuits. All harsh lines are done away, and the roof of open sky seems to connect the perishing materials of earth with the hopes of heaven. God's finger seems to have been at work here, no less in causing the decay of human art, than it appears elsewhere in the formation and arrangement of what are styled *Nature's* works, and wherever that finger is clearly visible, then one is inclined to admire in *adoration*. If we looked deeper into things, doubtless we should oftener trace that finger; but we are very much influenced by external things, and look not within: else how much should we find to glorify God in, from the works of *man* proceeding as they do from the most glorious work of God, the *mind* of man."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Tenby, August* 29, 1832.—Whilst you are enjoying the rocks and waves in your bays at Penrhos, I am delighting in them here. Our large drawing-room has a balcony overhanging a little garden; the said garden has steps immediately leading to the rocks, over which at high water the waves eddy and rush just as they do on yours: and at low

water there are delightful sands for a couple of miles all along the shore. There are the ruins of an old castle on a promontory forming one side of the Bay of Tenby; and the rocks on the other are beautiful in colour and form. Then on the other side of the castle rock, where we are situated, we have the open sea before us, with a very fine rocky island called St. Catharine's close to the shore, and many caverns amongst the rocks, which are at the base of the houses. There are a great many people here, but they are not in one's way; and if the weather becomes fine, we shall find many a snug seat amongst the rocks and little bays or on the old ruins. I never saw a sea-place I thought so enjoyable or beautiful in itself as this, uniting so many advantages."

"*Sept.* 9.—Our days here pass by so quickly. How I should like to have had you by me last night as cloud after cloud, black and heavy as pitchy night herself, sailed over the beautiful moon, which from under them all shone so bright in the sea. . . . . Our Sunday temple for this evening has been amongst the rocks, watching 'the mighty waves of the sea,' as they came rolling up, one bigger than another, or dashing with their white curling foam over the rocks. They are now still raging and fuming below our windows, and the moonshine is sparkling most brightly on the wide sea beyond; but I will take my eyes off to talk with the dear Luce whose heart has doubtless this day, with ours, been raised up in grateful adoration to Him 'who is mightier than the noise of many waters.' We have not hitherto had much stormy weather on our side the coast, and it is one advantage of this place that one may always go to a calm or a windy shore as one pleases, by choosing opposite sides of the town. There is not a great deal to see in the neighbourhood, which I rejoice in; for I grudge the time not spent amongst the rocks and caverns here, and

I find endless subjects for drawing. We have been to see one old castle, Manobeer, and Augustus was so delighted with its lonely situation, he settled how if he lost me, he should like to fit up a couple of rooms and spend two or three years there, with no other companions than his books and the sea-gulls. He has hitherto been occupied since we came, chiefly in transcribing his Visitation Sermon for the press, and he makes himself very happy here: his delight in the waves and rocks is quite as great as mine, I think, and we enjoy seeing this fine scenery, the first we ever saw together."

"*Bath, Sept.* 28.—A Quakeress came with us in the packet from Tenby to Bristol, and I had a great deal of conversation with her. She was a druggist's wife, but we should never have detected any lowness of origin from her conversation: it was so sensible and full of love that all want of polish seemed done away. She told me so much of their discipline and modes of proceeding, and gave me some of William Penn's tracts. The gratitude she expressed for my talking so much to her, and the over-estimate she had formed of me during our voyage, quite humbled me. I wish I could tell you all our conversation. She said her heart yearned towards me from the first, when I sat near her in the packet, long before I spoke."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Penrhos, Oct.* 3, 1832.—Welcome back to Alton, my Darling. In your 'goings out and comings in' I follow you in spirit very closely. If you saw how I read your letters over and over again,—in the house,—in the tower,—on the rocks,—you would think they were well bestowed. . . . . I am now come up into my tower for the morning,—a wild stormy day, with driving rain, and break up of the summer weather. I have just read the chapter for the day, and I

hope you have done the same; I like to think the same verse may perhaps be encouragement and comfort to each, though in a different way. The verse I stopped at just now was, 'and He saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary to them.' It has been my case lately; though outwardly our sea may look smooth, and the temptations and hindrances be such as the world cannot understand, we may nevertheless be 'toiling very hard,' feeling the wind to be so contrary, we scarcely make any way at all. And then, if the winds from without lull a little, a heavy ground-swell from within comes on, and the poor vessel almost forgets it has an *Anchor* ready, and a Haven worth all 'toiling' to attain.

"There is no verse in the whole Bible that again and again comes to me with such support as—'Be of good cheer; it is *I;* be not afraid. And He went unto them into the ship, and the wind ceased.' Who ever followed Christ, and could not say, Yes, many times He has come into my ship, and the wind has ceased, whether it came from 'fightings without,' or from 'fears within?'

"Last Sunday but one I went to my 'Chapel on the Rocks,' and when I came to the end of the Epistle, I saw under it written, 'Alton, Sept. 4, 1831,' the last dear Sunday I spent there last year, and I shut my eyes to see that little church, and that blessed and beautiful countenance, and the Mia by my side, and the naughty school-children, and the old attentive faces; and then I opened them again on the broad blue sea before me, and thanked God who had given them another year of such happiness as few of His ungrateful creatures will *let* themselves enjoy, for He gives the same materials to many."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton Rectory once more, Oct.* 9.—The last day of the fine weather, Dull brought me safe home from Bath, and a

delightful drive it was, with the thoughts of Alton and the dear husband before me. There he was in the Devizes road, all ready to welcome his Mia after our three days of separation. You may guess how joyful a Sunday ours was, with Augustus in the pulpit, and all the listening old men and women, in the place of fine bonnets and gay gowns. . . . . I have a new plan which I hope will turn out useful. It is to have a weekly meeting in Gideon's cottage for as many mothers of families as like to come. They are often unable to go to church, and most of them, I suspect, too ignorant to learn much when there, and if I go to their cottages they are generally engaged in washing or something unfriendly to one's doing any good. Betty Smith seemed quite delighted with the proposal, and said she knew many who would be glad of it. So on Thursday, at two o'clock, I am to have the first. Perhaps the dear Master will give us a prayer.

"I am sure there is a good in one's absence from home and the break in one's regular duties, one returns to them with so much greater zest, the people are disposed to be more pleased when they have missed us much, and one begins as it were afresh with renewed hope and energy, feeling all the more how blessed a privilege it is to be allowed to work together as labourers, however humble, in the vineyard."

"*Oct.* 29.—Augustus had a most melancholy letter from Mr. Rose the other day upon the prospects of the Church. . . . . As far as the Church of Christ is concerned we know that she stands on a rock not to be shaken, and, if persecutions do arise, I doubt not many will be strengthened and confirmed in their faith, and much latent zeal will be drawn forth. But for England as a nation, if through love of wealth, or expediency, or principles of *worldly* economy, such as those advocated by political economists, and nowa-

days even by women (Miss H. Martineau for instance), it casts off that beautiful Christian edifice which has bound together jarring interests and *forced* upon the people that instruction they would in many cases be slow to seek for; or if, by lowering the condition of its clergy, it leaves the higher classes to the influence of all the temptations of their situation, without reverence for those appointed to teach them, what will she have to answer for, and what hand but that of a merciful God can carry us through the evils she may expect to draw upon herself?"

M. H.'s JOURNAL—("The Green Book").

"*Alton, Nov.* 3.—How immediately self enters into everything we think or do! If we are in the course of duty led to any exertion, however small, we are apt to be puffed up by it, 'I have done this,' 'I ought to be thanked.' A return of good crop is expected from the seed sown, and often there arises a secret wish that others should know what has been done. Now this is not that love 'which seeketh not her own,' and of all its characteristics I suspect this is the hardest to make ours. Poor and worthless as we may feel ourselves in the abstract, or when comparing ourselves with the standard of Truth, I fear in particulars, in the *detail* of our lives, we are but rarely conscious how *little* we are. And why is this? Because 'we compare and measure ourselves by ourselves,' that is by others weak as ourselves and who may do less. And even this would not be so unfair a rule as we make it, if our imaginations would only invest our fancied inferiors with the advantages and trusts committed to *us*, and suppose what they would do then. But we take people as they are, with all the circumstances of their relative positions unallowed for, and compare our own doings with theirs, and take credit to ourselves for the contrast, without bearing in mind that our talents may have been

five and theirs one. And truly it is an awful thought to consider that God's justice must weigh the means vouchsafed to his creatures in the balance with their attainments when we think what those means have been to us, how singularly great and numerous, whilst the hindrances have been so few; and when, further, the nothingness and weakness of our return is estimated without being held up by the self-delusion of our own hearts.

"'In all reforms I would cut off all abuses that cling round an institution as far as possible, but take care to preserve the principle unimpaired, and to restore it to its original use. In constitutions, as in individuals, what suits one will not suit another, and the true wisdom is to perfect the one you have, and not seek to substitute another that may not adapt itself as well to the different circumstances of the case.' This, or something like it, Augustus answered to my question of how far one ought to concede in such matters as Reform. It requires, however, more skill and penetration than falls to the lot of many to define the exact limits of that principle—how much is the *essential* part, that root which may not be touched, how much the *accidents* that may safely be pruned away. The moment a wound is inflicted on a vital part, the animated being droops, withers, and at last dies; but so nearly is that vital part connected with members not vital, that till the consequence follows, the nature of that wound may be unknown."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, Nov.* 19, 1832.—I have such constant delight in 'Valehead Rectory,' to which I have recourse again and again, when my thoughts grow downwards, from mixture with this most earthly earth. The poetry is beautiful, *after* long acquaintance, and I never close the book without having gained some of the feeling for which I opened it.

'Valehead Rectory' always seems to me in prose what the 'Christian Year' is in poetry, and what Augustus is in human nature."

"*Nov.* 30, 1832.— . . . Since I came back I have been reading much in the works of the holy and beloved Leighton. I never can read many pages of him, and think of anything else, which I can do, most unhappily, with most others. He is so truly the essence of the Bible, and raises one gently above the earth, and the view of one's own sinful self, to the full contemplation of the high standard we are aiming at. Dear old Jeremy always keeps me too much in contemplation of the extreme ugliness of sin, and I think I can get away from it most easily by fixing my eye on the 'Beauty of Holiness;' but *both together*—Leighton and Taylor—would be a religious library sufficient for any Christian who did not live in the fifteenth century."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Alton, Dec.* 22, 1832.—I hope this may reach you on Christmas Day, that it may bring us more forcibly to your mind's eye, join us more earnestly in your prayers, and communicate to you something of that share of joy we shall be feeling with you, in the coming again of that blessed season. It is a comfort to think that others are feeling it with us, and that Christmas is to many a quiet hidden soul bringing its glad tidings, not the less surely because it is, alas, in these times, only in secret that the real joy can often be felt. It is, indeed, sad to think that in a Christian country, and uniting as most do in Christian worship, this should be so—that the Name uppermost in our hearts should not be allowed to pass our lips, and that the *real* cause for rejoicing is the one that cannot be even hinted at. But we must not turn to the sadder side. Let us rather think of the many thousands who have, by the

first coming of this day, been turned from darkness into light, and of the peace and comfort to our own hearts springing up with the assurance of 'a Saviour which is Christ the Lord'—that He who thought it not beneath Him to lie in a manger, and be subject to infant weakness and human suffering, is now mediating for those whom He has redeemed—watching over their struggles, and sending His Spirit to guide and to help them, more powerfully than when on earth He comforted his apostles by words and deeds. It is, I do believe, our little faith which chains down our thoughts to the mournful recollection of our own weakness, instead of leading them upwards to forget ourselves in the adoration of our Lord and Master, and which so prevents our feeling our hearts burning within us, and makes us serious instead of glad. When, however, we see how little there is of *Peace on Earth*, no wonder if we are often sad; and these days of political excitement are more especially unfavourable to it. We do feel most thankful to be out of reach of it altogether.

"Yesterday, being St. Thomas's Day (on which Lady Jones always gave her gifts), the blankets were given out, and Augustus was as happy as you can fancy him being, calling the people in, one by one. We *lend* them till Easter, and they are most thankful. Truly my path lies through green pastures; my only grief is that I am so little thankful, that I do not love Him more who pours upon me such abundance of earthly comforts. God bless our dear Luce."

L. A. S. *to* M. H. (during an illness of Augustus).

"*Dec.* 31, 1832.—I cannot help the abiding conviction that here all will end well. Klopstock lost his Meta, and George Herbert's wife was left early a widow! Still it is perhaps a great comfort when we feel that sanguine hope,

though we cannot always give a reason for it. When the rod falls, we bow beneath it, and meekly and fervently love on. We shall not, shall we, be worse off, for having *hoped* that in our case the cup may for a while pass by, though we know there is no reason why it should. Your Christian letters come to me like angel-songs, from a brighter and purer world. Yesterday I wrote you a long letter, and burnt it to-day, because I thought it discontented, Oh! if we could but remember that our Master's eye is *never* off us,—that He *saw* His disciples 'toiling in their ships,' though they knew it not.

"You and I must feel somewhat differently at the close of a year, though in much together. I shake hands joyfully with the old friend, and hail the new one, as a step nearer *Home*,—not, I trust, with a morbid feeling—I can never be unhappy in this life; but the very thought of what is called Death is a sensation of joy to me, which none but you can understand, and you perhaps hardly yet. I do earnestly hope the feeling is not a presumptuous one, still when I am happiest the feeling never varies, though hardly does it bear putting into words. And it is now on the stroke of twelve; in a few minutes the old year will have passed away. God bless you, my dear ones, and may the close of every year find us with our lamps burning, that if our Lord calls us, we may not fear to follow Him. What a thought it is—that to any one of us, this *next* year may be the entrance into eternity!

"The church bells have just struck up, and they are ringing in the New Year; the hand of my clock is on the twelve. At this moment our prayers may be ascending together to the throne of Grace. Almighty and Blessed God, Father, Saviour, and Comforter in one, bless us and keep us through the year just opened on us,—guide us with Thy counsel, strengthen us with Thy might, and after-

wards receive us into glory. To Thee, O God our Saviour, be all glory, majesty, dominion, and power, both now and ever. Amen."

In the autumn of 1832, after he had taken possession of the Living of Hurstmonceaux, and had given directions for the addition of several rooms to the house, Julius Hare set out for Italy with his friends Worsley and Landor, visiting Holland and many parts of Germany on the way. Almost all the interesting letters in which he described his travels and his first impressions of Rome to his brother Augustus were unhappily destroyed by Mrs. Julius Hare. Scarcely any memorial of this journey remains but his letters to his brother Francis :—

JULIUS HARE *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Augsburg, Oct.* 27, 1832.—It is a month to-morrow since we (that is, Landor, Worsley, and I) left London : we saw the great Netherlandish towns, and the treasures they contain, pretty well ; spent a couple of days at Bonn, one at Frankfort, and another most delightful one at Nuremburg, which we all agreed in admiring above all the towns we have ever seen. Landor says Rome is nothing to be compared to it in point of beauty and interest."

"*Vicenza, Nov.* 15.—. . . . We have been seeing much, especially in the way of pictures, though of course rather too rapidly : and both Landor and Worsley have been most delightful and instructive companions. At Munich the Gallery was closed ; but we saw the Glyptotheca, Schliessheim, and Schelling, who, now that Goethe and Niebuhr are gone, is without a rival the first man of the age,—I know not who is the second. We had three glorious days at Venice. that is,

in the picture way, for it rained the whole time. Our last morning we employed in buying. Landor got a Schiavone for himself, and, with inimitable skill in bargaining, a beautiful marriage of St. Catherine by Giovanni da Udine,* and an exquisitely lovely head of St. Cecilia (a Perugino, or early Raphael—Landor inclines to think the latter) for me, for a hundred louis,—so that Hurstmonceaux will again bear witness to the family love for the arts. This morning we spent at Padua. What magnificent relics there are there! The hall must have been the finest room in the world, as large, to judge by the eye, as Westminster Hall, and covered with paintings by Giotto, Mantegna, and other mighty painters. What a place, too, is the chapel of the Eremitani. Giotto seems clearly to be, with perhaps the single exception of Raphael, the greatest genius that painting has yet seen, at least in the modern world."

"*Fiesole, Dec.* 11.—Here at Florence, from being at Landor's villa, I have not been able to do as much as I might otherwise have done. But I have learnt to worship Raphael more devoutly and reverentially than ever, and I have seen the Niobe. Many other admirable things, too, have come across me. Pietro Perugino is divine, but the picture at Bologna is still lovelier and heavenlier than any here. In Fra Bartolomeo I am disappointed, his drapery is mostly the best part of his pictures: in the famous St. Mark it is the only good one: the expression is bad. The Job seems to me poor, the Isaiah miserable. In single figures, he, as far as design goes, is a thousand degrees below Correggio, the four Evangelists on the cartoons for his frescoes are the sublimest single figures I ever saw. The Resurrection, in the Pitti, is very magnificent; and perhaps, however,

* There was a replica of this picture exhibited at Burlington House, in the Loan Exhibition of 1871, where it was attributed to Marco Basaiti, 1470—1520.

I should have thought better of him, but that Landor had led me to expect something almost equal to Raphael. The Fra Angelicos in S. Marco, are exquisitely beautiful. John of Bologna, too, is a very great man, though I think, in spite of Landor, very inferior in genius to Michael Angelo; and to place him above Phidias and Praxiteles seems to me to be utter nonsense. The Mercury is a singularly agile figure, but not a god, unless it be a *dieu de la danse*. The Rape of the Sabines and the Nessus seem to me to be much too violent for sculpture, with too many projecting points. His Oceanus, however, and still more his Neptune at Bologna, are very grand. What a grievous thing it is that Michael had not a little of Raphael's meekness, and was not content with doing a thing most beautifully, unless he could astound and amaze. His Madonna and Child at Bruges is worthy of Raphael: his angel at Bologna is as lovely and angelic as any of Perugino's; and yet he could paint that monstrous and anatomical abortion in the Tribune. He is almost always grand however, and full of genius: every time I walk before the Palazzo Vecchio, I am struck with awe by his David, and nothing can be more solemn and majestic than his Giulio de' Medici, and the four figures at the feet of the monuments.

"*Rome, Dec.* 20.—We just arrived here in time to take one walk round St. Peter's before the *venti-quattro*. The general effect of the exterior seems to me much less fine than St. Paul's: the dome does not harmonize well with the flat roof beneath it. But the dome itself, the colonnade, and the interior, are unrivalled. Our sitting-room, in the Via di Monte Brianzo, looks down upon the Tiber, and over it to the Castle of St. Angelo, the Mont Mario, and St. Peter's.

We were greatly delighted at Siena by the admirable

Raphael and Pinturicchio frescoes, and by one of the most beautiful Peruginos in the world. The three Sienese painters are by no means ordinary personages,—at least, Razzi and Pacchierotto are often very great: Beccafumi seemed to us very inferior to his two compeers. We found a beautiful Pierino del Vaga too, though sadly disfigured by dirt, and a number of other good pictures, at the house of a Cavaliere Brillanti.

"*Twelfth Day*, 1833.—Many happy returns of the day to you. This always used in old times to be a festive day with us; and I wish circumstances had allowed of our spending it together. Your children, I trust, are brought up, as we were, with a due veneration for the Befana: she seems to be nearly as worthy an object of worship as many that find votaries here. We do not seem to make much way through the map of materials before us: on the contrary, the horizon seems to widen as we advance. Hitherto, however, holidays and religious ceremonies have stood a good deal in our way: but the puppet-show at Ara Cœli to-day has given us our fill of the latter, and the next, I hope, will be a clear week, without any obstacle or interruption. Yesterday, we spent the morning at the Borghese, but only got through four rooms, and even those incompletely: for when there is leisure, we find it much more profitable to see few pictures at once, and study them, and discuss them, and try to make out the characteristics of the master's style. What a superb collection it is! though even in it are evidently some misnomers, and Sassoferrato has the post of honour, when there are twenty greater painters in the room. The Garofalo's there, at the Doria, and at the Sciarra (the two landscapes in the best Venetian style), have given me a much higher notion of him than I had formed before: surely many of the numberless monotonous repetitions of the same conventional heads in the small

pictures fathered upon him, must be by his scholars. The colouring is always good: indeed in this respect the Ferrara school come near to the Venetian: but very often they have little merit besides. Your old favourite, Dosso Dossi, is multitudinous and of all sizes at Modena: but there did not seem to be much in him. The early Peruginesque unfinished Raphael at the Borghese is, I suppose, an historical picture. But I should be inclined to doubt whether the portrait said to be of himself in his youth by himself, is either one or the other. That by Timoteo della Vite is a very interesting picture: his beautiful Magdalene at Bologna had taught me to admire him. Raphael's Deposition is certainly a most beautiful and sublime picture; but I think the Germans go too far in calling it his finest work. The Spasimo, so far as one can judge from Trochi's fine engraving, seems to be so, or at all events to stand by the side of the Sistine Madonna. In the Deposition the central figure of the corpse-bearer, which people praise for its muscular strength, seems to me a grievous fault. Rubens may make his Crucifixion an occasion for displaying nerves and thews; but Raphael was too heavenly for such things."

To A. W. H.

"*Rome, Day of the Purification.*— .... I rejoiced when I left England in the thought that, till I returned thither, I should not see another proof-sheet; and lo, they are threatening to pour in upon me of all places in the world here in Rome. Here in Rome, where one has so many better ways of spending one's time; where authorship seems to be the last thought that ever enters anybody's head, I seem to be fated to publish, and of all things in the world, a sermon. I preached the Sunday before last, and, to suit my sermon to the time and place, took, 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see?' for my text, and the evils and dangers

of living abroad for my subject; and, as I had resolved, followed your example in scolding the misbehaviour in the churches. But you know people rather like to be scolded, at least, when the scolding comes from the pulpit, and is not immediately personal. Vehement preachers have always been popular; and so in the following week a number of the congregation expressed, through Mr. Burgess, a strong wish that I might be induced to print it; and as the applicants were personally unknown to me, I felt myself forced to set about trying to get a papal *imprimatur*. The chief said he had already heard a great deal about my sermon, and if I would take it to him to read over, that he might see there were no objectionable expressions, he would be very glad to give me his license. Here the matter stands now; but people say if the license is granted, it will be a great point, for that it will be the first instance of a Protestant sermon printed at Rome. To make amends for the trouble it will give me, I have had one or two very touching expressions and thanks. Far the most delightful thing was a note from Bunsen (the Prussian minister), who was there, and borrowed the sermon after church, and read it into German to his family in the evening. Next morning, before I was dressed, I received the following note, which I send you in the original:—

"'Theurer Freund, erlauben Sie mir dass ich Sie mit diesem Namen begrüsse. Ihre gestrige Predigt hat mir bewiesen dass der Grund auf welchem unsere Verbindung ruht, zu tief liegt um von der Sturm der Zeit berührt zu werden; ein Grund der Gemeinschaft der Ihnen meine Anhänglichkeit fürs Leben verbürgt, und mich mehr als je wünschen lässt ihre Freundschaft fürs Leben zu gewinnen.'

"You have heard something of Bunsen, and know that I expected to like him very much. I like him far more than I expected, and hardly know any man who unites so many

high merits, without, so far as I can see, a single defect. He is one of the friendliest, most amiable, liveliest, most sensible, best informed, most entertaining of human beings, overflowing with kindness, good humour, with high spirits, most actively and unweariedly benevolent; and I have never discovered the least spark of ill-nature in him, or of selfishness, or of vanity, though we are constantly together. Over and above everything else, he is a man of the strongest, purest, most fervent piety. Circumstances have in some degree given another turn to his studies, else his own bias would have been to devote himself entirely to religion. Even as it is, he has done a great deal. He has made a collection of German hymns, a large octavo volume that he has selected from above eighty thousand. He is engaged, too, in publishing a complete collection of Christian liturgies, and has made great researches in all ages of the Christian Church for this purpose. Nay, he has himself printed a liturgy for his own chapel here, drawn in great measure from ours, or rather from the same sources; but it differs from ours in some very important points, and I think mostly for the better. The German Protestant chapel itself, too, is entirely his creation, and has been of very great advantage, among other things, by having put a stop to the conversions which had previously been so frequent among the German artists. . . . .

"As for Rome, dear Rome, it seems as if I had seen nothing of it; and yet I have seen more than in all the other towns I ever was in put together—more objects of love and of thought. It will be a great grief to me to leave her with the thought that I am never to see her again: yet it will be a great happiness to have seen her, and having been seen, she will become a part of sight."

M. H.'s JOURNAL—("The Green Book").

"*January* 14, 1833.—A new year! To how many is it nothing but an old one; new in nothing but its name, old in the strengthening of all former propensities; old in indolent habits; old in time wasted or misused. The point is to ascertain how much it is wise to retain of the old, how much ought to become new. Perhaps in these days there is more danger of casting off too much of the old than there is of neglecting to adopt the new. Change is the cry of the day, and though the new may only be what is old, newcast and under a new form, still there is the restless desire for change, and the extravagant hope that all good is to be effected and all evil done away by such a re-modelling of things. But I am led away from my first idea, which was rather a practical and moral one—to consider within ourselves how the fresh stage of life ought to be a new one in its most useful sense. Now it seems to me a clear principle of Christ that we should never stand still—never feel satisfied we are doing enough; else why have we a model before us of perfection we never can reach, if it be not to stimulate us onwards, leading us on step by step, and ever keeping before us a point yet further to be attained, both to keep us humble and excite us to action? Each year, then, should be a stage of advance in our own souls, by a growth in Christian grace and a weakening of natural corruption, and also an advance in the work we are called to, whatever that work may be.

"When I look back on the mercies of the past year, how ashamed and humbled do I feel to think how my heavenly Father has watched over, preserved, and blessed me, and how little I have given Him in return—how little of love—how little of prayer—how little of service! Yet let me hope it has not been altogether in vain; that some few seeds of good have been sown though there ought to have been an

abundance of them; that some few feelings have been strengthened and realised, though many have been sluggish Alas! how much readier we are to dwell upon the few miserable little grains of wheat in the year than to seek out and mourn over the harvest of tares! How much more willingly my mind turns to the hope that I have acquired more power of realising to myself the constant presence of God my Saviour, than it does to the more certain fact of how often I have failed in trusting and believing—how little I have shown my sense of His presence. . . . .

. . . . "One thing I am very sensible of in the past year—a great increased perception of the variance between the principles of the world and those of the Bible. The having so constantly before my eyes in our retired life and parochial duties the higher views of Christianity, and the reading so much more than I used to do of theological books, and so much less of worldly publications, has quickened my perception of the difference, so as to strike me forcibly, either when mixing with others or reading the literature of the day. But perhaps I leave out the chief cause—the living with one whose whole life is based on Scripture principles, and whose whole thoughts and practice are alike resting on that sure basis.

"How little am I duly thankful for such privileges and blessings as God has bestowed on me, in my situation and in my most precious husband, with whom I have been allowed three years of such uninterrupted happiness. Oh, may I be more grateful, more loving, more faithful to Him who gives me all His best gifts in such abundance, and may He bless them to us both, so that we may be yearly more devoted to His service, and more earnest in our calling, not forgetting, whilst we strive to better others, that we, too, have a great work begun which has to be perfected, and for which we must not cease to watch and pray!"

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Jan.* 5, 1833.—Our New Year's Day was a very happy one. After church prayers (which we have on all saints' days and occasional services), the Sunday school, fifty-six in number, assembled in the barn to receive their prizes for their tickets. I invited the Piles and Miss Miller to see, and whilst I sat at one end with the list of names, &c., Augustus gave to each, as called, his or her packet, consisting of the sum for their tickets, made out in scissors, work-bags, books, handkerchiefs, stockings, &c. Being the first reward-day they have ever had, of course it was thought the more of. We made them a speech, and then they begged to sing a hymn the mistress had taught them to surprise me, and away they went. The schoolmaster, mistress, the clerk, Gideon and his wife, and our old cook, came to eat beef and plum-pudding with our servants, and did not seem least pleased with Mr. Hare's going to drink their healths, and wish them a happy new year afterwards."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Jan.* 6, 1833.—The beginning of another year of life does indeed seem overflowing with thoughts and feelings, mercies past for which we cannot feel grateful enough, and opportunities to come for which no prayer nor faith seems sufficiently strong. Last year we began the year with cholera impending over our heads, revolution threatening us. Now we are mercifully freed from one evil, and the other is at least for a time removed to a distance. Still so weak is my faith, that I am afraid I look back with greater pleasure than forward. And yet the same God and Saviour who has been with us through the one will no less surely be near us through the other, and overrule all things for good. You

and I must, of course, feel differently on some things; and I can only for myself personally desire to have a continuance of present happiness, with greater earnestness and zeal in making use of the great privileges I now enjoy. Still, blest as I am, could Augustus and I both leave the world together, I should look forward to the moment of entrance into eternity, where sin does not dwell, as a moment to be humbly wished for. As it is, since one may be taken and the other left, we can but resign ourselves wholly into our Master's hands, and entreat him to make our will one with His."

"*Jan.* 21.—Let me tell you of Augustus's first attempt at what in Wickliffe's time was called *Postilling*. It was luckily the 41st of Isaiah last Sunday morning, such a fine chapter, and his exposition was so plain, being extempore and from the desk, that I think many must have learnt much. He prefaced it by telling them how Scripture used to be thus explained till man perverted the practice, and that was no reason its advantage should be now lost, after so many years. He told them a good deal about the nature of the Prophecy, and the different senses it bore, and the difficulties attaching to it, and how its perfect completion was probably not yet come. I suppose it was quite as long as a sermon, and the people were most attentive. We had the real sermon, as usual, in the evening."

"*Feb.* 2.— . . . I am so glad that accident has brought A. and C. together again. All my observation has always confirmed me in my belief, that half our harsh and uncharitable judgments of others would be removed could we but look into the windings of their hearts, and see all they had to contend with, and how much more of wheat lay beneath the tares than we should outwardly guess. . . . . It is well, perhaps, that *we* differ in some points, for I am afraid you are inclined to set us up far too high on your shelf. The many little rubs of opinion which would occur

in living together, do not arise in absence, and only what we have in common comes out ; so that in thinking of us, you are too apt to associate all that you delight in, and not to feel that were you here, perhaps you might find many things you would not agree in or altogether approve."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

" . . . The next time I clear out the 'Chambers of Imagery,' I will examine well and see whether there is any foundation for the accusation, that I put you on too high a shelf. I think it is just possible ; but as I shall probably be absent nine months for once during our lives, you will allow it must be better for one's *growth* to be always lifting up one's head to a shelf *above*, rather than stooping to look on one below ; and it is in your power, you know, dearest, to make this mistake, if it be one, useful to you, and equally so to me. Let it make you aim high ; strive *to be* all in absence I fancy you are. Whichever of us be foremost in the race, let the other 'urge her with their advancing tread' (St. Andrew's Day, 'Christian Year'). Remember you have a great advantage in being allowed the privilege given to the 'Herald Saints of old,' going forth by two and two ; whereas some are those in the situation of the poor man (Luke viii.), who, when he had been cured, and had once heard the voice and seen the countenance of His blessed Master, pleaded hard to remain with Him, but was refused with that striking answer, 'Return to thy house.' Christ will not always let us remain close to Him. He sends us away to work in a corner of the vineyard, where there are perhaps few who can join in our song. He will see whether our love is true, and is it not enough to make us work on, and joyfully, when we do know that the Master's eye is ever on us, though we see it not."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Feb.* 9, 1833.—Yesterday, about three o'clock, your poor friend Mary Browne breathed her last, and I trust exchanged her sorrowing and weak earthly tabernacle for 'the Conqueror's song.' I was with her about ten minutes before the end, when she was perfectly sensible, and knew me as I stood beside the bed. She lifted up her hand when I uttered a prayer for her, and muttered with her lips, but could scarcely articulate. Her cough has been very bad for some time, but there was no change to excite any alarm till a few days ago, when she took to her bed, and has not been up since. From the last Sunday I thought she would scarcely get up again, and, as you may guess, have been every day to read to her, but a dying-bed admits in most cases of but little spiritual assistance. I have in the last year attended four, and certainly the impression left by all has been how little in general a person in so great a state of bodily suffering is capable of thought or attention to the concerns of their souls, more especially amongst the poor, to whom mental exertion is at all times so difficult. With respect to poor Mary, all that she was able to bear or follow was select verses such as she knew before, and chiefly ejaculatory ones out of the Psalms, and the hymn of which you sent her two verses, which she knew quite well. I hope and believe her mind was more at peace for the last two days than she had been previously, and she expressed her readiness to go and trust that she would be happy, while still lifting up her heart in prayer and beseeching that forgiveness of which she so much felt the need. . . . . To me there is a feeling quite beyond describing in standing beside one hovering between this world and the next as she was yesterday: seeing the struggle of the earthly frame, and knowing that the spirit, still alive to visible things, will in a

short time have fled to—where—we know not: that in so brief a moment all that is invisible and unknown to us is before her; that she whom one has so long taught in heavenly things will know so infinitely more than we do. She knew Augustus, and fixed her eyes on him as he prayed by her very earnestly. He went up the hill, and returned a quarter of an hour after, and all was over. She has so long been an object of interest, that it seems quite a blank to think one shall never see her sitting in the chimney-corner again, or have to cheer her sad grey eye with the blessed promises of Scripture. Hers was a very extraordinary case. I cannot quite make it out; but latterly I have rarely adverted to her own feelings, thinking it better to lead them forward than allow of retrospect; so that I cannot exactly say how she felt, but not I think till the last two days essentially different from what you remember her. There was then more of resignation than of joy or hope I think, but I am satisfied there was much of bodily infirmity in her, and I always think of her in the seventy-eighth Psalm—'Will the Lord cast off for ever,' &c., 'and I said this is my infirmity.'

"I am always so struck by the different ways of considering death, and the light and indifferent tone in which it is spoken of by those people to whom it *ought* really to be a subject of terror, one should suppose they looked on it as they would on that of an animal, to hear it spoken of as it is by many; but the fact is that what is beyond is to them no reality, but so vague an impression, it exercises no influence over their ordinary modes of thinking and speaking. How can one be thankful enough for the glorious hope held out to us, for the privilege of knowing and feeling the truth!"

"*Feb.* 12.—Your letter to poor Mary Browne must have been written nearly at the time she was breathing her last in this world. On Monday I took it, and with the Master

went to find John Browne, who was at work in our field, and there, getting under shelter from the high wind, read (with some difficulty, I confess) your letter to him. He said it was a beautiful letter, turning away his face that we might not see his tears, and put it in his pocket, and I promised to go and read it to him again some day when he was at dinner, that Polly might hear it. . . . . I fully intended to have gone to the funeral, and was ready waiting for it, when so violent a storm of rain and thunder came on just at the time that I could not go; but I saw them from the window, and thought how poor Mary's spirit was rejoicing perhaps, instead of entering the church as on former occasions cast down and disquieted within her. Only one Sunday before the last she was in her corner at church wishing probably for that peace which she has now entered. You cannot think how much I seem to miss her, having for so long been an object of interest, and her last illness was so short. . . . . Sometimes when I look back on my Stoke life and my feelings as M. L., I can hardly believe in my own identity. Either that time or this appears to have been a dream, I hardly know which, but quite as often the latter as the former, and I have at times a very strong impression of the time to come when the dream will be over. But in our brighter moments of faith, one can look forward without trembling, with perfect confidence in that blessed Saviour who has thus far guided us in safety, and will not, we feel assured, leave nor forsake any who look to Him, and Him only."

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

Alderley, Feb. 12, 1833.—Poor, and yet most happy Mary Browne, I had no idea her end was so near. Every night when I have gone to bed, for the last ten days, I have arranged my lamp so that its light might fall on the white

cottage in your picture which hangs within my bed. I little guessed that her spirit had already fled while I was praying that she might be comforted. How glorious a change for her, for of her safety I trust we need have no doubts. For you, my Mia, it must be very good to live the life you are now leading, and twenty years more of such daily experience in yourself and others will, I think, prove a truer and better key to the right meaning of the seventh of Romans than any searching into man's writings or critical examinings. . . . My own Mia, you know how I may say your earthly happiness is mine, so vividly do I enjoy it with and for you; but do you know that it is my reserved comfort to think that if now God were to cloud over a part or even the whole of that happiness, I could even then think of you without trembling; and this is as much my prayer as for the continuing of that happiness; and may that God and Saviour who has guided you so far bless you both still, and pour into all our hearts more and more of that most excellent gift of charity that we may bear all things, believe all things, *hope* all things, and *endure* all things."

"*Feb.* 20.—There is no command oftener sounding in my ears than this, 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works.' Every day I see how it is the more necessary for the lamp to burn steadily and brightly, for the conduct to be consistent, uncompromising, and gentle; for often perhaps, when a word would not be borne, an act of forbearance or self-denial might be remembered in a cooler moment. Yet so often, when my tree is shaken, does there often tumble down a *crab;* any one might be forgiven for doubting the care and attention I pay to the *root.* I fear, by nature, it was such an inveterate crab, it requires a fresh graft every year to make it bear *any* fruit."

M. H.'s Journal—("The Green Book").

"*March* 4.—I seem to myself to have got a clearer notion lately of the different steps which are attained in religious progress, and a difficulty I have felt in reconciling what I see with what I read in Scripture seems to be diminished. There are two distinct classes, say the Evangelicals, those who serve God and those who serve Him not, and I see and acknowledge the truth. Still one cannot look around without feeling there are many who are far removed from being indifferent or careless as to their duty—who do sincerely desire to do it, and to a certain degree do serve God more than the world, and yet that these same people are equally far perhaps from that simplicity and reality of Christian faith which makes Christ's service and his yoke a delight and a joy to them. Now may it not be that such persons are in fact *Jews* in heart and practice? Of *God* they have a reverence and fear—they serve Him outwardly, they acknowledge Him inwardly—but of love as a principle of action they are as yet ignorant, consequently their religious service consists in outward acts. Of Christ as a Saviour and Mediator they rarely think, and consider the reference to Him as the great cause of our hope and dependence, as rather of a fanatical spirit. In such persons year passes after year and no change is visible; the same round of duties is performed, but the spirit which should animate them continues dormant, nor do their worldly thoughts or opinions betray any symptoms of leavening. Of such persons it is untrue to say that they despise or are regardless of God; but their service is one of fear, and their creed scarcely less enlightened than that of a Jew. People do not consider what it is that distinguishes Christianity from Judaism, and fancy themselves Christians before they have left the old slavery of the letter and form."

It was in March, 1833, that a bad cold, affecting the throat, and a violent cough, formed the beginning of the illness from which Augustus Hare never recovered. A slight paralysis of the nerves on one side of the face caused severe bleeding to be resorted to, which materially weakened the system. For some weeks he was confined to the house, and his Mia was filled with anxiety. Mrs. Stanley wrote from Alderley urgently desiring to come and assist in nursing him; but to this he refused to consent, preferring that she should postpone her visit to May, when he hoped to be well and able to enjoy it. In April, all anxiety seemed over, and he was able to resume his parochial duties, and delivered an address upon his first reappearance in his little church, which was afterwards printed in consequence of the impression it made upon his people. During his illness they had shown the greatest anxiety about him. "It seems as if one of my own children was bad, not to see Mr. Hare about," said one;—and when he was recovering—"I be just about glad Mr. Hare's better, for he *is* a good friend to all of we."

A. W. H. *to the People of Alton* (Address in Alton-Barnes Church).

"Indeed, brethren, I know not how it may have been with you, nor whether you have missed me, during the time I have been kept away from you: but I can truly say, that I have missed you. I have missed the well-filled benches near me; I have missed the familiar faces in the gallery; I have missed the delight of praying with you, and the pleasure of instructing you. At the season of the great festivals, and especially during Passion Week and Easter, the spirit of the coldest Christian is more alive than at other times. It is impossible to hear the history of Christ's sufferings,—how He was scourged, and nailed to a cross, and left to hang

there till He died, amid the mocks and laughter of the bystanders,—it is impossible for men to hear all this with their ears, and to have it almost brought before their eyes, and to know that Jesus went through it all for their sakes, that they might be forgiven, and might live,—it is hardly possible for anybody to hear all this without having his heart burn within him. These then are the seasons when the minister who loves his people has most pleasure in speaking to them and teaching them. He loves to strike while the iron is hot, while the heart is moved and softened, in the hope that at such a time, by God's grace, his words may sink deeper. And yet it was just at this particular season, when I should so much have enjoyed being with you, that it pleased God to affect me with sickness, to separate me for a time from you, my people and friends. Do not suppose I murmur at this dispensation: far from it. God knows best what means and what instruments to employ for the conversion and instruction of his people. If I had been in health, you would have been taught by me alone. As it is, you have had the advantage of hearing different teachers; and it may be, the words of some of them may have sunk deeper in some minds, and have done them more good, than anything I should have said, if I had preached to you. If it be so, God be praised for it! Yea, God be praised for my sickness, even if it had been more severe, if it be the means of calling any one among you to a knowledge of His saving will! But still it did grieve me much, that I could not be praying with you and teaching you. Never did the little church appear more beautiful in my eyes than on those Sundays, while I looked at it with a melancholy pleasure, and watched you as you went into God's house, or returned from it. Truly, at such times, I could well have said with David, 'How amiable, how lovely are thy tabernacles, thou Lord of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord.'"

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*March* 27.—'Shall we receive good and not evil at the hands of our Father?' Well may we feel that, bright as our sunshine is and has been from year's end to year's end, we may endure, and bless God that He has thought fit for a brief space to send this cloud to overshadow our joy, and make us more fully sensible how dependent it is upon His good pleasure. Now, when it has pleased Him to bless the means used and give us again a gleam of sunshine, I begin to feel more what a fearful dream I have been in for some days past, and I do more fully cast myself before His throne, who might, had He seen fit, have chastened me so much more severely. My precious treasure looks still very ill, and coughs sadly. Many an anxious moment yet remains before I can feel sure that it will please his heavenly Physician to restore him to former vigour and health; but there is so much improvement, I indulge a hope he will be able to bless me and his people, and do such little humble service as he can render his Master on earth. His own mind has never for a moment been disturbed; it has been calm and serene as the most peaceful lake."

"*March* 28.—God be praised my mind is now at ease, and the cloud is breaking fast and letting the sun shine through again."

"*April* 2.— . . . I have felt during my anxiety that I could not utter long prayers or well connected ones; but that my whole life was a continual prayer, and for this reason I rejoiced to be alone. When I was not in the room with my beloved Aug., which was only at mealtimes, and when I went out into the garden for a short time, I felt I was alone with Him who could help, and would assuredly strengthen if I asked; and though I *could not* feel ready and submissive to resign all at his bidding, I did pray

most sincerely to be enabled more and more to be brought to this, and that the present warning might in this way be blest to us both. I am certain I was able to go on better from having no one, no not the nearest and dearest friend to speak to and dwell upon the circumstances when at liberty and leisure to do so. When I was not engaged with him, it was far better to be thrown upon one's own reflections, which naturally led one above this world to seek His grace and comfort, who will hear, however weak and faithless our petitions are, and miserably weak one does feel at such a time. . . . . And now that it has pleased our Lord to take away His chastening hand and restore to us our bright earthly happiness, you must pray for us, my own Luce, that we may not forget *how* thankful we should be. *Now*, indeed, there is no fear of it, with the remembrance of the anxiety so lately felt; but our hearts too soon get used to their blessings, and forget how easily and how readily they may be taken away."

"You may think how sad it is to have Easter without its usual minister to officiate, no Wednesday's service, and no evening lectures. Last night, for the first time, he read a few verses and a collect to the servants, but with so trembling a voice he could scarce get through that, and it made him cough so that I fear it will be long before he will be fit for Sunday duty."

"*Easter Tuesday.*—My darling Augustus is going on well. I wished for you so on Friday. Half an hour before afternoon church, Mr. Majendie came. Augustus and I had arranged the room ready, and he administered the blessed bread and wine to Marcus, Mary, Augustus, and me, and you may suppose all we felt in so receiving it, with the prayer appointed for sick persons. . . . . Marcus went yesterday; he is one of few words, but loves us much."

L. A. S. *to* **M. H.**

"*March* 29.—I need not tell you how I have suffered with you in these days. I have indeed felt, what I always said, that in *one* affliction I should be to you a miserable comforter, and what else could the dearest and most sympathizing friend be? Well it is for us that there *is* a friend whose ear is open to the feeblest call for help, and whose power to give that help is all-mighty. We must not forget under whose hand we are fainting. Though a grievous east wind has for a little season blighted your beautiful gourd, let us lift up our hearts in humble and cheerful confidence, and rest them on Him who doth never afflict willingly or grieve His children. Perhaps after four years of such unvaried happiness, some little check was necessary, to remind you more strongly that there is danger in giving all our affections to one created blessing, however precious and love-worthy that blessing may be. You do not feel now you *could* say, 'Thy will be done,' and yet it is what God will have his children say, even when he takes away their all. It is perhaps good that you should be obliged to contemplate what nature shrinks from as too hard to bear, and though you cannot now pray long or connected prayers, your whole day must be a *striving* in prayer, to be conformed to God's will and to have none but His; and when our beloved Augustus recovers, though you thought you loved God before, you may find that this was wanting, though by your own heart only the lesson may be known. I am so glad 'Marcus' is coming to you. Tell the dear Augustus I have great faith in the simple united prayers of a loving parish, and if no church can be opened, the prayers offered up by his people for his recovery in their separate cottages or at their work will avail much."

"*Alderley, April* 8, 1833.—I feel that you know all I have

been thinking in the last week, for our hearts will have been offering up their tribute of joy and gratitude and humiliation at the same gracious throne, and gaining from the contemplation of our Saviour's sufferings and glorious resurrection fresh supplies of strength, to go on our way rejoicing 'with fear and great joy,' as the Marys did when they found the sepulchre empty and Jesus risen —*fear* lest we should not sufficiently honour and carefully follow such a Master, and 'great *joy*' because we know and are assured that in those dreadful hours of suffering He bore the punishment we each and every one must have incurred; and it is not the least thing we have to be grateful for, that we live in these days, when eighteen hundred years have gone on proving the truth of our Saviour's words, and gradually and to the letter so fully accomplishing all things, that we may almost wonder how it is our faith ever wavers, or how such a miserable being as an unbeliever or doubter can still exist. I sometimes think if one could but show to any one the love, the peace, which Jesus can create in our hearts, they must long to feel it too. Yesterday morning, as I was walking through the wood to church, with everything in nature to make glad the spirit—the songs of the birds, the myriads of flowers, the bright sun—I thought how many would allow it was delightful and most gladdening, and say it required no *peculiar* religion to feel grateful and happy while the senses were under such an influence; but *only* the believer knows and can testify that those same joyful and thankful feelings, which bring tears to the eye, and overflowing gratitude to the heart, can be felt when all is dark and dreary around, when the animal frame is under no sunny influence, and when in this world perhaps our way must be lonely and often beset with thorns. God's sun shines most warmly on our hearts when the world's sun shines least; and who that has

once felt its reviving rays would not easily spare the other's, if it be his Master's will. . . . . I do not ever remember passing Passion Week in so peaceful and happy a frame of mind as this last has been. I could hardly have felt more glad or *warmed* up, and whenever I was at prayer, it seemed as if the thought of Augustus's recovery was the one drop to make the cup overflow. How clear it is that the Bible was written for the creatures of a changing world; if we had no sin to mourn over, no afflictions to wean us, half its pages would lie useless. There is one woman in the Bible whose example comes oftener to my thoughts than any other, because hers was a simple, straightforward faith I think one might attain, and should if one aimed higher—the Shunamite—she did not doubt for one second but that it was *all well;* but it is so difficult to feel secure with God when a trouble comes. How you will watch over your gourd when it quite revives; but remember, dearest, you must not watch *too* anxiously, or let your heart beat *too* easily; the best way to ensure its stay with you will be to trust it wholly and calmly in God's hands.

"I think I helped my thoughts very much the last week to keep singly to their object, by carefully reading only what was done on each day, and as far as possible bringing before myself what passed; then, not having read any of the chapters before, those on the Resurrection, with all connected, came more forcibly, more powerfully home on Easter Sunday. I do not think in the round of life there is a moment more overpowering, more thrilling, than when the organ peals forth accompanied by those anthems preceding the collect—'Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us.' Oh, we ought to be very joyful all the year round, come what will on our journey, when we think *what* our home will be—who, the Friend, the Master, preparing our mansions in it.

"Alderley is looking most beautiful The wood is one

sheet of daffodils and anemones—larches all greening, and every hedge ready to burst into full leaf. I think even Julius would allow that a mass of young larches, in their first fortnight's unsullied coats, is a refreshing sight."

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*April* 13, 1833.—Your plan was exactly one we were talking of one day as so useful—that of realising more the passing events of our holy week; and though there was no church service except on the Friday, as there would have been had the pastor been among his people, at home we got our little chapters and prayers in the evening. Now he is weak in voice, I generally read the verses, and then he comments on them after; he reads the collects and prayers, and I say the Lord's Prayer, and so we jointly get through our little humble service. . . . . Augustus's confinement and inability to do anything is more trying perhaps now when he is better than it was when he was entirely incapacitated; but God's will must be ours, and his time ours, and slight indeed is the trial of our patience He at present sends. May it prepare us for the far greater that may one day be our portion."

"*April* 21.—I cannot close this day—so beautiful without, and so full of thanksgiving within—without making our dear Luce share in its great blessings. The sun has shone with almost a summer heat, and the air, for the first time this spring, has been most balmy and delicious, as if to invite the dear pastor once more to his church. He was afraid of undertaking a full service or the whole morning one, so got Mr. Caulfield to take that for him; and this afternoon we had the happiness of going again together into God's house. Scarcely could I restrain my tears when he entered his desk, and you may think how freely they flowed when, before the general thanksgiving, he rose up and said

that, having been so long unable from illness to officiate in that place, he begged now to offer his humble and hearty thanks to God for being restored again to health, and then in the customary place added, 'especially for Thy servant who now desires to return thanks for thy late mercies vouchsafed unto him.' . . . . My dear Luce will need but to be told the facts of to-day to lift up her heart in joyful thanksgiving with us for the mercy God has shown us in thus restoring us to our great and undeserved happiness; and the extreme loveliness of the day, combining to fill and soften our hearts, has made it one continual feeling of praise. Once more did we take our walk in the fields after church, enjoying together the heavenly day; and since dinner, for nearly the first time, I took my way down your well-known lane and up the Luce path, and looked down on the lovely view, with a beautiful sunset glowing all round, and felt that heaven would indeed be on earth were all within as beautiful as all without, if in those peaceful cottages there were no sin, and all were love. I miss sadly poor Mary Browne in her chimney-corner, to speak a consoling word to as one passes by. Patty grinned from ear to ear as she expressed, in more words than I ever heard from her before, how 'comfortable' it was to see Mr. Hare in church again. Old Hannah Baillie almost cried her joy, though it was evidently saddened by his looking so ill. The other day, in coming across the field, she quickened her step most gladly at hearing him call her; but her countenance soon fell as she turned to me—'How bad he do look'—and her merry eyes did not get back their sparkle. I fear the dear old woman is weakening in bodily strength, but if she ripens in spiritual, one must not regret it. She is one of the *little* ones whom Christ will not despise; for she hath given of her two talents, two in return."

"*April* 30.—The dear Augustus has been getting on, though the weather since those two warm days has not been kindly to him. He has been out two or three times in the Dull carriage. Stronger he certainly is, and on Sunday morning, by leaving out the Commandments, he got through the whole of the rest of the service, and once again preached to his dear people. He spoke to them about all the seasons that had passed during his sickness, and his feelings during it, in such a way as to melt a great many to tears, and head after head sunk down. Such occasions it is a great pity to waste; and when their hearts were thus full of affection for him, their minister, we may hope his words were blest with more than usual efficiency to their souls. He got through it very fairly on the whole, and has not suffered from it. The Sunday before, old William Hams told me he could not help crying in church to see 'how bad he did look; but God in heaven be praised, he is out again.'"

"*May Day.*—To-day we are to have all the men of the parish to hear the Rector's new plan for them—that he will pay the malt duty for all who wish to brew at home. Since he formed his plan, Parliament seems to intend taking it off; however, that will not be for a year, and I daresay they will not value his thought for them the less."

"*May* 16.—I am sure you will fancy yourself in the little church. Now Augustus has got to two services again; it seems quite like old times; and yesterday, Ascension Day, we had prayers and a 'postilling,' as usual. What weather this is; I never knew so enjoyable a May. In a week everything has become perfect summer, and the foliage is quite thick. I am writing to the music of a swarm of bees, which, as usual, have betaken themselves to our chimney."

"*May* 28.—Last night we had our thanksgiving supper, the preface to which was the verse out Nehemiah viii. 10.

Twelve dear old people thankfully partook of 'the portion prepared for them,' and expressed much joy at seeing Mr. Hare so well again. To-day the grass was begun to be cut, and the master is full of delight at the thoughts of his haymaking. The orchard was all down by six o'clock, and, after a due consultation of authorities, the croft is now under Gideon's hand and scythe."

"*June* 3.—The dear Luce had her full share of our thoughts and wishes in the happy return of the most blessed 2nd of June. It was a lovely morning, and, weak and miserable as our thanks are, I did feel my heart overflow with gratitude in thinking of the four years of perfect and uninterrupted happiness that has been granted to us, with, lately, the added blessing of Augustus's recovery to health. Here, in church, with all the delightful service and Augustus's two dear sermons—one in the morning, the other at the six o'clock evening service, on the Trinity—you may think whether I wished or longed for any one blessing more, except that of a more grateful heart, and more power to utter all the overflowings of one's feelings. It is a great delight having the Stanleys here, and I rejoice that K. should think Alton a loveable place and a haven of peace and rest from worldly cares and troubles."

AUGUSTUS W. HARE *to* W. W. HULL, Esq.

"*April* 19, 1833.—As to repenting of my intention of fulfilling what we deem to have been our aunt's wishes as to the charities in her will, if I have anything to repent of it is of my pride—supposing it to be pride; but I hope it is a joyful thankful feeling, miscalled pride, that two of the three subscribers besides myself to this charity fund should be my own dear brothers. And Francis would have been of the party too, but for scruples of delicacy, and a notion that, by

joining to pay the charities, we are practically censuring and assuming a sort of superiority over those of my aunt's heirs who do not contribute, and who happen to be at least as numerous as ourselves, to say nothing of *his* having already given up three-fourths of his share to the person for whom he believed my aunt designed it. I ought to add, that our fourth contributor is our cousin Mrs. Dashwood. We give £250 apiece, because we see that our aunt in every will set apart a portion for public charities, which seems to us to manifest a settled purpose; and as the money was hers to do what she pleased with, we hold that we ought to be thankful for such a portion of her property as she chose to give to us, her own relations. For the rest, it is not ours, we conceive, and therefore we feel ourselves bound to apply it according to her supposed intentions. On examining the various memoranda we determined that we would take the £4,000 (a sixteenth of her property) as our standard, and our contributions accordingly are in that proportion. We four contributors have received between us a fourth of her property, and we contribute £1,000 between us; and I do feel joy and thankfulness that Julius should have been the great promoter of the scheme, instead of saying, 'Oh, if there had been a will I should have had double or triple;' while Marcus, on the other side of the Indian Ocean, came to the same conclusion after consulting with his own heart, and determined, long before he heard our scheme, to give his money himself, let others do as they might."

L. A. S. to M. H.

"*Leamington, May* 2, 1833.—Yesterday we went to visit our Wesleyan Methodist friend, Mr. Whitehead. Do you remember in our favourite tract it says, how much easier it is to talk of religion than to talk religiously? He does the latter. . . . . I see that the holy Calvinist and the holy

Methodist walk on the extreme sides of the narrow path and yet their eye is on the same object, their hand on the same staff, and if either faint or fall the same words of Hope and Comfort lift them up. It is impossible not to feel this strongly when living with Christians who are one in spirit, but two in doctrine.

"This is the first true summer day, so very lovely, and 'while the earth herself is adorning this sweet May morning, I am unfolding, like a leaf, under the sun's influence, and thinking how, if we lived more in prayer and praise, more habitually grateful for the never-dying hope of a Christian, we should feel all the year round something as we feel in such a morning as this; but we cannot have it here, and must rejoice as we can in our poor little houses of clay.'

M. H. *to* C. S. (after her leaving Alton).

"*June* 2, 1833.—The house seemed very dull without you all yesterday, and yet the returning to our old ways makes it rather like a bright vision than a reality that you have been here at all. We had a charming drive to Manningford in the evening, though it was mortifying enough to exchange it for a dinner party, even with such a sight as Miss Elizabeth Penruddocke in lilac hat and feathers, yellow lined cape, and a bright green gown."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Malvern, June* 9, 1833.—We reached Devizes from Alton in forty minutes, and as the rich unbroken country on the other side passed before our eyes, we determined that Alton was far more interesting, far more desirable—in fact, its external is but a type of its internal character, all so separated, isolated, cut off from the surrounding world; while in all other places there seems such a mingling that there is no saying where one ends and the other begins.'

M. H. *to* L. A. S.

"*Stoke, June* 24, 1833.—Stoke looks very pretty, and we are very happy here; it is such a pleasure to see the old man of eighty as young and sprightly as if he were twenty. . . . . It seems so odd seeing and knowing so little of the people, and I feel quite ashamed of myself in having formerly been so little amongst them, and having lived so dreamy a life, for *myself* always. The shadow of M. L. haunts me here and there, and strangely bewilders me sometimes in the changed feelings of M. H. I suppose I shall never quite lose the mixture here, but the result is a most thankful feeling and a strong sense of increased responsibility."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Stoke, June* 26, 1833.—Julius has arrived in England from Italy, and talks of coming here for a day on his road to Cambridge! He is much delighted with the thought of Augustus and Marcus having furnished his dining-room for him. 'My parsonage will certainly be held out as an example of the luxury of the clergy. And now I shall be able to sit at my solitary mutton chop, with my Atlantian sideboard to bear three knives and two forks, and with eleven splendid morocco chairs stuck round the room, calling for ghosts to come and sit on them. My aunts, too, are going to bedizen my drawing-room. I have everything I can want, just as if I had Fortunatus's cap without the trouble of wishing; but the heart-gladdening part of the matter is that the wishes are anticipated by the thoughtful affection of my friends, and that too while I am far away. God bless you all; would I were worthy of you.'"

Towards the end of July, the Augustus Hares went to

Alderley Rectory, and while they were there Marcus Hare was invited to Alderley Park, which he left engaged to Lucy Stanley, the beloved friend of his sister-in-law.

L. A. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, August* 28, 1833.—My heart is too full. It is like a cup full to the brim, and I am afraid of letting one drop escape, for fear the whole should overflow. The only thing I am sure of is, that amid all its contending feelings, a sense of grateful happiness is at the top, and that I may cheerfully and confidently go forward, assured that the same Father and Saviour who has led me thus far, will never place His weak and strength-needing child in any pasture so beautiful, as to make her forget the everlasting home, where there shall be neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but when, as St. Mark's hymn ends,—

> 'The saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
> Fill'd with each other's company,
> Shall spend in love th' eternal day.'"

Julius Hare *to* M. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux, September* 9, 1833.—God be praised for the great blessing he has bestowed on our dear Marcus and on us all! I know you will deem it a blessing; so will Augustus, who already loved Lucy as a sister; and I feel as if it will also be a very great one to me, although I have hitherto remained in the background, and perhaps, but for this marriage, might never have become cordially intimate with her. Meetings of two or three days, with years between them, are a scanty foundation for friendship to spring from. Now, however, the ice is broken; she will assuredly do us all much good; and I hope and trust that she herself will be a gainer by the marriage, that at least in this world it

will make her happier. It would have been a great thing if Marcus married a person who did not slacken the bonds that unite us; but he seems to have chosen the only person in the world that will draw them tighter and closer. Marcus's speech to Lucy, 'that he had never in his life done what he liked, except in marrying her,' seems to me one of the most beautiful compliments (that is not the word, but I cannot think of a better) ever paid; and we who have known him from his childhood know how true it is. It would be indeed very delightful if I could bring you here from Alderley. I should like to have you here while everything is in full beauty; and though my house will not be in apple-pie order, you will not growl very much at that. Besides, I shall try, if possible, to get Marcus and Lucy for a day or two on their way. I know that every day will be precious to them, and I would not ask it, if I did not think that I might be of some use to them, in talking to them about what they are to see and admire, and showing them some of the spoils I have brought back from Rome, such as prints, casts, and so on, which will prepare them for what they are to find. It is a matter of great importance to have one's eyes properly opened. And oh, what a joy it would be to me to have my two beloved brothers and my two beloved sisters here! My big house would not look lonely again through the whole winter. The very chairs would begin to dance and sing for joy, instead of standing so sullenly round the room, scowling, because, in spite of all the temptations they hold out, nobody comes to sit on them."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, August* 25.—A beautiful day took us from Stoke to Malvern. We sallied out as soon as we had had a cup of coffee, I on a donkey and Augustus on foot, and had time for a charming ride round by the south seat, with a

flood of light from the setting sun on the view. Yesterday morning, having breakfasted, we set off on two donkeys and rode to Little Malvern—a beautiful morning, and it quite reminded me of one of our Pyrenean rides. What a lovely place it is, and the church quite beautiful! I do quite delight in Malvern, we enjoyed it so much. At ten we set out on our journey, but Augustus's throat and chest were so bad he could not speak much. We got home at half-past eight, Aug. thoroughly knocked up, and it is very provoking bringing him back much worse than he went."

On the 18th of September, Augustus and Maria Hare returned to Alderley, where the wedding took place on the 24th. While there, his failing health was so apparent that the family persuaded him to consent to give up his duty for a time, and to accompany the newly-married pair to Italy, all difficulties about expense being overruled by Mr. Leycester's liberality.

M. H. *to the* Miss Hares.

"*Alderley Rectory, September* 29, 1833.—My dear aunts, the bells are ringing a merry peal to tell the world that Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Hare are one; so let me give our warmest congratulations to you both, that this most happy event is now really completed, and the awful ceremony over, which has linked together for life two so dear to us all. . . . . The morning was very wet and stormy, but the church was as full as it could hold, and the view, looking from the side of the altar where we stood. was very striking, with Marcus and his trembling bride in front of the altar, the bridesmaids behind them, Sir John and Lady Maria on each side, and all of us ranged in the chancel round. Edward Stanley read the service very impressively.

"You will be very sorry to hear that my poor Augustus has been suffering a great deal from his cough, and he took the opportunity, the day after we arrived here, of going over to Bodryddan to see Dr. Warren. Both he and Dr. Brabant agreed in thinking a cessation from duty and exertion of mind so essential to his recovery, that after some trouble, by the united entreaties of all here assembled, he has at last consented to put a curate into our house for the winter months, and leave Alton, in the hope that he may return to it strong and well, and able to resume his duties without suffering from it. And where do you think we are to go to? We have actually decided upon accompanying Marcus and Lucy to Italy, where we doubt not, under God's blessing, our dear Augustus will be restored to health. There seemed at first many difficulties attendant on this scheme, but the chief one, which was the *money*, my father has helped us out of, and all others are no consideration where so great an object is to be attained."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, October* 3.—This has been a sad week. Augustus's cough has been much worse since we reached home, and he has been very weak and incapable of any exertion. Yesterday and to-day I think he has begun to rally a little, otherwise I felt quite in fear how he would bear the travelling, being so weak.

"The way the people speak of our going is very touching. There is not a dissentient voice about the good of it, if it is likely to do Mr. Hare good, though mixed with regret of their own. An old man in Great Alton, who fell down yesterday and broke his thigh, told Augustus to-day, 'Ah, sir, when I could not sleep last night, I did pray God would bring you back to us safe and well;' and that seemed the uppermost thought of his heart in the midst of

all his pain. They of course look at his pale face and think him worse than he really is. It would never have done to stay here and be unable to do anything. It grieves him so to be a cipher in his own church. We have some trouble in getting help.

"I dare not trust myself to say all I feel for your great tenderness and affection for us, dearest Kitty. God bless you for it, and make us thankful for having, in addition to our own happiness in each other, so much in those nearest and dearest to us."

"*October* 14.—Our new curate is Mr. Robert Kilvert, who seems, from his great gentleness of disposition and his earnest desire of doing good, to be just fitted to teach our rustic people; and, with his sister to teach in the schools and look after the female part of the flock, we shall leave our parish in great comfort."

L. A. H. *to* C. S.

"*Alton, Sunday, October* 20, 1833.—I know you will quite understand how much easier it has been in the very short time I have been here to wish to write than to do it. I need not say how I enjoyed the journey yesterday, with the prospect of Alton at the end, or how my heart beat at the first sight of the White Horse, and the wild soft Downs; or how the fulness of joy quite equalled all my anticipations, when we drove up through the little gate, and saw first Augustus's head peep out and vanish from the study window, and Maria the same from the drawing-room above. *You* can guess the feeling of finding one's self in this pretty room again, looking out on that peaceful view, and feeling one's self indeed Maria's sister. To-day has been a blessed day, and one never to forget. There was only morning service at the little church, which Mr. Majendie performed.

August is had said his taking any part, or preaching, was out of the question. I was not therefore prepared to see him quietly, at the end of the service, open the pew door, and ascend the pulpit, from whence he spoke twenty-five minutes, without any coughing, and scarcely any appearance of nervousness. He took Acts xx. 32, dwelt very slightly on his leaving them, but went through the verse, showing how he commended them to God, and to the word of His grace, and how that could build them up. He ended with the twenty-seventh verse of the first of Philippians. I need not try to bring before you the attentive faces in the gallery, or the occasional blowing of a nose, or Maria's tearful yet happy face, or my feelings of the purest, most perfect happiness I ever felt on earth, when I knelt at that little altar, with my husband on one side and Maria on the other, and received the cup from Augustus—that part he was able to do. No one who had seen him kneeling before the table yesterday, and watched the earnest prayer and expression of his face, could ever forget it. Not one foreboding of evil came across me to disturb the joy, and I think not across Maria. Even when his cough for a moment disturbed one, it gave one no anxiety. I felt sure he would return to his people stronger and better than ever."

Those who were present retain a touching remembrance of the love which Augustus Hare manifested for his people at a farewell supper which he gave to them in his barn a few days before he left England. After he had parted from them with prayer and a short exhortation, he was sitting quietly in the drawing-room, when the singers, underneath the window, unexpectedly began the Evening Hymn. Quickly unfastening the shutter, his face working with emotion, he threw up the sash, exclaiming, "Dear people, how

can I leave you!" and then sank back on a chair quite exhausted by the mental conflict, and then a terrible fit of coughing came on.

Tuesday, October 22nd, was his last morning at Alton, and many were the sad forebodings which his looks inspired in the hearts of his people. "They seemed," wrote Mr. Majendie, "to realise during his sermon on the previous Sunday that they were about to lose him, and they then began to sorrow most of all that they should see his face no more. His manner during that service reminded one of the lines of Baxter:

> "'To preach as if you ne'er would preach again,
> And as a dying man—to dying men.'"

On the Tuesday morning, Miss Miller, who had become especially endeared to him, went in to take leave. He gave her a little plant to take care of for him, and then said, "You also are a young plant, you know, and a young plant must make great shoots. I shall expect, when I come back, to find you have made great shoots—shoots of grace and holiness." As she was going sadly away across the little field in front of the house, he called her back. It was to speak to her of James Norris, one of her father's workmen, who had taken to drinking. "You must treat him very tenderly," he said; "he cannot be driven; he must be very tenderly dealt with."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Southampton, October* 23, 1833.—From dinner to tea yesterday Augustus had a succession of people come to say

good-bye. He had them in the study, and gave a suitable word of exhortation to each, and was much touched by the simple and varying manner in which they spoke of our going. Tuesday happily was a fine morning, so that I could go round and take leave. Poor old Maslen sent a message to say if Mr. Hare had any orders to leave, he begged he would write them down, for he could not bear to come and wish him good-bye. . . . . At half-past eleven we got into the carriage and drove away, and certainly, by the time we had got over the 'Brow,' I felt the relief of its being over.

"We reached Southampton at half-past six, and found Marcus, Lucy, and Julius. You can imagine no enjoyment more perfect than that of our evening together. Lucy was at the summit of happiness."

The amusing difficulties of Julius's housekeeping were the chief topic of that last evening; he had already spoken of them by letter.

JULIUS HARE *to* A. W. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *October* 15, 1833.—With regard to pupil-taking I wanted to know your opinion. . . . . I myself am no less averse to it than you can be, both from taste and from principle; for I fear that even without them I shall have little time enough for anything beyond the work of the week, and I cannot help grieving at the thought that all I have been doing, all I have been labouring to acquire for the last five-and-twenty years, is to be utterly thrown away, and for what? In order to do, or rather to fail in doing, that which tens of thousands would have done quite as well, and thousands far better than I can do. Your womankind won't understand or sympathize with me in this; but they are no authority on such matters. Women

are too purely heavenly-minded—that is to say, when they are so at all, religion is to them everything; and they cannot see religion in anything but religion. Science, philosophy, statecraft, they know nothing about, and therefore of course cannot care about. But as I am two thousand pounds out of pocket by my living, I am not sure that I *ought* not, as a matter of duty, to take pupils, so long at least as that I may lift my head above water, and clear off my debts. What Marcus says about my parting with my servants I do not attach much weight to. Elphick is the only one who would be a great loss, and he would rather cut his hand off than quit the place; only, if his wife goes, he will cease to be an indoor servant. . . . . I must say a little more about Mrs. Elphick. It is true she is not your Mary; but where can I find another Mary? She has lived before in this house; and where could I get any one else? My cow, though an Alderney, and a delightful gentle creature, certainly gives very little and poor milk. This may be partly owing to the badness of her pasture, which, as we had hardly a drop of rain for above twelve weeks, is, or rather was the other day, so wretched on my hill, that the cattle took to browsing upon the sweetbriar hedge. I myself saw Elphick churning away, and no butter would come of it. That this is not a thing totally unheard of appears from that delightful passage of Ben Jonson quoted in the Phil. Mus., ii. 211. That Mrs. E. is not inexpert in dairy lore she proved last year, when they bought an old cow of my uncle's for four pounds (mine cost eleven), and made near two hundred pounds of butter in six months. But that was with an old-fashioned churn; mine, that gives nothing, is a new-fangled one, that is turned round like a wheel. On my return from Alderley, when I was asking whether the cow was improved, she told me what struck me as strange, that they never used a drop either of milk or

cream for the servants. With her, she says, it does not agree, and that she never eats any butter. 'But what have the men for breakfast?' 'Bread and cheese, and meat and beer.' Well, this accounted for the magnitude of my butcher's bills, and my great consumption of beer. But of course, unless it be the custom to allow them only bread and milk for breakfast, I can scarcely set the example. The women have tea. 'What is done with the milk then?' 'Given to the dogs, or thrown away.' This set me on inquiring. 'Thrown away' does not mean given to the pigs, for I have none yet, nor a stye. Such vulgar animals were not allowed to come near the rectory under the *ancien régime*, and the carpenter has had too much to do hitherto in providing lodgings for my books, which even I thought deserved to be helped first. As to *dogs*, I believe I have none of Arctis sort. But George (my foot-boy), who has a great love for animals, has a spaniel; and a Newfoundland was brought the other day for approbation, but was too beautiless for such a slave of the eye as I am. So after some days he was dismissed.

"I had a letter to-day telling me that another beloved friend is on the point of taking a wife—Digby. His letter is one of the most singular I ever read, one of the most melancholy, and one of the most beautiful. He mourns over the prospect that he must no longer be melancholy, over 'having been made to know the very alarming truth that he is a rich man,' about having 'been made to hear that he is supremely happy in this world!' 'I do feel,' he says, 'a secret horror at the thought of rest and happiness on earth.' I have also an interesting letter from Arnold, who says, 'As you met Bunsen in Italy, you can now sympathise with the all-but idolatry with which I regard him. So beautifully good, so wise, and so noble-minded! I do not believe that any man alive can have a

deeper interest in Rome than I have; yet I envy you nothing in your last year's stay there so much as your continued intercourse with Bunsen.' And all these men are my friends, my dear fond friends, loving me and esteeming me, so far above what I deserve. I can never keep my heart from bounding with gratitude, when I think over the long list of great and good men who have deigned to call me friend. . . . . And now I must have done. So God bless you, and mind you, as our dear aunt used to say; for body-minding at least you are in sore need of."

END OF VOL. I.

Maria Hare 1862

MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE.

VOL. II.

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XIII

FROM SUNSHINE INTO SHADE.

"Death is the justification of all the ways of the Christian, the last end of all his sacrifices,—that touch of the great Master which completes the picture."—MADAME SWETCHINE.

"Dear, beauteous Death, the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could man outlook that mark!"

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1690.

ON the 23rd October, the Augustus and Marcus Hares embarked together at Southampton in the *Camilla*, Julius watching them from the pier till they were out of sight, and the following morning they arrived at Havre, after a very stormy passage. Hence they began to post through France in their own two carriages; "the strange barbarity of the harness and dress of the postillions, and the miserable horses with their fiery eyes," striking them at first, as they did all foreign travellers in those days. By Rouen, Louviers, and Mantes they reached Paris, where they remained several days, and then by Fontainebleau, Sens, and Auxerre (with the picturesqueness of which they were greatly delighted), to Rouvray and Chalons. Hence they took the Saone steamer to Lyons.

M. H. *to* Rev. O. Leycester.

"*Lyons, Nov.* 12, 1833.—Augustus is better, though I never felt the cold sharper on Alton Downs than we have had it for the last week, and French houses are little calculated to contend against it, with their no carpets and many windows and doors Our courier Belloud turns out so inefficient that if it is possible to do a thing wrong, or forget to do it at all, he excels in this ingenuity of stupidity. But Mary, without knowing a word of the language, always contrives to get us all we want, never has a difficulty, and—be the hour what it may—we have always fire to get up by, warm water to wash with, and dry sheets at night, all things which in this weather we feel the value of doubly."

"*Marseilles, Nov.* 20.—We had to wait many hours at Lyons on board the Saone steamer before it could leave on account of the fog—hours which made me full of fear for Augustus; but at length we were off, and gliding down the Rhone as fast as steam and stream could carry us, and very fast that is—too fast sometimes, I thought, when the scenery was especially beautiful. It was very luxurious sitting in one's carriage and being carried along so easily, with such a succession of pictures before and around me, and though there is not so great a profusion of fine castles, I think the scenery on the Rhone quite as fine as that on the Rhine. At sunset the glow was lovely as we approached Valence, and the little crescent moon and evening star in the midst of it. At Avignon the change to warmth was like that to summer. Between it and Nismes we saw the Pont du Gard, which is indeed beautiful, the old stone work of the great bridge harmonizing so well with the wild and picturesque situation. The leaves were still on the trees, and as the light fell through the great arches on the autumnal tints mixed with the dark olives, the effect was most exquisite. Here we have

much enjoyed a row through the harbour and on the Mediterranean."

"*Nice, Nov.* 29.—We have greatly enjoyed being here, and a long stay at Nice would soon fill my sketch-book. We have engaged a Bolognese courier, Lorenzo, who is delighted at finding that one of his masters, Marcus, is a native of the same place as himself. We have not had anything of the Bise at present, and have found it quite too hot for a shawl in the boat going to Villafranca. The little bay with its fortifications and town rising out of the sea, the green covered mountains above, and the little vessels in the harbour, made the most perfect picture imaginable."

The travellers left Nice, Dec. 3, and after a delightful journey through the beauties of the Riviera, arrived at Genoa on the 7th.

A. W. H. (JOURNAL).

"*Lyons.*—We spoke to the wife of the doorkeeper at the Musée about the cholera. She said they had escaped owing to the good offices of Notre Dame de Fourvières. I said a few words about our attributing all such things to God or his Son. She said, 'Vous croyez donc au Fils, mais vous ne croyez pas à la Mère.'"

"*Valence.*—Truly a river is a very wilful thing, going as it will and where it will. It strikes me that the Rhone would go much more to the west if it had its own way, but for once *opposuit natura*—a chain of hills runs along its western bank, in places like a great rampart, and they keep it within bounds. There are many points of view up the valleys, but to me the great beauty is the river itself, with its broad lake-like bends and reaches."

"*Cujas.*—When we arrived here the postillion called out

to a friend at the inn door that we were 'God damns, della premiera qualita.'"

"*Genoa, Dec.* 3.—Oh the beauty of the first half-day after leaving Nice! I had begun to suspect that my sense of beauty was dying away, but—unwell as I was all day—I felt the beauty of the country as vividly as I ever did before. Sometimes a rocky mountain facing us, sometimes an olive-valley stretching down beside us, sometimes a winding course through that gravest of things, an olive-wood, more than one snow-capped Alp in the distance, and on the right always the shining Mediterranean."

It was on the evening of the 7th of December that some matters connected with the dismissal of Belloud had to be arranged before the Court at Genoa. As Marcus was unable to speak either French or Italian, Augustus was obliged to go with him through a cold night air and to exert himself greatly. As soon as he returned to the Hotel of the Croce di Malta he went to bed, but the excitement and fatigue brought on an unusual fit of coughing, and, while Mary Lea was alone in the room with him, he burst a bloodvessel. For a long time he hovered between life and death, and his wife never left him, except for a daily walk on the ramparts, which she always afterwards associated with that period of anxiety when her happiness first seemed to be crumbling away.

M. H. (JOURNAL).

"There was a great expression of sternness in Augustus's countenance when we went to him after his attack. Dr. H. intimated one day that he had been 'alarmed about himself.' He looked very serious. 'There are other causes for dread

besides the fear of death.' 'There are sufferings of mind to endure as well as of body.'

"The first thing he asked me to read was the fifty-first Psalm. 'No one knows what I have been going through,' he said to Lucy. The text 'without holiness,' &c., seemed to have struck him very strongly. He said how he had felt the circumstances of the evening he was taken ill. A file of newspapers had come from Mr. Le Mesurer, and he was busy reading them when the servants came to prayers. He said he had been impatient at the interruption, and did not pray willingly or heartily. In looking back over his past life it seemed to him so bad. 'God took me out of the world, and placed me in a little paradise, and hedged me round with blessings, and I have done nothing for him.' He lamented having done so little for the children at Alton, and expressed his strong sense of God's mercy in not taking him in that attack, but sparing him a little longer."

L. A. H. *to* Mr. *and* Mrs. O. Leycester.

"*Genoa, Dec.* 16, 1833.—Maria has not spared herself a moment, and not had one good night's rest since Augustus was taken ill, but she has borne up wonderfully, and been so calm and serene, I trust she will not feel the effect *much* afterwards. Nothing, I believe, has so tended to his restoration as her perfect self-command and cheerful, quiet, unremitting watchfulness. It is indeed an example good for any one to see how she is hourly, almost minutely, in prayer, and striving that her will may be subdued to God's will. Once arrived at Rome, we may hope that his native air will restore him to some degree of health. I need not tell you how at this time I thankfully feel the blessing of being permitted to be near them both, and the best proof I can give you of my gratitude for all your past kindness is to watch over your dear Maria. May God help me to do so through life."

M. H. *to* Mr. *and* Mrs. O. Leycester.

"*Genoa, Dec.* 25, 1833.—I fear your Christmas will have been clouded by the sad tidings we have been forced to send you. Would you could see how favourably we are now going on. Each day he makes some little step. It is quite like May in the sun, and we have a little balcony, where Augustus can now sit out and enjoy the beautiful view of the harbour and one side of the town. It is only since he has been less ill that I feel what the illness has been to me, and you must not now wonder if I cannot write very steadily. The unspeakable mercy of having him better overwhelms me; and I do feel my own utter unworthiness to have such a blessing granted when I think how impossible I find it to resign my will to God's when His seems to be contrary to mine. The time here has completely swept away the remembrance of what went before, and I can scarcely even recall by what road we came to Genoa; it all seems like a dream. Oh, be thankful with me that it has pleased God to spare me this once, and implore earnestly for me strength to bear whatever He may in future think good to lay on me either of anxiety or trouble. . . . .

"I delight in my daily walk of an hour on the ramparts with the waves dashing up on one side, and so beautiful an inland view of Genoa. Mary has kept up wonderfully and been most invaluable in her attentions, and truly hers is a *willing* service, for she puts her whole heart into it, and is repaid for every fatigue when she sees any amendment in her master."

Mrs Dashwood *to* Julius Hare.

"*Bodryddan, Dec.* 1833.—Your account of our beloved Augustus, my poor anxiously unhappy Jule, makes me truly miserable. If the vessel heals there is only weakness to

fear, but that is an enemy much to be dreaded, if he is obliged to continue his journey. . . . . Poor, poor Maria! Oh, if she is but blest in seeing her husband recover, her watchfulness will do her no harm. Happiness and gratitude to God are never-failing averters of mischiefs. Oh, Jule, we will pray that it may be so, and *your* prayers, *her* prayers, will be heard. How many tears have I shed over the account: I could not read it to my aunt, they choked me. Oh, Jule, if God sees fit to take that blessed being to Himself, I know that it will be as if you were to lose a portion of yourself, and yet he is so fit company for the saints in heaven, so unfit for the unsaintliness of earth. We can only trust to God's mercy—not to him, but to the souls he was leading along the good path, and amongst whom he was a guiding star and rock of comfort."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Christmas Day*, 1833.—Your letter is a sad Christmas gift indeed. . . . . I feel, however, disposed to follow your example of looking only to the present, and leaving the future entirely at His disposal, who knows what is best . . . . but that this cup—this bitter cup—may pass from you, I do, and may most earnestly pray. As I read Lucy's letter to her mother, how I blessed the day that made her your sister, and gave her the right to be your support and comfort now and ever."

A. W. H. *to the* Miss Hares.

"*Croce di Malta, Genoa, Dec.* 30, 1833.—I am indeed much better, my dear Aunts, and picking up strength daily. When I was so ill every one had some peculiar merit which they brought into the common stock of nursing, and most thankful I am to them all for all they went through, and all

they put up with on my account. . . . . On Christmas Day I walked out into the balcony and basked for a few minutes in the bright warmth of the softest sunshine. . . . . This must have been a very different Christmas to you from the last. May the future ones be brighter and happier, and may each of them—forgive a sick-man for concluding his letter seriously—find you both approaching nearer and nearer in heart and spirit to that heavenly kingdom, which God grant we may all attain through the merits of his Blessed Son. We start to-morrow for Pisa."

M. H. *to* MR. *and* MRS. O. LEYCESTER.

"*Pisa, Jan.* 3, 1834.—Most thankfully do I announce our prosperous arrival here. A more perfect May-day could not have been for Augustus to begin his journey on. . . . . We reached Chiavari at four: found Marcus and the waiter ready with a chair to carry the sick-man up—a good fire, warm room, and bed ready—and so ended the first day to which we had looked forward with the chief fear. . . . . The scenery for the next two days was most beautiful. I can scarcely say I *enjoyed* it, but I have never seen anything I *admired* more. There appears to be nothing to admire in the country round Pisa, but, as we came in, the brilliancy of the sky at sunset behind the Leaning Tower and the domes of the town was most beautiful. . . . . There seems nothing now to be done for Augustus, but to get him as quickly as we can to Rome, where his native air will do more than any medicines."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Pisa, Jan.* 6.— . . . . I almost wonder that Italy is recommended to delicate people, the changes of temperature are so sudden. To look out of the windows along the Lung' Arno, you would think by the men's dress you were in

Russia; all wrapped up in great cloaks, often lined with fur, and holding them up to their mouths as you see in pictures of winter. Look again at the women, and they are going past in lace veils over their heads, or with gold earrings hanging down on the neck, very like what our grandmothers used to wear from their watches, hanging from the belt.

"I have just seen the Leaning Tower, so associated in my mind with childish recollections; and it is one of the proofs I have often felt of how different a *seeing* impression is from a hearsay one. It does look very strange certainly, exactly as if some one was pushing it down, and it surprises one never to see it go any further. The Campo-Santo is most interesting, and Augustus tells me my education ought to begin there, as it contains the best specimens of Giotto, Orcagna, Gozzoli, &c. You would be intensely interested in Orcagna's frescoes, which are most Dantesque in conception and spirit. But my present recollections of art are all in favour of a beautiful dead head of Christ with the Madonna, by Michael Angelo, in the Albergo dei Poveri at Genoa, and two most exquisite pictures of Fra Bartolomeo at Lucca, which reach a degree of beauty beyond anything I ever saw."

M. H. (JOURNAL).

"*Jan.* 7.—We moved to Leghorn to be ready for the steamer."

"*Jan.* 14.—The packet *Sully* came in. We took a boat and went on board, just as our carriages were put in. It was a lovely warm day, and the view of the town and bay quite beautiful—the mountains tipped with snow shining in the sun. After looking at our berths, we took a further row round the moles of the town under the quarter where all the Jews live, and landed near the English cemetery, an

enclosed ground, filled with tombs interspersed with cypresses."

"*Jan.* 15.—At twelve o'clock we were on board the *Sully:* the wind was cold and easterly, and I greatly feared for Augustus, but we got him down into the cabin, where to our joy we found only one lady and her maid as fellow-passengers. It soon appeared that she was on her way to Rome, to nurse a sick brother, whom they scarcely expected to find alive. No objection was made to Augustus remaining in our cabin, so he had my berth, and I lay on the sofa just below him, able to supply all his wants at a moment's notice, and certainly as free from anxiety as circumstances would admit of. The vessel rolled extremely, and the night wore tediously away. It was not till one P.M. that we reached Civita Vecchia. The sun was very hot, and my poor Augustus was quite knocked up, and with difficulty we got him into a boat amongst the crowd waiting to take us on shore. He was carried on a chair through the streets to the hotel, but it was several hours before we could get his bed made."

"*Jan.* 17.—It was ten o'clock before we were fairly on our way to Rome. The road kept near the sea for some miles, then turned across an uncultivated heathy country with little but bushes of myrtle and box, in patches here and there. The sun was extremely hot, and Augustus got very tired as we went along the tedious hills without stopping for three and a half posts, and then, after changing horses, on again till about sunset, when all at once he called out 'There is Rome!' and in two minutes after we spied Marcus's head above the britschka, pointing it out. Far to the right a dome was visible that one doubted not was St. Peter's. Augustus, in his anger at the postboy for not stopping to show us S. Pietro, would call out of the window and upbraid him, and thus my first sensations of

delight were turned into those of fear. And truly the sight of Rome, associated as it was with the end of a perilous journey, did make one's heart full to overflowing in addition to all its own associations. It was not till long afterwards that we had passed the tedious hills, and descended into the plain, and reached a few houses and roads between walls, and soon we saw the dome again rising above them on one side of us. Scarcely had we entered the Porta Cavalleggieri, when, through some magnificent columns on one side, the colonnade of St. Peter's burst upon us, lighted up with the bright moonlight, and, as we drove on, not less striking were the Castle of St. Angelo, the Pantheon, and the Fountain of Trevi, as we passed each in succession in going to and from the custom-house."

M. H. *to* E. PENRHYN, ESQ.

"*Rome, Feb.* 1, 1834.—I write with but a sad heart, for I have little good to tell. We are at last settled in our lodgings, and are very comfortable as to rooms. Augustus and I have two, opening into each other, one of which has full morning sun, and is so warm we never need a fire till after sunset. It is very quiet, too, and looks out on the Church of the Trinità de' Monti. We have besides two sitting-rooms, and M. and L.'s bedroom and dressing-room with servants' rooms, for twenty-two louis a month, which at this time is considered very cheap. We moved into them last Tuesday, and feel all the comfort, after our long wanderings, of being at last stationary. I wish I could add that we had the comfort of seeing any amendment in my poor Augustus, but at present I fear there is none. . . . . For some days he went out for an hour at twelve o'clock on the Pincio or in the Borghese Gardens, and got out of the carriage for ten minutes to bask in the sun, but now he is not able." . . . .

"The only thing I have seen, except St. Peter's, is the

view from Bunsen's house on the Capitol. . . . . He has lived here for seventeen years, and has a love for antiquities and art which will be most useful to us. But at present I not only grudge wasting such good things with a mind so little at ease, but I find that the strain upon my attention only makes me feel doubly the anxiety awaiting my return."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"On Thursday Marcus took me in a carriage up to the Capitol where Bunsen lives. Except that moonlight vision of grandeur in entering Rome, I had as yet seen nothing but the view from the Pincio over modern Rome. Think then of our delight, upon being shown into Bunsen's room, to look down upon all most interesting objects in the ancient city lying beneath us, with the mountains and the towns of Frascati and Albano lit up by the evening sun in the background. We were so occupied in looking out of the window as not to see Mrs. Bunsen come in, and could hardly turn away to speak to her. Soon after he came in: it is a square figure and round face, with a very German look expressive of benevolence, in which one finds out by degrees the lines of thought and intelligence. Then we asked to look again at the view, and he, with the utmost clearness, in English, pointed out to us the details. Having gone through them from the drawing-room windows, he took us through the salon to his own study, and thence, for the first time, we saw the Coliseum, the Temple of Peace, St. John Lateran, and, far beyond, the Sabine Hills. Having studied all that side, he took us to another window and balcony, which looked out on St. Peter's and the whole of modern Rome, the different views forming the most complete panorama. I felt at home with both Mr. and Mrs. Bunsen immediately, and five out of the nine children were running

about with that sort of tact of well-brought-up children that are never in the way, yet always of the party. They took us down into the garden, and showed us an Indian fig-tree they had planted seventeen years ago, on first coming, when they found neither doors nor windows in the house."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Jan.* 3, 1834.—How constantly you have been in my thoughts since I wrote last, I need not tell you. I feel that you see the case so exactly in its due proportions of hope and fear. I think that I do so myself;—the present progress, all one can desire, save in the one point of the cough,—the long-continued obstinacy of that,—the tendency to excited circulation,—the anxious, precarious uncertainty before you. Oh! what a merciful compensation and dispensation it is, that the same tenderness of nature which makes you so sensibly alive to smaller anxieties than this, also enables you to feel in its fullest sense that higher love which can alone be your support, and that perfect trust which can rest all in His hands. I cannot tell you how often it has occurred to me within the last fortnight to think of you, your present situation, your present feelings, with almost envy, certainly with comparative comfort, with peace; to hear all the littlenesses that occupy the unafflicted,—how health and outward and visible prosperity all fail, how entirely happiness is independent of all,—and if so now, what in the future?"

"*Feb.* 3.—How many people have burst into tears like you at the first sight of the dome of St. Peter's, but surely no one ever did it with such mingled emotions—the point of hope for so long—all associations lost in comparison with the one prime object; and yet not lost, for if it had been Lucca, Pisa, any other place that was to cure him, the sight would have been welcomed, yet not have affected

you in the same way. . . . . If Augustus had not the self-denial to forbear letting down the window and scolding the postboy, how will he be kept from talking to Bunsen, &c.?" . . . .

"*Feb.* 11.—I am obliged to repeat to myself very often, 'no amendment is to be expected under three weeks,' but it was impossible not to feel disappointed, that when the first fatigue of the journey was over the cough was the same, but the excitement of it is not over yet,—in short, we must rest in patience and hope. . . . . How I did feel that I went with you to Bunsen's salon! and I had been thinking, as you had probably, only of the pleasure of seeing Bunsen, and forgot the situation; and now if you were to see no more than those two views, would they not be worth a great deal—worth all that we could read, or fancy, or learn from every picture or plan that could be studied? I recur again and again to the comfort this place and these people will be to you when no other sight-seeing or people-seeing could have either interest or amusement; and what a comfort it is that Rome is not merely a statue, and picture, and inside-seeing place, that if you never enter a gallery you will still be seeing Rome."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Feb.* 6, 1834.— . . . . I scarcely know how to write to you, and can only do so in forgetting our short acquaintance, and presuming on that kind interest you have expressed towards us, and on that sympathy which one Christian heart must feel for others on whom God lays his chastening hand. Mr. Hare makes no progress, and I have lately had the anguish of learning that his lungs are now decidedly affected. Under these circumstances I try in vain to be sanguine, and though all things are possible with God, I cannot blind myself to the persuasion that it is in

His eternal counsels that this His servant should be taken away from us. Augustus himself leaves all without fear and anxiety in a Father's hands, and speaks with the utmost calmness of the issue, mourning only over his own unworthiness in his Master's service. May that blessed Master, who chastens because He loves, strengthen his faith and mine, to increase his joy and hope in believing, and sustain me throughout the deep waters. He constantly says God gives him nothing to bear—gives him nothing but blessings, yet his cough is very bad and his weakness increases. Your prayers, I know, will be with us, and those of all our affectionate friends at Alton: and we will pray for them also that this and every other trial may lead them on more earnestly to seek that peace and rest which this sorrowing world can never give."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 11, 1833.—As I feel a little calmer to-day than for some days past, I will write you a few lines. If I once give it up, the effort will grow stronger in trying to do it again, and though anything I can say must distress you, you will prefer it to your own imagination. I have always in the best moments looked to this, and felt that ours was too perfect happiness to last, but this does not make it the less bitter now it has come. If it *be* possible, consistent with His purpose, surely He will spare us; and yet I feel that in His eyes our earthly happiness is so like dust in the balance when compared with the spiritual good to be effected by His chastisements, that the more He loves the more will He look beyond the momentary to the eternal. I catch at the slightest shadow to rest on, but I feel at times that there is no hope. It was easy to write to you calmly from Genoa, when the fear was past, and hope predominant, but how different it is now! To see every day some

little increased symptom of evil—some new token of what *the* evil is, and that one so hopeless. I feel how vain it is to try and blind one's self. He does not know the extent of what others think, though I never conceal my own fears from him. . . . . The last two days he has been, if anything, a little better; and yesterday he sat for some time with the window open in our sunny room, and it revived him. . . . . I can write to no one but you. Tell them at Stoke I will take all the care I can of my own health. Assure Mrs. Oswald I will not fail to consider money as nothing where his comfort is concerned; and I am sure that I shall only be fulfilling hers and my father's wishes in putting all thought of expense out of my head."

C. S. *to* Rev. O. Leycester.

"*Feb.* 24.—I heard from Julius yesterday. He has no curate, or he would have gone off; but the letter is a calmer one than I expected, and such a one as leads me to hope that he will be the best comforter she can have; but for the present truly, she says, God only can help her."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Alderley, Feb.* 24, 1834.—When I sit down to write to you, I feel as if I had hardly the power of fathoming the depth and extent of your suffering; but still, understanding you as I do, knowing all that I do, no one but Lucy can feel as I do. I have been sanguine till the pulse remained obstinate—in short, till the last three letters. Now I see it all too plain. And now what I most earnestly desire to hear is, that you have been able to look forward *together* steadily to the change, convinced that as long as your mind is distracted by the anxiety of hope and fears and daily vicissitudes, it must be utterly impossible to attain anything like resig-

nation to God's will. Oh ! that he may be spared long enough to allow of the possibility of this preparation, and that he may give you the comfort of seeing him in full possession of a Christian's trust and hope. I well understand how in the near prospect all past life rises up before one as one never saw it before—as white paper becomes dirty in comparison with the snow—and how the exquisiteness of his moral sense, being sharpened, makes the comparison with what ought to be almost unbearable. But this is past probably while I am writing, and he is now realising a Saviour's love and promises, and feeling all the more what it is, from this temporary—as it would seem—withdrawal.

"The coming spring may, perhaps, bring revival and amendment for a little while; but oh ! do not let it seduce you into turning away your eyes from the ultimate evil, but take the real advantage of it by turning more and more to the Eternal World, where all, even such affliction, will be counted light. I feel a sanguine hope that you will be supported better than I should have dared to look for some time ago. All the earthly alleviations which have crowded round you, are, I trust, but faint types of the spiritual ones awaiting you, which are the only ones to lean upon at last. I have written to Julius. I feel so drawn towards him—more than ever—as if he was indeed a brother."

L. A. H. *to* C. S.

"22, *Via S. Sebastianello, Rome, Feb.* 13, 1834.—I do earnestly hope the last bad accounts will have prepared you for what I am now about to write. May the same blessed Saviour whose hand is now supporting your beloved Maria through the deep, deep waters, and making almost bright to us all the Valley of the Shadow of Death, support you; for both Maria and I feel how far more bitter the blow will be

to you and Julius than it is to us, who are *cheered* and comforted by seeing the heavenly peace given to our dear Augustus. Up to Monday morning there seemed no cause or apprehension. Maria came to breakfast saying he had passed a better night, and she had had more sleep. But after he was dressed he was seized with a fainting fit. Mary ran to support him, and thought he would have died in her arms. She had just time to call Marcus, who fortunately was in the passage, and he likewise thought it was the end, his whole countenance became so changed. When I went in a few minutes after, he was lying in bed, supported by pillows, breathing with great difficulty. Marcus and Mary stood by the bed, and Maria, as well as her tears would allow, was reading to him verses from the Bible. . . . . All that day he lay very still in a sort of stupor, scarcely speaking, except when he wanted some change in his pillows, and once to thank Francis, who had scarcely been able to leave the house since he was taken ill No great change took place that night. The next day, Tuesday, he spoke more, dictated to Maria letters to Mr. Pile, Maslen, and Julius. He was able to speak very little, and was reserving all his strength to speak seriously to Francis, the thing he had most at heart. Maria was able to read to him in a clear firm voice whenever he wished it. She cried a great deal, but quietly; once or twice after any great self-command, she would go into the next room, bury her face almost convulsively in the bedclothes, and after an earnest prayer, return with a calm, cheerful face to his bedside. Wednesday—Ash Wednesday—he rallied, and became more like himself, still Thompson said his strength was failing, and amendment could only be temporary. We were all fully prepared for this being the last day, and a blessed day it was. His mind was quite clear, he looked and spoke like himself; there did not seem a shade or care to disturb

his happiness. Mr. Burgess came and administered the Sacrament in his room. Augustus did not seem at all tired as we expected; it was indeed a foretaste of the Peaceful World he was about to enter. Maria knelt by his bedside, I next her, Francis and Marcus at the table, Mary and Dawson near the door. Augustus's face was lighted up with a joy and brightness I cannot describe; his spirit seemed to bound forward to meet the blessed words pronounced, and to take the bread and wine. When it was over we separated. Maria was perfectly calm throughout; but as soon as it was ended she went into the next room and buried her face in the bed; then, in a few instants, she was herself again at his bedside. He lay, looking so quiet, so peaceful. He had taken leave of Marcus the day before, of Francis that morning. After the Sacrament, he asked what book Francis had used. It was his own—the old one of Lady Jones. He wrote with his own hand, 'To my dearest brother Francis. Ash Wednesday: It is to be given by-and-by.' There now only remained his farewell to Maria, as he said to Marcus, the hardest task of all. She told me of it afterwards as calmly as I am now telling you. He gave her farewell messages to every one and all his last injunctions, made her tie the hair-chain she had given him before his marriage round his neck, to be buried with him, and said, 'I must press you once more to my heart,' which, she said, he did with all his own force. He then said, 'Now earth is passed away, I have nothing more to do with it,' and lay quite still. . . . . I look at Augustus, and cannot feel grief. That will come for ourselves when he is gone. It is not like watching the approach of Death; he is stripped of all his terrors. It is rather the feeling of the cry, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go thou forth to meet him.' . . . . It may be any hour now."

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"On Tuesday, Feb. 11, Mr. Burgess came and said a few comforting words to Augustus, who said that he felt now 'within the fold.' When Lucy came in, he took our hands and joined them together, saying, 'You must comfort each other;' he expressed a fear that he might not live to receive the Sacrament the next day, and on Lucy saying, 'Then you will not need it,' 'No,' he said, 'but it would be a comfort to all of you to receive it with me.' He repeatedly expressed the sense he felt of being forgiven. 'I feel I am reconciled to God through Christ. I have peace—perfect peace; but I have not joy.' He said he prayed for four things—for comfort and strength for me, for a death without much suffering, that his death might be edifying, that his successor at Alton might love his people.

"On the 12th, after Mr. Burgess was gone, he said, 'There is only one thing left now, that is, to take leave of *you*—when shall it be?' Fearful every hour might be the last, I said it had better be now. 'Then shut the door and give me the orangeade that I may have strength for it.' Having drank of it, he raised himself up with astonishing strength, and, embracing me, said, 'I must press you once more to my heart; you have been the dearest, tenderest, the most affectionate of wives;' and then he prayed that I might be strengthened and comforted. When I spoke of meeting again, he said, 'No, not for many years. You have too many on earth to love you.' Some time after, 'I did not say what I ought—the *truest* of wives; it has been that truth I so delighted in.' Then he gave me messages for all, and then said, "Everything in this world is now done; now let me be alone, I must go to sleep.' He begged me to put the locket on the chain to put round his neck, 'The first thing you ever gave me.' . . . .

"When a bad coughing fit came on, he thought it was the last, and, taking my hand in both his, he raised it up saying, 'Dearest Mia,' and lifted up his eyes to heaven, as if in prayer."

L. A. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 18, 1834.—The fever continued all Saturday and Sunday, his strength gradually sinking, but he still retained his quietness and perfect clearness of mind. When I went in at nine on Monday, I had no idea how much worse he was. Maria was sitting by his bedside with a look of resigned misery. He remained all day in a kind of lethargy. Francis seemed unable to leave the room. About five o'clock in the evening, Marcus brought in a letter from you and one from Mr. O. L., and just gave them to Maria as she stood by the bed, Augustus apparently insensible of everything. Maria gave them to me to put away. Two hours after, Augustus said to her. 'You had two letters, what were they? Was one from Kitty? You know I always like to hear what she says.' —A few moments after he had forgotten it all again. Mr. Oswald's letter told them of £200—how he will rejoice it came just in time. All night he was quiet, but when Dr. Thompson came in the morning, he said he was sinking and could not last beyond sunset. On Sunday morning he had offered up a prayer in his own words, so full of gratitude, saying that even the annoyances of his illness were almost turned to blessings by the comforts and luxuries around him. . . . . I have come now into the next room to write—Oh, the contrast between that dark silent chamber, and the glorious sun shining through the window on my paper! but at this moment I am not sad, I can think of nothing but the far brighter sun which will soon burst upon his sight."

BUNSEN *to* ARNOLD.

"*Feb.* 19. . . . Our dear Augustus Hare has left us. When this arrives, you will already have known that he expired yesterday, in a state of perfect bliss. He had given previous directions that he should be buried by the side of my children. I saw him twice, and loved him from the first moment. His thoughts were always with his friends, his country, his Church, but above all, and up to the last moment, with his Saviour. Requiescat in pace! His excellent wife has shown herself worthy of such a husband."*

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 21, 1834.—I will write as I am able: I must not keep from you his parting words. On Wednesday, after taking leave of me, he said—'Tell Kitty I send her my dying blessing, and to all the dear children.' 'Tell your father and Mrs. Oswald how grateful I feel for all their kindness, and for all the assistance they have given us in this journey, though the object of it has failed. Give my kindest regards and love to E. Stanley and to Penrhyn and Charlotte;' then after an interval — 'You must give a kind message for me to Lou Clinton—give her my dear love—and I would send her a text if I could think of one to suit her'—and he afterwards gave me one—'In patience possess ye your souls.'

"He said, not long before his last attack, he had such a strong persuasion of Satan's agency, and that he felt as if he would make a last attack upon his faith; and he dreaded, lest if any great suffering came, he might dishonour his Christian character—'I do not suffer yet, but it must come;

* This letter has already appeared in Bunsen's Life.

the separation of soul and body is too great not to require a great struggle.' Never was a fear less realised, nor was faith ever less tried. It seemed at last to be quite freed from all doubts. . . . . I cannot tell you how I was struck, as I sat by him all those days, when he asked me to read to him, with the utter inappropriateness of all those parts of Scripture which one is accustomed to find most useful for daily use—how entirely to a dying man the whole of the moral view seemed closed, and the spiritual only applicable: the work of repentance, too, one felt had long since been complete. He said, 'I think I *have* a contrite heart,' but he expressed his wish that he had earlier applied the promises to himself,—he saw they were to the Child of God. The verse he pointed out to me, I think on the Sunday before his last illness, was 1 Peter v. 10, and one Friday when I read to him Psalm xxx., he made me repeat the 5th verse—'Remember that, Mia.'

"I am hardly come down again from going up with him to a world of happiness and joy, and from feeling the release to his spirit from its earthly prison-house. The moment I look on myself it seems past bearing; but oh! I rejoice and bless God that he is spared this bitter anguish of parting, if one must be taken and one left, it is far best as it is. I have so many to comfort me, so many resources he would not have had. It was his particular desire that I should have a home of my own; where, must be a matter of future consideration, but I feel it would be the greatest comfort to me. We shall stay here till the middle of April —as long as the house is taken for—then go straight home I hope. Marcus and Lucy will perhaps go with me to Alton, and you will come there after a little. I think I shall go first to Julius afterwards. My dearest K., how many things I have to say to you, but I cannot say them now. . . . .

"Lucy was to have finished this, but she is ill. All is over now. Marcus is just come back. When I think of Augustus now rejoicing, I forget myself, I forget what this is. When I turn downwards, though I know and feel it is the will of God, and therefore bow beneath it, I writhe under the blow. And yet the very perfect happiness that has been, should be a cause of added thankfulness, not of added grief. That we have had five years of love so perfect, and union so entire, is a blessing vouchsafed to so few; I would bless and praise God for having *lent* it to me so long; and tenfold heavier as this trial is than the last, I feel how great a difference the sweetness of the recollections mingles with it. How I have gone through it, but by the strength God has given me, I know not, but for the last fortnight my life has been one of constant prayer. I cannot tell you what Marcus is to me, the tenderest and the most thoughtful of brothers. What blessings I have left in your affection, and that of so many: may I be grateful for these, and may that faith which I feel is now supporting me, continue to do so in the trying future."

M. H. *to* Rev. O. Leycester.

"*Rome, Feb.*, 1834.—The hand of God has touched me; and you, my dearest father, who know how devotedly we loved each other, will know how deeply. . . . He dictated three letters, to Pile, to Maslen, and to Mr. Sloper—all, as you may suppose, in the hope of doing good. I never saw more affection than Francis showed—never leaving the house, and scarcely the room, during the whole week, and so happy if he could do him any little service when Marcus was out of the way. All Augustus's expressions were those of thankfulness from first to last—'God gives me nothing to bear, I have no suffering.' 'I ought to thank God for every moment of ease I enjoy.' . . . About

himself, ever since his attack at Genoa, he had felt the deepest contrition, and the sense of his unworthiness pressed him down greatly; but in the last week he repeatedly said he hoped he was *in the fold;* that he believed Christ had put him there; that he felt at perfect peace. He said he had been for two months looking the moral eye of God's justice in the face, and he felt that if it were not for his faith in Christ all his hope of heaven would sink under him. . . . I have not at present suffered from all the deep waters I have gone through, and the air here agrees with me so well, I trust I may be enabled to return to you without any material suffering; for, believe me, I do not forget how many God has left still to love and care for me, to how many I may still give pleasure, and because He has taken away the one idol that He lent me for a time, shall I repine? Let me rather bless Him that I have had him so long, and that five years have been allowed me of such perfect earthly happiness."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Rome, Feb.* 27.—How shall I write to you, my dear friend? . . . You know what our happiness was, and that I always rejoiced in trembling. I knew it could not last long, but yet so buoyant is one's nature that till the last fortnight I was not awakened to a sense how soon it was to end. . . . Till two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the spirit was struggling for its departure, and when at last its hour was come, God in His mercy took it gently away. There was not a shadow of pain or struggle; but my beloved Augustus was taken far above earthly suffering to rejoice in glory, to have all his hunger and thirst after righteousness fully satisfied, and bitter, bitter as that moment was, one could not but feel that to him it was one of unspeakable gain. It was on Tuesday, in the intervals of coughing, and

rousing himself with a great effort from a lethargy, that he said, 'Tell Miss Miller I cannot write to her, but she does not need anything I can say to her, and I leave her my dying blessing.'

. . . . "My Gourd has been taken away, but it has been transplanted a Tree of Righteousness into the Father's kingdom, and I desire to bless and praise him who, for nearly five blessed years, has lent me this precious treasure. He has taken away my earthly idol. He takes from me the home I so delighted in, but it is to draw me nearer to Himself, and I can only adore the love which chastens. My dear friend, you too, and our dear people, will need comfort. May God in his infinite mercy give it, and grant one of the last prayers of your minister, that 'he who is to come after may love his people.' Heart-breaking as it is. I *must* come to you once again. If I can bear it, I shall stay with you as long as I can, and you must be sure that neither you nor my other Alton friends will ever be lost sight of. As far as can be, my strongest remaining wish on earth will be to comfort you in a loss that I feel can scarcely be repaired. But God's ways are not our ways, He will never forsake those who seek after Him; He can raise up friends when they think not of it, and when the poor and needy seek water He will hear them, and give them the fountains of Life."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Feb.* 27.— . . . Just near the end, his anxiety seemed chiefly that I should not see him suffer, I therefore drew a little of the curtain that he might not see me. Oh, what a feeling it is, watching the departing spirit, and feeling that any moment may be the one when it takes its flight! And yet, scarcely then could self be felt—scarcely could I turn to myself, or think of anything but his release; and still,

now, when a whole week has past, when every trace of him outwardly is gone, I hardly feel it so personally. We talk of him as if he were here. I have him with me so vividly, it scarcely seems possible that we are so divided: there was something in his freshness and elasticity of spirit to the very last which to a singular degree prevents one's feeling that he *is not*. My dearest, dearest Augustus, it does at times come over me that I shall have him no more—that his ever bright mind is to cheer me no longer; that the perfection of earthly love is passed away; and then, when the sense of it is too strong to bear, I turn to my God—my Saviour. I feel that this world is passing, that it is but a pilgrimage, and that *the* home, that home where he is now rejoicing in glory, is the one we shall have for *ever;* and then I feel that along my path here, desolate as it now seems, there are many blessings scattered on every side to lighten and cheer it, and I may yet be able to do my Master service. There are still the poor left for me to minister to, still mourners to be comforted, many to love and to be loved by; and when my heart is very sad, if I only ask it urgently enough, I shall still have the strength given and comfort vouchsafed, that I have had in the last few weeks of extreme need. I have a feeling that I should like my cottage to be at Hurstmonceaux. To be near Julius, and with his people (my natural inheritance), seems to me will be to be nearer to Augustus than in any other spot on earth, when Alton is taken away. The great struggle will be leaving Rome, and then Alton! But with that soft alleviating mercy which seems to have been shed over the severity of this trial, I shall by the reviving influence of this climate be strengthened in body to bear all there is to come. How I felt the first going out, and looking on God's blue heaven, and feeling there was no change there,—all was unclouded and bright as when my Augustus was here,

and now he is taken up far above to a brighter light. The first day I could see nothing else; but to-day I put up my veil, and tried to look boldly on that lovely view which I have now seen in three different stages,—when first alarmed, when without hope, and now. The Gardens of the French Academy are close to us, at the top of the hill that leads from our door; it is as quiet as your garden at Alderley, and there are walks and seats where I can go unseen."

Last letter of JULIUS *to* AUGUSTUS.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Feb.* 24, 1833. — Dearest, dearest Augustus, 'Shall I ever see you again?' You say in your holy letter from Genoa, 'Beware of being too hopeful till we have been at least a month in Rome.' Have I then been too hopeful? Is it not to be? Am I never to see you again? God's will be done. How great has His goodness been to me, in giving me such a brother as you have been, in allowing us to live together with such perfect love for each other, such perfect confidence in each other, as we have done for the last twenty years! My thoughts during these last days have been wandering over the whole of that period, and I have been thinking of everything that you have been to me, and done for me, and said to me; and while I remembered numberless marks of the sincerest and most generous affection, I cannot call to mind one single instance in which you ever allowed yourself even to utter a hasty word at variance with it. Alas! how different has my conduct to you been. Never have you caused me a moment's pain, unless it was for my good; and even then you have endeavoured to soften the pain as much as you could. Of a truth your love for me has been 'wonderful, passing the love of women.' And what do I owe you? that I am where I am; that I have the means, so far as

they can be bestowed by another, of enjoying every earthly happiness; that I am placed in a situation where the faithful discharge of my duty to Christ is become likewise my great earthly duty. Nor is this more than a part, a small part, of what I owe you. Yet I wished, fervently wished, to make this debt still greater, among other things by learning from your example how to walk in the path where you have set me.

"How shall I ever be able to walk there by myself? It seems to have been by a kind of prophetic instinct that I was so anxious about your coming here before you left England. Alas! that I should have to live in a house which has never been blest by your presence. There has been that sympathy between our hearts and minds that for so many years, whenever I have heard a beautiful thought or story, or seen any beautiful object, one of my first thoughts has always been, how Augustus would like it! and this bred the wish to tell you of it, or to show it you. Until I had done this, my own enjoyment seemed but half complete. And now what is the worth of all the beautiful objects by which I am surrounded if you are never to see them? I wanted to see you in my pew, too, which now will ever remain empty: I wanted to see you, to hear you, in my pulpit. We were to have set up a coach between Alton and Hurstmonceaux. I have often amused myself with writing imaginary letters 'from the rector of Hurstmonceaux to the rector of Alton, greeting.' And now is all the future to be a blank? Not quite, my Augustus! As our heavenly-minded comforter—our dear Lucy—says most truly, 'I shall be more blest in walking through the rest of life with the memory of such a brother than most persons are in the possession of living ones.' Oh that that memory may prove a lively motive to me to walk worthily of it. I am so weak, I want human motives, I want human counsel and help.

But that is to be taken from me. Pray for me before you go, pray that I may become worthy of meeting you again hereafter. I am writing despondingly, Augustus, but not as I wrote on Christmas Day. I am grown much calmer, more resigned to the blow that appears to threaten us: I can bless God for the inestimable blessing He has given us, which will continue an inestimable blessing even after He has taken it away. But still I cannot help feeling that the loss will be the greatest that can ever befall me, that the pain will be the bitterest. Will it befall me? O what a blessing it would be if you were to be given back to us, snatched out of the very jaws of Death by Him who is the lord over Death! But Maria and Lucy's two letters show me that the danger is great, that there is more ground for fear than hope. They reached me yesterday and the Sunday before: indeed, most of your letters since you have been abroad have arrived on a Sunday; Elphick usually brings them to the vestry after morning service, and I read them on my way home. Of the former, which reawakened my fears after the account of your recovery at Genoa and of your journey to Pisa and Rome had made me perhaps unwarrantably sanguine, I seemed to have a kind of second-sight while I was preaching. My sermon had been an admirable one of Arnold's, from whom I often take my morning sermon; they are so full of sense and sincerity, so devoid of everything like pulpit conventional slang, you see he means every word that he says, they only seem to me to want to be made rather more rhetorical in manner. That was on the text, 'The Egyptians, whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see no more for ever.' In the latter part, after speaking of the vain hopes with which people comfort themselves in speaking of their departed relations, he adds: 'But there are others—and happy are those who have many such among their friends and relations—in whom the heavenward bent of

their minds, and the heavenly character of their actions, is visible while they are here below, whom we have seen in their youth and health treading firmly and steadily in that path which, when they are gone, we may say and feel assured, has brought them to their eternal rest. For such there can be no uneasiness; nor can the boldest hope half come up to those unutterable joys with which their Master now blesses them.' I know not how, when writing this over, it did not strike me how singularly I was one of those *happy* persons. But in the pulpit this rose up before me so forcibly, and I saw such a bright vision of my Augustus in bliss, that for a few moments I quite forgot my audience, and, when I opened the letter from Rome, I found that the fulfilment of my vision might perhaps be much nearer than I had anticipated. Among other things I have been thinking what memorial I should like to have of you. Will you leave me your Sacrament cup, that which you carry about to the cottages? so may I, when I am carrying it for the same purpose, be strengthened by the recollection of him who bore it before me. God bless you, and, if it may be, restore you to us; if not, may he render your passage into happiness as easy as possible. God bless you, dear dear Augustus, I cannot give up all hope of seeing you again. Were Sterling in Orders you would see me at Rome, and even as it is, if I can manage it, I shall set off to spend a couple of days with you. You need not my assurance that I will always cherish your Maria as a dear beloved sister, beloved for her own sake, and still more so for yours. Again, God bless you! How can I bring myself to say, when it may perchance be for the last time, God bless you!"

L. A. H. *to the* Miss Hares.

"*Rome, Feb.* 26, 1834.— . . . Augustus did not feel much joy. He was oftener in deep self-abasement before God

than in any other frame, before we got to Rome. He often said, 'I feel assured that I shall be saved at last, but there seems so much yet to be perfected in me, so much to purify. I dread so much that if I were to get well, I might not serve Him better.' He has constantly read his Bible; it has been his never-failing companion for the last two months, and latterly as his strength failed he has called upon Maria to read to him. The last few days he could only bear a few verses at a time. The Olney hymns have been a great comfort to him; the last I ever read to him was on the last Sunday evening—the one beginning, 'Why should I fear the darkest hour'—he said, 'Beautiful' at one verse, and then shut his eyes and lay quite quiet. . . . He said very little the last few days, but the few words he did say showed his hope grew brighter and brighter. . . . For the last hour we all stood round the bed. Marcus took poor Maria away just before the very last, and I followed. He was not conscious then. Marcus mingled his tears with hers, and comforted her—how, I need not tell you.

"Of dear Maria I know not what to say. I trembled at the thought of how she would suffer, for never had happiness been greater than hers, or husband more beloved—more idolised; but she has been living on prayer during the last two months, and is now reaping the answer, for no one can doubt what and who it is so visibly upholding her. She is in great grief—it cannot be otherwise—but it is a grief so resigned, so cheerful. She blesses the hand which strikes, and does not turn away from comfort. The very first words which she uttered in the first burst of agony, when she leant against the bed after it was all over, were, 'Blessed be God who has taken him to Himself and spared him all suffering; oh, may we be sanctified to meet him; let me not forget all the happiness which has been given to us for so many years.' And she has said several times, 'The language of praise in

the 103rd and the 118th Psalm suit my feelings even now better than any other.' "

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*March* 1.— . . . The very thing which many will perhaps say is a happy thing—the having no child—I feel is perhaps almost the bitterest drop in the whole. Had I a child of his to bring up, to trace out a likeness in, it would have been such a comfort; but I should have loved it far too much, and made it, as I did him, into an idol, so that it would have been taken away. All is best as it is. My earthly affections are too strong; it seems to me as if the union of husband and wife, when perfect, is too near and too strong for this world, where one may be taken and not the other; but so it is that God prevents our *resting* here, and *forces* us to come to Him in the extremity of suffering, and brings home to us the reality of a life, *hidden* and clouded indeed here, but to be manifested hereafter. I do feel this reality—the brightness of the Light that came to lighten our darkness, and how when brought low, even to the ground before Him, all one's hardness of heart is broken down and the softening influence of His Spirit melts it into love—when I am tempted to look on and feel what it is at thirty-five to do so, I send away the thought quickly, for of all things I know by experience the vainest is to dwell on *future* evils. Life itself is so doubtful, and it may not be a long future though it appears so, and—if it be, doubtless He who has so blest me hitherto will give me all the blessings good for me to cheer my path.

"There seems no doubt now the blood-vessel broken at Genoa was on the lungs, but,—what signifies the means? We did all we could to save him, but it was God's will he should not rest longer here; and there, where he is now, there is no mourning for sin, no weariness of body; he has the fulness

of beauty and goodness ever before him. It is only for his poor, poor Mia you must mourn, and pray that the comfort her Saviour has poured upon her hitherto may mercifully be continued and strengthened."

M H. *to* Mrs. O. Leycester.

"*March* 8, 1834.— . . . God has bestowed on me every earthly alleviation my sorrow can have, and for the loss itself nothing but the strong persuasion that He who is love has so ordered it, that it must be best in His eyes, can give me any comfort. And shall I not rest all my cares upon Him, who in human form has borne our sorrows, and bless Him for all the happiness He has lent me for a time, to be recalled because He sees it good to do so? When my heart is quite sinking within me, I go to Him in earnest prayer, and He has never yet failed to give me comfort. But there is much that will be very trying to come, and I feel that I have not yet drunk half the bitterness of the cup before me. I have scarcely yet looked into this world's blank; and in thinking of the joy my beloved husband is now enjoying, I can in my little sunny room, with no companion but my Bible or Lucy, forget the depth of my own loss.

"For the last few days, however, I have roused myself to take several drives. . . . The interest of Rome is now painfully deep, but the remembrance of the things seen under such circumstances will be so valuable that I would not forego it, though it costs me something now. I felt almost afraid of seeing the Coliseum; but no print can give the beauty of that soft colouring, or the blue sky seen through those arches, and the height of that magnificent building, rising up as it were into the sky. No sermon that was ever preached could speak so forcibly of the instability of worldly grandeur as the Palace of the Cæsars does; and I know not

there could be scenes in such accordance with my present feelings as these, where every step reminds one of the passing away of earthly things, and urges one to look on to that 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' On everything I seem to see the name 'Augustus' engraved as large as life.

"One day we drove to the Villa Pamfili Doria, and there I wandered about alone among the pines, with a carpet of anemones and violets beneath my feet, as retired from observation as I could desire. We returned by the Fontana Paolina to see the view of Rome at sunset, and gloriously it was lit up; the haze obscured the mountains, but the town, ancient and modern, lay stretched before us, with every house and tower and dome as clear as an evening sun could make them. . . . One spot there was—one group of trees—that I could not take my eyes from, near the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Oh, with what a feeling do I look upon that spot, and wonder I can bear to look upon it. Rome, with all its associations of the past, is interesting beyond all other places; its ruins are filled with all that is most beautiful and most attractive, but to me—now—I feel I must love it too well, and when the time comes for taking leave of it, how entirely I shall feel it is leaving him too; yet he, blessed Augustus, will still be ever near me, rejoicing in the light that knows no darkness.

"We came into the town through the Porta Cavalleggieri, the same by which we first entered Rome—with what different feelings then!—so full of hope that here we should find health and regain happiness; and though with much of present anxiety, little of future fear, at least not realised to one's self. Those noble columns again struck me as the grandest works of art as we passed close by them, but were I to see them every day that first impression never could be lost seen through the moonlight, nearly the only object in

Rome worth seeing that it was permitted me to see with him.

"Being thus out every day makes me feel stronger. My faithful Mary retained her presence of mind to fulfil the last office for her dear master, and has since found her comfort in ministering to my wants, though they are but few; and the same cheerfulness of spirit and tenderness of feeling make her attentions to me no less valuable than they were to him. Nearly at the end, when he gave thanks to God for having given me to him, he gave thanks for all that she had been also. May I be able to lead her on to follow him; it is the only way I can repay her past services.

"I feel that Julius and I shall be the fittest companions for one another for some time, and I shall therefore put off coming to you, and go first to him at Hurstmonceaux. But there will be another place to go to before this. . . . I dare not think of it now. The last Sunday before we left home, Augustus preached on St. Paul's words to the Ephesians, in Acts xx. 32. Had they known then what was to be, those affectionate people would, like the Ephesians, 'have sorrowed most of all that they should see his face no more.' How mercifully it is ordered that we do not know beforehand all that is likely to befall us."

Rev. O. Leycester *to* M. H.

"It is scarcely possible to say how thankful we are for the accounts of you—both body and mind. I could not wish that you felt less—I would not that you felt more; all is just as it should be: and the principle which dictates all you do and think, is one which will remain with you through life, and be a comforter under all circumstances. You have certainly, in all of us, friends who will do all in their power to alleviate your sorrow, and make your interests their own. I had an indifferent account last night of my dear brother:

that we have preserved him so long is a cause of great gratitude to us all. When he goes, I shall be the last remaining branch of that generation. How long it may please God to continue to me this blessing of health, I know not. I pray neither for life nor for death, but submit myself with the most entire resignation to His wisdom and mercy. His mercies I have enjoyed most abundantly through life. I wish I had been more worthy of them; but, like you, I rely only on the atonement made for me by my blessed Saviour."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*March* 12.—On Saturday I went with Marcus to the grave, taking Mary Lea with me. It is three miles off, but just within the walls, and, oh, such a beautiful quiet spot. Immediately behind the enclosure are the Pyramid of Caius Cestius and the ruined turrets of the old walls; in front is a large flat meadow with trees, and beyond it the green mound of Monte Testaccio, with one end of the town and St. Peter's at the extremity of the hill. There are a few trees and shrubs and aloes round some of the graves. You may think what it was to stand by that new-raised earth. ..... Bunsen's children have a little hedge of roses round; I begged to have the same: and on the stone I have desired, after the dates, to have that verse out of the Galatians—one of his favourites—'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance.' To my mind no memorial could be truer, and though in England none would be needed, here it is well to have a few words that may speak what he was.

"I still look to Hurstmonceaux as my earthly home. Elsewhere I could have no right in any of the people; the poor are his legacy, and with them I shall feel nearest to Alton happiness."

M. H.'s Journal

"*March* 5.—Bunsen called. The last time he was here my Augustus was lying on the sofa, able to talk to him, and ask him questions. He showed, as I knew he would, the deepest sympathy with my grief, and seemed so deeply touched with my 'allowing' him to come, one might have thought *he* was to be the gainer. . . . . After some other conversation, I asked what he thought about the abode of the spirit when it leaves the body. 'We must keep to what God's word says—it is never safe in these matters to leave it. Our Saviour said, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." And we are elsewhere told the souls of the faithful shall be with God; so that we may safely conclude them to be in bliss, though the full consummation of that bliss is reserved to the end when God shall be all in all. Your Church, as I think, beautifully prays for the accomplishment of the number of the elect, and I have introduced it into our service. What may be the nature of their employment there, we have no means of knowing; and fully do I believe that it is in mercy that God has not vouchsafed to reveal more, as it is in mercy that he has revealed so much. He but lifts up the veil so high as to encourage us on,—what more is to be known will be hereafter. We may be sure there is spiritual activity in heaven—there can be no idleness there; and what will be the joy of those eternal praises sung to God by the saints in glory!' I am not sure of the last few words, but it was to this effect. Speaking of a hymn used by Hugo Grotius on his death-bed, and of the superiority of the ancient compositions over the modern ones—'They were written by persons who had endured great afflictions, who had lived in perilous times: it does very well in prosperity and happiness to go on with lower views, but in fear of death and in suffering there is

but one rock to stay on, the merits and love of Christ.' He seemed pleased that I had begun to go out again. 'I have always found in affliction that the works of God are the most soothing of all; and here in Rome you may be so much alone. The word of God and prayer are the first things no doubt, but next to those, His works are the best comforters we can have.' Then he spoke of the first bursting forth of spring: 'It is the revival of all things—a type of the revival of the spirit after death.' He rejoiced that Augustus was laid beside his own two dear children. There was not a word that did not speak the meek, humble, and loving Christian, and never did I talk with one who I could feel was capable of deeper sympathy."

"*March* 7.—The Baths of Caracalla are immense in extent and space—give one an idea of what their luxury and magnificence must have been, and there is a wild loneliness about the deserted ruins, with the grass and wild flowers filling up all the courts and halls which were once so splendid, that is very striking. Two picturesque-looking men watching a flock of goats were at the entrance. There are the niches for the statues, bits of old mosaic work and broken pieces of marble and capitals of columns lying about, as signs of what has been. I walked about and felt *what* it would have been . . . . . that is the ever-prevailing feeling that casts over all the beauty and all the interest one deep shade."

"*March* 21.—A visit from Mrs. Bunsen. Speaking of the different opinions, she said how every year made her feel more tolerant of them, more sure that God only could know what was within. She spoke of the difficulties a minister must experience in feeling his own liability to error, and having to assume authority. In the same way as a mother, she often felt it a struggle to pretend to an infallibility she could not feel. . . . .

"*March* 29.—In the Pamfili Doria. I never felt so strongly before how the works of God *praise* him, as in looking at those pines. They lift up their heads to the heavens so completely as if adoring Him who made them. I thought pines were mentioned among the natural objects that unite in praise, but I do not find them, only cedars."

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*March*, 14.—I feel so strongly how the anxiety at and since Genoa has been a preparation most useful; for though I never could till the last fortnight bring myself to look Death steadily in the face, of course the fear of it was latent, and even for the *present* I felt it was only by constant casting of my care upon my Heavenly Father that I could bear up; and truly I have since felt how it is by *knocking* again and again that one does at length find an answer. I have always felt there was a *som thing* between me and God; that there was a barrier I had no power over, which did seem to stop as it were my communication with Him—to hide Him from me; and when I attempted to pray it was often with a feeling—'When shall I find Him?'—a sort of vagueness about the whole thought of Him. Still, I felt I had a certain degree of Faith; and I now am aware I did not *believe* in the *reality* of any deeper feeling. During the last week before his illness, in my misery, when often I cried the whole night, nothing but prayer could calm me. Sometimes I got out of bed to kneel down and implore God's mercy. I used to pick out a few verses before I went to bed, and repeat them during the night and turn them into prayer. During the last week, you know how I was supported and kept up. Since that the struggle has been at times great. At first it was only between my confiding knowledge and faith in the loving-kindness and far-sighted wisdom of God and my own

exceeding loss; but during the last week I have felt the struggle between that inward self-will and the real love of *Christ*,—not as God a Judge, but as God a loving Saviour full of mercy and love. I cannot describe it to you, but it seemed to me as if I saw myself so much clearer than before, as if I felt for the first time that I had a *soul*. I have often tried to put myself in Augustus's place, and to realise the feeling of leaving the body. I never could. Now, it is but faint, yet I *have* a *feeling* within—it is not a thought, a belief, but a *feeling*, sometimes of exceeding mortification in turning to self, and seeing, as I seem to do in a glass, all the vanity and pride attaching themselves to my best actions. I look to myself so ugly in the past that I wonder any one could love me; and when I read in my Bible, every word seems as if it applied to me personally—words that were before an empty sound, seem to pierce through me, and to have acquired a singular fitness and propriety. Then, when I look up, I feel as if I had all along been deceiving myself by thinking I rested on Christ for my dependence, as if I had not known Him except so *generally*—not as having anything to do with *me*. I never did enter into the feeling of having an *interest* in Him. Now I begin to feel it as the difference one should feel if some great king that one looked up to and admired greatly was to single one out and inquire into one's wants, and interest himself personally in all one's smallest concerns, from the same man looking at one and bowing to one amidst a crowd of others. I feel what it is—in me certainly the love of self (fostered probably by long indulgence)—that keeps one at a distance from God and prevents one's uniting one's heart and desires all to His; and I feel the utter impossibility myself of removing or softening this barrier, this hardness; and that only the fixing one's thoughts and affections more on Christ as a personal friend, and asking more earnestly for the influence of his Spirit,

can do it. I have felt several times now such an indescribable feeling come over me, when praying, of His immediate presence, and a glow going quite through me that gives me hope and confidence that all or at least the great part of the uncomfortable, the depressing feeling will be melted away, and that God has in store for me something of that spiritual joy I have long desired to have, but never yet tasted freely. . . . . I have such a sense of all my previous religious impressions having left the *root* of the matter hitherto untouched, and that the extremity of this suffering has roused it;—indeed, I felt so strong a persuasion of the need there was of this, that far more than anything else it made me think it probable he would be taken from me; and how, though we served God together, and though he taught me much, I still made him the idol of real worship. How many bitter tears have I shed in the feeling, 'I don't deserve this happiness, it must be taken from me,' and now it is the bitterest drop that mixes in the cup. But I am sure I am being *drawn* to God, and having no doubts to contend with, being able to receive as a child what He says, I have a confiding hope and trust in His power to subdue the evil and purify the dross, and that He will lift me up to rest wholly on His promises and taste His peace. I have no need of teaching what it *should* be. Could I only devote myself as faithfully, as unreservedly, to Him as I did to Augustus, there would be no question of what one should do here or there; and I feel that so far from contracting, it would heighten and enlarge every enjoyment that I can have or desire. Instead of feeling this world one of misery, I feel it one full of riches; but then, when my heart is most full of love and thankfulness for what is given me, I do feel acutely that he is gone—that my enjoyment must be henceforth *alone: that* unreserve never can be with any other human being, that complete oneness; and though I can here

in my quiet room calm down and soften every grief by thinking of his unspeakable joy, I know the future will be very trying."

"*March* 15.—I have felt so strongly all you say: what yet remains both of comfort and of *work* in this world, and how this trial of one's faith may, if indeed blest, be a means of glorifying Him who with the conflict sends the armour and the shield to fight with. My dearest Augustus, perhaps he was not fitted to do his Master's work so effectually in life as he may now do it in death; and as you have so truly said, all temporal mercies have been but types of the spiritual ones granted. My whole feeling has been one of praise and thanksgiving; and now that He has given me that spiritual sense of His presence, that exceeding love to Him I told you of last week, I do feel indeed that He has *loaded* me with benefits. . . . . I feel quite fearful lest the *delicacy* of the feeling should be hurt or injured or damped. It is certainly very mysterious. I feel a constant wonder at myself at what I am sure is no delusion, and yet is so distinct from any previous impression. It is not a difference in *degree*—a strengthening of what was before weak: it is an awakening to life of what before seemed *dormant*, a removing of what before seemed between me and God, as if He was hid from my eyes. I assure you I have two or three times felt quite the sensation one has on hearing some piece of good news, and thinking it was too good to be true. And when I feel such a longing for Augustus to tell my feelings to—such a sense of *what* the happiness would have been had we shared them together—I comfort myself by the certainty that he is rejoicing in the full enjoyment which I have only in part; by the thought that unfitted as his bodily frame seemed to be to stand even the workings of his *mind*, far less could it have borne those of the *spirit* too, and so, when the sanctification here was complete, God in love gave

him a sense of peace, and took him for the joy to a world where his spirit might rejoice without limits. Do not you feel with me as if one could realise *his* joy more than one can that of others in Heaven? one feels almost as if one saw his adoration and ecstasy of love;—the meeting with the spirits of just men made perfect to him will only be the perfection and fulness of what was his delight on earth, and those spiritual desires which were not granted here of more perfect communion with the Father and the Lamb, are now the crown of his rejoicing. You will easily conceive the unwillingness I have to leave this sacred room, and that it will seem like leaving Heaven to descend again upon earth, for even my drives here hardly seem to break the charm—the beauty that meets one's eye, the air and loveliness altogether, give such a distinct character to this over every other place. Surely never was such an overflow of attendant blessings heaped on any one. Nothing here to be *done* to take off one's thoughts or lower them; and the extreme quiet giving one all that precious leisure for laying in for the time to come a store of heavenly strength, that I feel will be so much needed. I should fear for myself, fear lest I could not keep that anchor I now rest on, were it not for the strong confidence I have obtained in the answer to prayer, and that, when I most need, the help will be given: if I am weak, He is strong."

While the shadow of death was resting upon the upper chamber of the Via S. Sebastianello, and the widow of Augustus seemed in spirit to have followed him into the unseen, his eldest brother Francis was established with his family in the Villa Strozzi, a solitary house standing in an old-fashioned garden decorated with grottoes and sumach-trees, just on the edge of the Viminal, where the Negroni

gardens break away to the slopes of the Esquiline. Francis Hare had for so many years lived entirely abroad, that he had adopted all the habits of foreign life. Familiarly acquainted with every variety of Italian dialect, and deeply versed in classical learning, the history and literature of Italy were as familiar to him as his own. He was eagerly sought as a cicerone and adviser by visitors to Rome, but his own preference was for Italian society, of which he always saw the most interesting and the best. He had already three children—a fourth was born on the 13th of March succeeding his brother's death, from whom it was desired that he should inherit the name of Augustus, while his widowed aunt was invited to become his godmother.

M. H. *to* Mrs. Hare.

"I feel greatly obliged by your kindness, my dear Anne, in thinking of me as godmother to your little babe. It is a serious office to take upon one's self, and before I can quite make up my mind to do so, I should like very much to know whether I may be allowed to have any influence over him. You know my notions of what a Christian should be are not after the fashion of the world; and I could not pronounce those solemn promises regarding the future life of a child without intending and hoping to have the power, as far as in me lies, of leading him in the path that leads to life, and endeavouring to supply him with that armour of faith whereby he may 'fight under Christ's banner as his faithful soldier.' I am sure you will forgive my speaking thus plainly, and will tell me candidly whether you or Francis are likely to dislike my interfering at all in the bringing up of this little boy."

M. H. *to* Rev. O. Leycester.

"*Rome, March* 31, 1834.—. . . . You all seem so much disposed to consult only my inclination, that I feel assured you will none of you be inclined to think it is from any lack of affection that I wish to go in the first instance to Julius from Alton. It was my dear Augustus's wish that I should have a home of my own, and it is strongly my own desire that it should be so. It need never interfere with my being with you whenever you wish me to be so, and paying you as long visits as I should like to do; but it would break in less upon the habits of the last few years than any other plan could do, and in every way I feel it would be best for me. . . . . To-morrow I shall have rather a trying day in the christening at Villa Strozzi. . . . . I can hardly describe to you—from living entirely in one room, when I go out seeing no one I ever saw before, and usually walking in beautiful gardens, with views unassociated with any former recollections, and quite alone—how little I feel in the same world with others. My own future life rarely comes across me, and when I do turn to it, the real pang of separation seems felt anew. . . . . I do indeed feel as if my mind was full to overflowing of all I have learnt from Augustus, and as if all we have thought and felt together was only beginning to come forth."

From L. A. H.

"*March.*—Maria has much enjoyed walking in the Villa Wolkonski. She does not say more than a few words, but she looks at everything, and has a sad, but never miserable, expression; she now and then wipes away some tears, but one could almost think she was, wherever she goes, accompanied by the spirit of her own blessed Augustus comforting her. . . . . Bunsen is like no one I ever met with. One has

seen pious men, and learned men, and admirable men, but he unites them all. In going with him through the museum of the Capitol, and over the site of the ancient temples, you saw all the accuracy of research of the antiquarian and scholar, which he explained with all the simplicity of a child. But even from the dying gladiator, or barbarian warrior, as Bunsen says he is, I felt it a relief to turn to a window looking out forth upon the Coliseum and all the surrounding ruins lighted up by that Roman sun which Augustus used to say was to cure him if anything could. I was glad when Bunsen proposed to go down to the Temples and Forum, where we found Maria just returned from her drive; and she got out and accompanied us, Bunsen giving her his arm."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*March* 12, 1834.— . . . . The more I think of the future, the more I feel how very peculiarly rich (for a person without children) your situation is in the resources and interests remaining. There is so much that connects itself with him, so much that one could almost hear his approbation of, his delight in, first and foremost,—Julius. I had such pleasure in writing to him that you meant to come first to him. His earnest desire to be something to you is restrained by such a beautiful humility; and what will you be, and what will you *not* be to him! I quite see all the advantages of your independent home, and what a blessing you will find it. To return to anything like your former life would be impossible. Now in the new life you have to begin I can see so much power of usefulness, so much opportunity of keeping in exercise all those thoughts and feelings which have been developed in the last six years; I can imagine how the happiness you have had may still stretch out its influence to gild the rest of your life,

though it has set to the mortal eye; and you are so free from the self-reproach which usually attends any loss, you can feel that you have indeed enjoyed to the utmost, made advantage to the utmost, of the treasure that has been lent you; in short, your grief is so pure from any other mixture, no one thing to embitter; and when I sit in my arm-chair, as I do, you may think how often, looking at your picture, I can hope that I may yet again see that cheerful expression. Just as you probably have been too entirely occupied with him to think of yourself, so that all the consequences are but now coming before you, so I have been so entirely occupied with you, that what relates to our own personal loss comes by degrees.

"I shall be ready to meet you either at Alton or Hurstmonceaux—you will easily believe that you cannot give me a greater happiness or comfort than in giving me something to do for you. . . . . In going to Alton, as in so many other cases, you will feel yourself his representative—feel yourself fulfilling his will, finishing his work; and may we not hope that though it seems to mortal sight like taking away from them what they had just learnt to value at the very moment when most future good might be looked to, yet it is one of the strong instances in which God's ways are not our ways, and it may be putting the seal upon what has been sown. C. D. says she never saw a person who seemed to hold to this earth so exclusively by his affections, and to walk so much above its care and pettinesses, without cant or enthusiasm. And what a rare blessing it is that this spirit she describes will still surround you—that still you will live in a world within the world."

"*Stoke Rectory, March* 19.—I was anxious to come here before my father and Mrs. Oswald had made up their minds further than the first idea of your returning here, feeling that the more plans they tried the greater the disappointment

would be. I believe it was a disappointment to my father's hopes and wishes to be told you were not likely to make this a home; but he is too full of real kindness not to be anxious *only* for your doing that which is best for you. You may think how eagerly I welcomed your idea about Hurstmonceaux. How and when may be uncertain; but that your eventual lot will be cast there, I feel persuaded, and it is something to rest upon which does one good to think of. Oh, what a beautiful path I see so clearly marked out for you, how free from the choking thorns of life, how your trials are indeed those of the refiner's fire purging and clearing the gold, how even in this life they are to be preferred in all their sharpness and anguish to the deadening entanglements and hopeless difficulties of a different class of trials. How many, counted happy, ought to, nay, would envy you your affliction and all that belongs to it.

"How all you say of your own feelings shows me that every circumstance was fitted to the purpose of lessening the violence of the blow; that reprieve, which I so earnestly wished prolonged, I now see would have tried you beyond your strength. And then his apprehension of suffering makes one feel his exemption from it so very strongly. There never was a more striking instance of what is sown in weakness to be raised in power. How entirely the body was a clog and incumbrance. What a reality of force and body of meaning must have been given in your mind to words which one has known till they lose their effect almost. I trust we also may still keep him amongst us, as you now feel him. You may easily imagine how difficult *I* find it to realise his being gone. Then again I recognise the alleviating mercy of your situation; he is *not* gone yet to you, and the longer you remain quiet as you are, the more gradual the preparation and the withdrawing. The word Rome, if any one uses it, makes me start, gives me such an

indescribable thrill; it is such a mingled emotion with which I think of it, the interest increased tenfold, and so I trust it will be with you, that all that glorious sun, that lovely sky, those memorials of magnificence, will be hallowed by their association with what you are feeling, what you have felt, and that even what will be a painful effort to turn your eyes upon *now*, will be almost a pleasure to look back upon some time hence."

"*Alderley, March* 30.—Your last letters have been such a comfort to me on one point. I have suffered so much from a painful misgiving of my power to sympathise, to be of the least real comfort to you, of whether you could or would find it possible to open yourself entirely to me. Think then how I rejoice in your appreciating so exactly what I can and do feel, and, above all, in the proofs your letters afford of how many points there are on which our minds do go together more than any others do—how I was sure to know better than anybody, almost prophetically, how it would be with you. . . . . Now that you are about to return to us, I do feel it so invaluable that you should first have felt the *want* of our sympathy, and then the comfort of it, and certainly, so far as it is possible, you have it in the fullest extent. . . . . One of the first remarks has been, 'Oh, if she had a child.' But, as you say most truly, it would have been a most fearful treasure, a severe, more difficult trial, I do believe, than the resignation to having none. And it is in the light of having something belonging to him, and like him, that I think of the brothers each in their way. You will not have to come out of his world; for you will still have your chief dealings with the same unworldliness, simplicity, singleness, noble-mindedness; you will still be as far removed from all the littlenesses. I already love Hurstmonceaux. The more I think of it, the more I see in it all that is most necessary for you, and will it not confirm and strengthen all your ideas of

it as a home, to find how it had occurred simultaneously to Julius, to you, and to me.

. . . . "How all your first days of grief are embalmed in all that is most precious on earth as well as heaven. How extraordinary it seems to me to think of you so peacefully, so hopefully, so unpainfully, as I now do; when I look back upon some six months ago, when I turned away from the most distant idea of such a possibility as not to be borne, I could not look at it. But I am not unreasonable; I do not expect this continuance; I know all that is to come. I grudge every day that goes by as bringing you nearer to the end of Rome; perhaps the very day you get this may be the one before you make that first step into the bitterness of reality—the getting into your carriage alone. But I rejoice in your having now been so much alone; that is a never-failing resource; and as that beautiful Bunsen says, 'God's works must be amongst your comforters.' And in all that you will see alone, there is this further to be thought of and felt, that those *extreme* points of beauty, which come up to all one's imagination ever could conceive, are but faint shadows of what *he* is now dwelling in, are but helps to our dulled senses to arrive at anything like the idea of the beauty of which *he* is in full enjoyment, and they should rather lead our associations upwards to him, than suggest even a wish to draw him back to us. This is certainly the feeling with which one would look at a miniature likeness here of some far-distant and far more beautiful country to which any one loved was gone. In this way, I trust, you may be able to look without the agony you at first described, at all that will be before you for the next two months. It is a most beneficial interval between Rome and England. I was longing to hear you had been at the Pyramid. Every desire I ever had to see Rome, as you may well suppose, has increased tenfold. I shall direct

this letter with a sigh to think that it is my last there. Just what you say of Rome realising history, is what your letters and feelings do to so many passages in the Bible which have passed unnoticed from their very familiarity. For instance, I thought of you so much on Good Friday, from the four first verses of the 40th Psalm."

"*April* 8.—I am grudging every day of this week as it passes. How I shall think of you on Monday, and by the time this reaches you, that return to common life which I have always looked upon as the most trying part of any grief is begun with you. . . . . Of the differences between one individual case and another, as Mrs. Bunsen says most truly, 'God only can judge.' Every day's observation and experience forces that more strongly upon one's conviction; but this should not, ought not, need not, hinder one's understanding and being deeply interested in what one cannot personally enter into, and so I trust you and I shall find it. I look forward to Alton with a mixture of fear, of pain, of intense interest.

"Julius writes to me of the happiness it would be to him and his parish if Maria could make Hurstmonceaux her home, 'if she could bear the contrast of the brothers.'

"*April* 19.—I think I have never felt more for you than at the idea of the christening—yet, now that it is over, I am glad of it, probably you are too, certainly you *will* be: it will give you a power of doing good in that family nothing else could, and it will invest that poor little child with a sacred interest in your eyes which I would fain hope and trust may not be disappointed—and one should think it would be a perpetual memento to Francis. I feel that your coming to England will bring about a great change both ways. I look to your next resting-place being in *duties*. . . . . but all has been so for the best hitherto, that it would be ungrateful indeed not to trust that it will continue so be."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Rome, April* 5, 1834.— . . . . All Augustus's desires and thirsting after holiness—his longing after spiritual joys —are now fully satisfied; and I am persuaded you will enter into the feeling of almost happiness that is mingled with my own most severe sorrow, by the certainty that he is now one of the blessed company who sing 'Worthy the Lamb that is slain,' and that his spirit is freed from its earthly tabernacle, and rejoicing in glory unspeakable. For myself, I can only praise God who, in this great sorrow, has poured upon me so much spiritual consolation. He has shown me all the *need-be* of this heavy chastening, and the light of his countenance has so shone upon me, that unutterable love and gratitude are my only feelings. How light, how exceedingly light, do all trials here appear when we fix our gaze steadfastly on that heavenly Zion which is to be our *home*, and to which our journey is constantly tending. *Most* faithful, indeed, have I found Him who promised."

Rev. R. Kilvert *to* M. H.

"*Alton, April*, 1834.— . . . . How delightful is the persuasion that there is not a shadow of cloud resting on the last days of your now sainted husband. We look upon the path his spirit has trod, and behold it, like the shining light, increasing more and more into that perfect day in which it has terminated. To us his sun has gone down, and even while it was yet day, yet *so* gone down as to leave behind not merely a promise and prospect, but a precious assurance of an infinitely brighter rising again. May we so die, relying in simple faith on Him who has abolished death for His people, and live for evermore. I desire never to forget, whilst I discharge the office of my ministry in this

place, *whom* I am personating. *He* speaks by me who was the instrument in placing me here. I see that I am surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses, and *one* there is among the innumerable throng peculiarly the witness of how I run the race, especially the ministerial course, in this place so dear to him."

JULIUS *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Hurstmonceaux, March* 6, 1834.—It is very, very long since I wrote to you. I began a letter to you indeed this day two months, but I could not finish it. All other feelings of late have been swallowed up in anxiety about Augustus, and I have scarcely written to any one except about him, and to those who could give me the most accurate details. To-day, however, when I have learnt that we have lost him for ever in this world, I feel a longing to tighten the tie with those brothers who are still left to me; and while I have been thinking over all I had, and all I have lost, in him, I have also called to mind what I still have in my other brothers. How much, dearest Francis, do I owe to you. How much have I owed you ever since my earliest years. How patient you were with me; how indulgent; what pains you took with me; how you gave up your time to me! What unvarying, unmerited kindness have you shown me all my life long. And though we have been so much separated by circumstances of late years, and though my negligence has often let a very long period pass without any communication between us, the fault has been entirely on my side, and I found last year at Naples that your affection was still as strong as ever. Such, indeed, has always been my situation, that I have constantly been the receiver of kindnesses from all my brothers, and have hardly ever been able to do anything in return. I can merely acknowledge and feel grateful for them. And to-day has

re-enlivened my gratitude to you, and makes me anxious to assure you that all your goodness has not been thrown away on one who is utterly unmindful of it. I want, too, to thank you for all your kindness and attention to Augustus. Alas, that I could do nothing for him! But you and Marcus have fulfilled my share of his nursing as well as your own, and nothing in this respect seems to have been wanting. Still I can hardly bring myself to believe that our brotherhood has lost its heavenliest flower. It seemed to be such an essential part of one's self. I could never conceive myself as living without my three brothers, and almost fancied that time could have no power over a bond so strong in affection. God grant that the same bond which has existed here on earth, and which has now begun to dissolve, may hereafter be united again in still stronger affection in heaven!"

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*April* 10.—Mrs. Bunsen spoke of some German writer, Schelling, I think, who said that every one in the course of life is called upon, like Abraham, to sacrifice his Isaac. She spoke of how often men of genius forget to choose a *friend* in their wife—how often the man was consequently vulgarised, degraded, by his marriage—how difficult in society it is for a man to understand what a woman really is. Her last words to me were—'The hand of God has touched you, the same hand can heal you.'

"*April* 11.—St. Peter's: my last view. On earth, God has no temple like this, and yet in every believer's heart is a truer, a more living temple to His glory. May mine become so!—may the prayer breathed in that glorious House of Prayer be heard and answered, and Rome, dear Rome, the scene of saddest sorrow, be the foundation of deep joy and everlasting gladness, in that lively hope here vouchsafed of an inheritance in the heavenly city, where, with my beloved

Augustus, there will be no more sorrow or weeping, but where we shall enjoy together the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

M. H. *to* Mrs. O. Leycester.

"*Florence, April.* 21, 1834.—You will rejoice to hear of us thus far on our journey, and one of the bitterest drops in my cup over—that of leaving Rome. I knew it would be a great struggle; but till the time came I hardly could have believed how much I clung to the rooms where I had watched and prayed by him to the last, nor how much I felt to have him with me whilst I remained there; and then there was the return to the carriage, the associations of the inns, and the feeling that I was setting out homewards *alone.* It seemed like a fresh beginning of life, without him. For the first two or three days I felt truly 'so troubled I could not speak;' but when the great weight was a little lifted up, and I could again pray—again read those words which speak of our pilgrimage here and of the country we seek above,—the load by degrees was lightened and peace came across my sorrow." . . . .

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Florence, April* 23.—The Saturday before we left Rome, Lucy and I went, for the last time, to the Pyramid. The monument was put up and the roses planted round, and Lucy thought, as I did, that there never was a place so perfect. I need not tell you what it was to stand there for the last time. We feel that henceforth it can only live in one's memory, and there truly that spot will be nearly as bright, nearly as vividly present, as if it were reality.

"The final parting was so overwhelming that all still swims before me, and I have never yet been able to see clearly

on looking back on Rome : it is all confusion—I lived there in a dream, a happy dream almost, and waked to the sharpness of reality, when I tore myself away from those rooms and found myself in the carriage with Mary alone. . . . . Terni, with its extreme beauty, first roused me ; it was impossible to be insensible to the influence of such soothing and reviving loveliness."

M. H., NOTE-BOOK (in travelling).

"When we compare Christians of this day with those of the first ages of Christianity, their meagre and blighted feelings and half-grown fruits, are as the foliage, flowers, and fruits of England compared with those of Italy. They have all the same root, but those of Italy are rich and full and perfect in their beauty, those of England look as if withered by want of sun to ripen and perfect them. We seem to shrink from being too perfect, and to be afraid of appropriating to ourselves all the fulness of apostolic joy—else why do not the same truth, the same words, send us on our way rejoicing with gladness and singleness of heart?"

"In searching into the hidden things of God how we forget that we know *in part*."

"One difference between God's word and man's is, that while we may reach the highest standard set before us by the one, we find the more we advance towards the other, the more it seems to pass on before us and rise above our utmost efforts."

"Men of the world often like to talk of *Religion* and *Christianity;* the man of God delights to talk of *God* and *Christ.*"

"There is a one-sided view in religion, as in everything else, and those who dwell solely on the one half of the Bible and leave the other untouched must fall into the errors either of Antinomianism or Legality. The truth is a *whole* perfect in all its parts, and only to be found in all its fulness in God's word taken as a *whole*, and not one part disjointed from the rest. If by Antinomianism is meant a belief in Christ uninfluencing the life, many of those who use the term in abuse of others are entitled to it. What can be nearer to it than the *profession* made of resting on a Saviour's merits by those who never by act, word, or thought show love to that Saviour, and who rest satisfied with the *form* of godliness without the *power?*"

"The Gospels are first instruments in convincing a man of sin by showing him all the breadth and spirituality of Christ's law. The sinner who is by them awakened to his own shortcomings in holiness by looking at Christ's model then comes to St. Paul, and learns from him where to find relief; and having through faith in a crucified Saviour and access to the Father through Christ found peace, he then returns to the Gospels, and finds them lit up by a new light, that shines more and more unto the perfect day."

"How true it is of the renewed mind, that it finds 'Sermons in stones and good in everything.'"

"There is only one kind of hatred the fruit of which is peace—the hatred of self."

"The eastern imagery of the Bible is the dress in which the essential Truth is wrapped up; it is peculiar to the language of the country whence it came, but the feeling it expresses is universal, and quite as fully shared by every spiritually minded believer now as it was in the days of David or Isaiah."

The travellers crossed the Mont St. Gothard on mules—a terribly fatiguing and anxious journey through the deep snow, one of their carriages, as they followed them, being overturned three times, and the other twice, on the way.

M. H. *to* C. S.

"*Zurich, May* 15.—The St. Gothard was indeed an anxious journey, but I went on, only feeling thankfulness all the way that we had not attempted crossing the Alps last winter, and thinking what misery it would have been to me were he with me now, even in improved health. . . . . The sublimity and grandeur of the mountain scenery, though lifting one up indeed above this world, was lifting one up to a God of power and majesty, not of love, and gave me a deep and painfully oppressive feeling very unlike the soothing effect of Italian beauty. Yesterday I felt it was quite a relief to look only on green pastures and green hills as we came here, although some parts of the road were too like England not to pain me in another way. I miss the sky of Italy greatly, and that peculiar beauty everything has there, but the domestic character of the villages and people and

quiet *bonhommie* of their manners are much more congenial than the godless, noisy Italians. You may imagine how in seeing some of the places again I have been carried back to what seems like the beginning of life, so entirely does my *real* life seem to have been comprised in these sixteen years since I last saw them. All rose up before me, and, except in my admiration of the scenery, I hardly felt as if my present identity were the same; and how predominant was the feeling of thankfulness, how strong the conviction of the mercy and love that had even through many sorrows been with me throughout: the great happiness that has been granted to me, and now, when that is taken away for ever, the inward peace and comfort which can make me really *enjoy* every blessing left to me with double the feeling I then had. It seems to me as if I was then so completely at the mercy of every passing event and circumstance of life, as if now I had an anchor of hope so sure and firm to rest on, that, let what winds will blow, I still must weather all. Oh! I trust and hope I shall keep firmly to that confidence, but I feel as if there would be quite a new and different trial of my faith when I have to *act* and not to think, and when the reality of this life and all its present interests comes more strongly before me. And then in my loss it is not as in minor ones, where the first shock is the great suffering, and every day that succeeds softens and lessens it; with me every day seems to add and make it grow larger, and the resignation of yesterday does not supply to-day's need. The daily burden needs daily fresh strength and fresh help to meet it, and were that to be omitted would become too heavy to bear. I feel so strongly how it is that affliction when yielded to, or stoically submitted to, fails in its effect as a corrective—how entirely *the* cross to one's self-will is the bringing one's *heart* to receive it without a murmur."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Cologne, June* 1, 1834. . . . . My illness kept us at Baden, but this delay turned out a very timely one, for through its means we fell in with Mr. Fosbery, and I can not describe the pleasure and comfort it was to me after the first pain of meeting was over, to talk to him and receive his counsel and encouragement. It seemed truly as if God had sent him to meet me on my way, and give me renewed strength to go on with, and to lift up my drooping spirit; and in pouring out to him all the overflowing of my heart, in telling of the mercies of my God, it seemed to revive in all their freshness the spiritual joy and comfort I felt so fully at Rome. He too entered no less deeply into my grief than into my consolation, and it is a remark I have lately had frequent occasion to make, how much more fully those sympathise in the depth of earthly sorrow who have tasted the richness of the consolation; and indeed it could not be otherwise. Those who partake most of the mind of Christ must share most that tenderness of sympathy which to a mourner forms so touching a characteristic of his human nature, and so brings the love of God home to our very hearts. Besides, they know who have felt it, how much closer the bonds of earthly affection are drawn where the tie of united devotion to our Master has hallowed them, and they know how faint and weary our hearts are apt to be under the chastening hand of God, even with the fullest persuasion of His almighty power to save. It is indeed strange that with the sure promise of such a *rest* at the end of our pilgrimage we should ever feel discouraged by the way, and yet more when we daily experience the faithfulness of Him who says He will never fail or forsake us. Sometimes I feel truly as if, in comparison of the weight of glory to come, even my burden became lighter, and as if I could

rejoice in being allowed to suffer, if by so doing I may glorify my Saviour and my Lord, who has done and suffered so much for me. If I could tell you how He does lift me up when I am most cast down, how He does show the light of His countenance and make me feel how unspeakably precious He is, you would feel what cause I have for praise and adoration.

"Your account of some of your flock is most encouraging, and gladdens my heart. Some little foretaste of the joy of the angels in heaven seems to be granted to one in hearing of the turning of souls to God—that awakening of the heart to its only true peace; and I do bless Him for making you so blessed an instrument in leading some out of our little fold into the right way. May He give a full increase, and may the seed now sown never be thrown away or choked up. How can we tell that even should one hereafter be set over them who may not have been taught of God, those very cottagers may not be the means employed in God's mercy to bring their future minister to the full knowledge of the truth. I am sure such a thought will at least give a fresh impulse to your zeal in winning each individual soul to Christ.

"Many at Alton will, I am sure, feel and pray for me to-morrow, June 2—a day for five years so sacred, so precious, now almost too trying to bear but in the strength of the Lord my God."

The thought of the Hurstmonceaux home, which Julius dwelt upon for her, was indeed that which brought most consolation to his widowed sister-in-law as she drew near England. She crossed from Ostend with the Marcus Hares, and, landing at Broadstairs, went first to her brother's house at East Sheen, whither her father, Mrs. O. Leycester

and Mrs. Stanley had come to meet her. There also she first saw Julius, who had already written

"God be praised, dearest Maria, that you are arrived safe in your own, your Augustus's country! May He support you through all the trials that await you in the course of the next month. Why is it that a meeting with those whom we love, after a time of bitter affliction, is so painful, when a stranger produces no sort of emotion? Is it that they rouse us out of our torpor, and by awakening the heart make it feel that its fountain is dried up? I long to have you safe lodged at Hurstmonceaux. Till then you will have no calm, no repose."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*June* 20, 1834, *East Sheen*.—The time draws very near of our meeting, my dear friend, but my heart shrinks less from the thought of it than it did. God has so mercifully sustained me throughout every past trial, He has so graciously heard my earnest prayer to be strengthened to undertake what at one time I almost feared I should be unequal to, that I feel assured He will lighten the pressure when it must weigh heaviest, and lift my sorrowing heart in thankfulness for all the past. In the midst of all I shall find at Alton to pain and grieve me, I know that it will give me the greatest pleasure I can find on earth to feel myself among fellow-mourners, and to know that all share my sorrow and value him who is gone. My present constant feeling is of his presence with me, and I shall doubtless be enabled to preserve this communion in spirit even still more closely where all I have to do or say will be in his place. But this alone could not bear me up. It is the Comforter himself who gives that strength we should in vain

look for in ourselves. He is most faithful; it is we only who, by leaning on ourselves instead of Him, fail often to receive that comfort and joy which He so freely offers to those who love Him. I long to urge you on, my dear friend, in the path you have entered, and encourage you to press forward to the prize of our high calling, for when we can keep our eyes steadfastly fixed on the crown of life before us, and feel that not the greatest sinner need despair of reaching it, if he only endures to the end, it does make every present burden appear light in comparison of the weight of glory to come. . . . . And now you must look forward without dread to seeing me, and bear in mind that though on earth we shall see his face no more we are all one in union with Him whom he sees in all His glory, and we only through a glass darkly; but the time will come when we shall be permitted to join in singing praises together to the Lamb who was slain."

After Mrs. Hare had passed a week with her family, her sister went with her to Alton, where the three weeks which alone were permitted them, passed all too quickly in sad partings and preparations.

In after years Mrs. Stanley often described the arrival at Alton—how at first her sister lay for some time upon the sofa without daring to open her eyes to look round; then she asked her to read the 116th Psalm, and in a short time said, "Now I am quite easy." After the first two or three days she gradually went about to some of the people every day, and was greatly comforted by the cheerful simple way in which they bid her look forward to another world. All the cottagers in the parish subscribed to put up a monument of affectionate and grateful remembrance in the

church; every one put on black; those who had nothing else put black strings to their caps.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Alton, June* 28, 1834.—If my dearest Luce could have seen me half an hour ago seated between the two dear old men, William Perry and William King, she would have felt her brightest anticipations of my return to Alton realised. I could feel nothing but joy as I talked with them, and received their simple comfort, 'He will never come to *me* no more, but we may go to *he;* and through the blessed Saviour we shall all meet, where there will be no more sorrow.' So they left me with these words, after a conversation in which their thankfulness for all their trials, their simple trust in God's mercy, and the hope of rest to come, made one forget this world was one of suffering in looking on to the one to come. Truly, such comforters as these do one's heart good. How I do thank and bless my God that He strengthened me to come here. Every day brings with it such testimonies of affection and gratitude as are most precious; and in the two cottages I have been in this morning the change and *growth* I find is most delightful—thankfulness and content where there was murmuring, conviction of sin, and longing after righteousness, where there was indifference; but it does seem, indeed, as if God had been sending a great increase upon both these parishes. Though it is now harvest-time, and in all other places the evening lectures are given up, they cling so here to Mr. Kilvert's last words, that he has a full attendance in the church every Wednesday evening. Yesterday I saw Mr. Majendie, who was touched as if he was a brother with the sense of his own loss, and it seems he has been quite overwhelmed whenever he has come over to this church."

"*June* 29, *Sunday Evening.*—You know I never hoped

to have been able to go to church at all here ; but this morning I felt as if I *could* do it—my heart did long after 'the courts of my God'—I thirsted after that comfort I had been so long deprived of, and I resolved to go. I went before the people were all in, so got a little accustomed to the seat before service began. And then, though sad, very sad recollections did come over me at times, and the singing brought many tears, they were soft and gentle tears, and great was the peace and comfort given by the appropriate words of the different hymns Mr. Kilvert had chosen. Then the sermon, or rather—for it was from the desk—the exposition, of the words in John xiii., 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter,' were, indeed, fitted to calm a troubled mind. Oh, how I wish you could have heard him. He dwelt on St. Peter's Day, brought all the passages of his life forward with practical application to every different state of mind, urging those who had faith and love to remember it was not a little faith we must rest content with ; those who had not that little to seek for it, and not look on it as a wonder, a mystery only ; and warning the ungodly of the awakening that *must* come. But the chief, the most touching part, was quite addressed to me, showing how the trials which we are now exercised with, would hereafter be clear to us in all their mercy and goodness, bringing various Scripture passages of *waiting* on the Lord in patience, and the example of the prophets, martyrs, and, lastly, at some length, of our great High Priest himself and his sufferings, so that we might count our present trials small in comparison with theirs. Then urging in the most practical way, as the only weapon, prayer—prayer, the health of the soul. I do so rejoice I went, because, having had the first pain over, I can now go again, and it is such a refreshment. I never once looked up, so I did not see anybody there, and when I did think of him who

so loved that house of prayer, it was only to feel that his sabbath is an eternal one, his worship freed from weariness of body or of mind, and that he was rejoicing in the same Saviour whose presence was cheering me.

"This afternoon I sent for five of the girls, and heard them repeat part of that chapter, John xiv., I had sent them to learn. They cried very much indeed. . . . . When I look at the people and think of the school children, my heart does indeed sink, and I am forced to remember that the *Chief* Shepherd will be ever with them when their faithful ministers are gone. But all I hear is so encouraging of the present state, that I hope, as I pray, that the good seed may not be thrown away.

"You, my dearest Luce, may think, for you know what an Alton Sunday *was*, what it has been to-day walking alone in the fields where the sermon or lessons were talked over after church, seeing an empty study, a dinner of Sunday fare without that most beloved companion to share it. If any think I could have borne it as I have in my own strength, that I could have felt such peace in the midst of such sorrow, they are indeed blind, and know little of Him who can take out the sting of grief and make us count all afflictions light for the excellency of the knowledge of Himself."

"*July* 1.—I am just come in from a drive, from seeing the beautiful corn waving in the wind, which reminded me of the plains of Lombardy, and feeling the wind, that in its soft balmy breath gave the outward visible emblem of that inward breath by which our souls live and grow, though their life has its lights and shades, its sunshine and clouds, no less than the waving corn. I wish I could tell you the comfort I have had this morning in seeing a poor young woman who is in a consumption. She was sitting on her poor pallet on the ground, and so void of all those comforts

that in such a sickness I so well know the value of; but there was no murmuring, and such a humble, touching expression of mourning for sin on her face as went to one's heart, and made the reading and talking to her like teaching a little child. She was just in that state when one feels there was nothing to be done, but to bid her look away from self to Jesus, her friend, her Saviour, and to tell her to cast all her burden on Him; and you may well think the joy I felt in pouring the riches of His comfort into her willing ear, and how it seemed as if all trouble, all sorrow, was taken out of one's own weak heart, in trying to encourage one who is so soon about to enter, I trust, the same blessed rest where he, my Augustus, is. There was the deep cough, the shortness of breath, the wasted form; but they did not pain me. I saw the meek child-like spirit of Christ's own sheep in her, and came away rejoicing in spirit to think her struggles and toils will be so short. I hope I may be able to go often to her, it may be a comfort to her; I am sure it is one to me. Then, next door, one of my dear old men, William King, I found very poorly; but he and his wife were so glad to see me, so sympathising, that the 103rd Psalm was the only fitting thing I could read to him. She said, 'Many, many tears have been shed for *he*, but many more for you; it is you ma'am we grieve for, and it is a hard trial; but the Lord has been with you, and He will make all light.' The great thing they dwell upon is, how *he* went on more and more in power; and how every Sunday he seemed stronger and stronger in spirit, and to go more on the Scriptures. 'When they heard he was a little better, they *heartened* up a little,' said another old man, Stephen King; but then came the worse news, and it was all bad after. Dear little old Hannah Baillie cried very much yesterday evening when I went to her. 'Oh that was a sad day when the servants came into church in their

mourning, and I thought I should have sunk down when you came in last Sunday bent down so. You have lost a dear friend, there's never a woman on earth has lost a dearer ;' and then, as with all, her own loss seemed to press heavily. It is quite striking how with all I have talked to, and those by no means what could be called 'saints,' the great and chief feeling of loss is for what he did for their souls. 'Ah,' said Stephen King, 'Mr. Hare took care of our bodies, and provided for them : but that was not what I looked to so much, it was the care and thought he took for our souls '—and others say the same.

"*Wednesday.*—Last night I came out of the cottages rejoicing and praising God for His mercy to these people. Truly, had we returned it would have been a paradise on earth—too blest for a state of trial such as this life. The change wrought is quite marvellous. Jane Jenning's humility, sorrow for sin, and single desire of serving God is most touching. Speaking of *his* anxiety for them, 'Oh,' she said, 'I do think, if he could, Mr. Hare would have carried us all up to heaven with him in his bosom.' "

"*July* 5.—It is quite impossible to tell what the love is I feel for this place and these people, and I shall have need of the most earnest prayer to bear me up in leaving it. . . . Yesterday, when wearied with the necessary packing, &c., I went to Elizabeth Hailstone, the sick girl, and read and talked to her of her friend and Saviour, and tried to lift up her desponding heart to His love and His promises, which refreshed and comforted me, and made all seem light. What a blessed thing it is that God's service is one of such freedom, such happiness, that when we are trying to glorify Him, He returns it upon ourselves with such a plentiful increase of peace and comfort, and that let our service be as poor and imperfect as it may."

"*Monday.*—I cannot tell you, but you will know, what I feel in the church now, and think how *he* would rejoice to see such numbers there hungering and thirsting for food, and how he would bless God for having been the instrument with so many of awakening the desire. The soothing, comforting thoughts I have of Alton now that will never die, seem to overpower the heavy sense of parting; yet it does tear my heart in pieces to feel that I am leaving the scene of all our happiness, the rooms we have shared together, and where, soulless as they now feel, I still seem in a sense to have him with me. The joy of finding and leaving so many truly and devotedly serving and loving God, is, however, of itself enough to fill me with thankfulness; and though my pilgrimage will henceforth be a solitary one, he with whom it was shared is spared the sorrows and pains of life here, and has the fulness of joy in his Saviour's presence, so why should I grieve? All is done now; so the last two days I shall have for the dear people and those prayers which alone can bear me through the trial. . . . . I look round on all, and feel it has passed away. All has passed away but that hope which will, I trust, grow brighter and brighter of the unfading life that endureth without sorrow or tears. May we all press on to it more and more, looking to Him who can smooth and clear the way thither, be it ever so thorny or so gloomy. God be with you, my Luce."

One subject which occupied Augustus Hare's widow during her short stay in her old home was sending to their destinations the different letters which he had dictated, and which she had hurriedly written down beside his deathbed. Among these was the following:—

A. W. H. *to* Lady Blessington.

"*Rome, but from a Roman deathbed.*—Pray, dear Lady Blessington, accept the accompanying volume of sermons, and for God's sake preserve them, and read them as the words of a dying man. It is now above two months that I have been looking death in the face, and every hour of that time has made me feel more and more that Christianity is the great remedial measure: but for Christ I could not have borne to have had the great moral eye of God's justice fixed on me. If there are any things in the volume which seem strange to you, do not throw them aside without considering whether, though strange, they may not be true. Oh, Lady Blessington, if you knew how much I wish I could hope I was sure of meeting you in the place to which God is taking me. Can I hope this?

"Your most gratefully,

"Augustus W. Hare."

The little monument which was erected to Augustus Hare by his poor friends at Alton bore the inscription :—

"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Augustus W. Hare, M.A., sometime Fellow of New College, Oxford, and Rector for five years of this Parish, who, having gone to Italy for the restoration of his health, died at Rome, Feb. 18, 1834, aged 41.

"The Parishioners of Alton-Barnes and Alton-Priors, sorrowing deeply for his loss, have placed this tablet in thankfulness to God who gave and spared him to them a little while, and in affectionate remembrance of the love wherewith he loved and tended the flock of Christ committed to his charge."

The monument which the four brothers had already arranged to erect in Hurstmonceaux Church, with a bas-

relief representing their mother's death, by Kessels, was now placed there, in the chancel, inscribed :—

"To GEORGIANA, fourth Daughter of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph,
And wife of Francis Hare-Naylor of Hurstmonceaux Place,
Who died at Lausanne in Switzerland on Easter Sunday, 1806,
Giving up her soul to Him who on that day overcame Death.
Her life was one of dutiful love :
And her memory, after a separation of twenty-eight years,
Is still blest and revered by her children :

Also to her eldest sister, ANNA MARIA, widow of Sir William Jones,
In whom they found a second mother ;
A monitress wise and loving, both in encouragement and reproof,
Forgetting her own age and infirmities, even on her deathbed,
In her zeal for their good :
Her first care was to bring them up in the nurture of the Lord.

The youngest of them, ANNA MARIA CLEMENTINA,
Was taken away before she could fulfil
The bright promise of her childhood.

Her four Brothers erect this Monument of their Love,
To their Mother, their Aunt, and their Sister,
Hoping that they may all hereafter be reunited in Christ.

This hope had scarcely been expressed,
When he among the four Brothers who was the ripest for Heaven,
AUGUSTUS WILLIAM, Rector of Alton-Barnes,
Went to rejoin his kindred among the Blessed,
Leaving a void in the hearts of the others,
Which nothing on earth can ever fill up."

With the church which held this memorial, with the parish in which so many of the earlier generations of his

family had their home, the life of Augustus Hare's widow was henceforward to be connected. Most tenderly, with the most reverential love, was she welcomed to the home and heart of Julius, with whom, more than any other, she could hold constant communion concerning him whose invisible presence and influence were equally felt by both—him of whom Julius wrote :—

"He is gone. But is he lost to me? Oh no! He whose heart was ever pouring forth a stream of love, the purity and inexhaustibleness of which betokened its heavenly origin, as he was ever striving to lift me above myself, he is still at my side pointing my gaze upward. Only the love, which was then hidden within him, has now overflowed and transfigured his whole being; and his earthly form is turned into that of an angel of light.

Thou takest not away, O Death!
Thou strikest; absence perisheth;
Indifference is no more.
The future brightens on the sight;
For on the past has fallen a light,
That tempts us to adore."

XIV.

HURSTMONCEAUX RECTORY.

"Nothing is lost that is loved in God, since in Him all things are saved to us."—S. BERNARDINO OF SIENA.

"He alone never loseth what is dear to him, to whom all things are dear in Him who is never lost."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

IN all in which two quiet phases of life can be totally different from each other, did that which was opening at Hurstmonceaux differ from that which had closed at Alton. First, there was the variety of outward scene—the exchange of a limited oasis of green fields, stranded like an island in the great Wiltshire plain, which, though filled with waving corn in summer, was but a ploughed desert through the winter months, for the wooded uplands of Sussex, the richly cultivated fields, and the leafy lanes of Hurstmonceaux,—the wild deserted deer-park with its ferny glades, its stagheaded chestnuts, and its ruined castle,—the fine old church with its ancestral associations, and the wide view over a campagna-like level which repeats every cloud in its varying fluctuations of light and shadow, to the sparkling silver line of sea. Then, instead of the farmhouse-like rectory in which Augustus had lived, the home of Julius was, even externally, quite different to the ordinary type of

country rectories, but rather like a good country house, well placed in grounds of considerable extent.

"The rectory," wrote Arthur Stanley, "stood far removed from church, and castle, and village. . . . . Of all the peculiarities of English life, none perhaps is so unique as an English parsonage. But how peculiar even amongst English parsonages was the rectory of Hurstmonceaux. The very first glance at the entrance-hall revealed the character of its master. It was not merely a house with a good library—the whole house was a library. The vast nucleus which he brought with him from Cambridge grew year by year, till not only study, and drawing-room, and dining-room, but passage, and antechamber, and bedrooms were overrun with the ever advancing and crowded bookshelves. At the time of his death it had reached the number of more than twelve thousand volumes; and it must be further remembered that these volumes were of no ordinary kind. Of all libraries which it has been our lot to traverse, we never saw any equal to this in the combined excellence of quantity and quality; none in which there were so few worthless, so many valuable works. Its original basis was classical, and philological; but of later years the historical, philosophical, and theological elements outgrew all the rest. The peculiarity which distinguished the collection probably from any other, private or public, in the kingdom, was the preponderance of German literature. No work, no pamphlet of any note in the teeming catalogues of German booksellers escaped his notice; and with his knowledge of the subjects, and of the probable elucidation which they would receive from this or that quarter, they formed themselves

in natural and harmonious groups round what already existed, so as to give to the library both the appearance and reality, not of a mere accumulation of parts, but of an organic and self-multiplying whole. And what, perhaps, was yet more remarkable was the manner in which the centre of this whole was himself. Without a catalogue, without assistance, he knew where every book was to be found, for what it was valuable, what relation it bore to the rest. The library was like a magnificent tree which he had himself planted, of which he had nurtured the growth, which spread its branches far and wide over his dwelling, and in the shade of which he delighted, even if he was prevented for the moment from gathering its fruits, or pruning its luxuriant foliage.

"In the few spaces which this tapestry of literature left unoccupied were hung the noble pictures which he had brought with him from Italy. To him they were more than mere works of art; they were companions and guests; and they were the more remarkable from their contrast with the general plainness and simplicity of the house and household, so unlike the usual accompaniments of luxury and grandeur, in which we should usually seek and find works of such costly beauty.

"In this home,—now hard at work with his myriad volumes around him at his student's desk,—now wandering to and fro, book in hand, between the various rooms, or up and down the long garden walk overlooking the distant Level with its shifting lights and shades,—he went on year by year extending the range and superstructure of that vast knowledge of which the solid basis had been laid in the

classical studies of his beloved university, or correcting, with an elaborate minuteness which to the bystanders was at times almost wearisome to behold, the long succession of proofs which, during the later years of his life, were hardly ever out of his hands." *

Great also was the change from the quiet life of monotonous seclusion, only rendered interesting by the spirit of love which made all the village joys and sorrows her own, to the ever-varying circle of literary interests and of intellectual society, by which Julius was surrounded.

"For round him gathered such a band of friends
As the world knows but few, the noblest names
In the great host of truth's advancing ranks:
The full-orbed sage who spake of all things well;
The friend of early years, of equal aims,
With passionless calm insight, tracing out
The tale of Hellas old, and mastering all
The Teuton guess'd of great Rome's cradled youth;
The seer who through the Tuscan artist's tube
Called all the stars by name; the wayward moods
Of him who bade the dead to speak once more
In fancy's drama; and the genial heart
That from the flinty rocks he loved, drew forth
The milk of kindness; one well skill'd to trace
The deep thoughts lying hid in homely words,
The secret treasure of the Word divine;
And one, the pale ascetic, swift to speak
The thoughts that burn, who since in alien creeds,
Those hot thoughts driving on, has sought for peace;
The man of lordly brow, and lordlier soul,
The myriad-minded marvel of our age,
Friend of all arts, and counsellor of kings
Threading all mazes of the tongues of earth,

* Article by A. P. Stanley in the *Quarterly Review*, cxciii.

Gathering all treasures of the songs of Heaven,
With bold yet loving hand adventuring still
To bridge the yawning chasms of our time,
Now failing, now succeeding; last of all
(For time would fail to tell the goodly list,
The workers and the thinkers of the land),
The bold young Luther of our later days,
With power to clothe high thoughts in glorious words,
To bid the buried past come back to life,
To bring earth's holiest scenes in vision bright
Before our wistful eyes, in outline clear
As though the sun did paint them." *

. . . . .

But most of all was the change great to Maria Hare in the companion of her daily life, from the loving character of Augustus, who was equally gentle with all, who never manifested his antipathy for any one, however distasteful they might be,—to the ardent, impulsive, enthusiastic, demonstrative nature of Julius, equally manifest in love or antipathy, vehement in language, unable to conceal a feeling of any kind, and constantly doing battle of some sort for his friends if not for himself;—from Augustus, who was wholly absorbed in his Master's work, and who lived only for the simple villagers by whom he was surrounded,—to Julius, who mingled so many other interests and occupations with his parochial and ministerial duties, and who was personally unknown to the greater proportion of his parishioners. If only the one companion was considered, it was like the change from a moonlight calm to a storm at midday.

But perhaps in this very change she found what was best for her at this time. Her absorbing grief, her hidden life

* Rev. E. Plumptre.

of prayer, might have made her existence too purely contemplative, but for the eager stirring spirit at her side. And in Julius, who was tender and chivalrous to all women, pitiful and sympathising to all in sorrow, his brother's widow found a tenderness of more than fraternal love,—a watchful care, a gentle reverence, which was almost amazing to those who saw them together. He looked upon her coming into his lonely home, as the dawn of a new, a better, and a happier life ; and as the greatest blessing which God could have given him, he honoured and cherished her. He confided in her every anxiety, he consulted her on every duty, he talked with her of all he read, he read to her all he wrote,—he considered nothing worth having in which she had no share.

Vividly still, through the mist of many years, there comes back to those who shared their home, the beautiful vision of his great love for his "Mia," as he always called her,—the touching remembrance of his manner in speaking of her, of the glow upon his face, of the glistening in his eye,—the recollection of the intensity of tenderness, of respect, and of blessing, which was poured forth for her in his morning and evening greeting. And she was truly in his home as "an angel in the house," linking on her present to her past life, taking up all her former duties, but with her soul purified and enlightened by the furnace of sorrow through which she had passed, receiving God's poor as a legacy to watch and cherish ;—not morbid in grief, but accepting all the consolations which were left to her ; not narrow in religion, and prone to refuse God's other gifts, but joyfully receiving all,—books, art, music, and, above all, the beauties and

pleasures of nature,—as helps, not hindrances, in her path. And thus it came to be, that in her after years, which to many seemed so desolate, as one friend after another passed beyond the veil, while strangers thought her course must indeed be leading her through a thorny and a stony wilderness, it was rather the ascending step by step of a ladder, lighted by an unfailing glow of celestial sunshine, and upon which figures of angels were ascending and descending—forms often well-known and loved—ministering spirits from God.

Well remembered by the few still remaining who shared them, are the peculiar habits of the life in these years at Hurstmonceaux rectory—the late breakfast in the sunny book-lined room, with the scent of the orange-trees and geraniums wafted in through the open doors of the conservatory, the eager discussions over the letters, the vehement declamations over the newspaper, the frequent interpolation of a reading from Coleridge or Wordsworth, the constant interruption from the host of beggars who knew only too well that they were never sent away empty-handed, and who were discovered to have left a secret notice for one another at the entrance-gate that it was not a house to pass by Then Julius Hare would seize his straw hat, and, while composing and meditating, would pace rapidly up and down his favourite walk between the oak-trees, whence he could look across the Level to the sea, against the shining line of which the grey stunted spire of the hill-set church would stand out as if embossed; or sometimes he would saunter leisurely, with his Mia by his side, and visit each growing shrub or opening flower with familiar and fond affection.

Then would come the many hours of writing in his library, ending only as the sun began to set, when he would go forth in the evening dews upon a distant parish walk, returning to dinner at any hour, utterly oblivious of time; and the evenings, filled with interest, in which he would pace the drawing-room in eager talk, snatching a volume every now and then from the bookcase to illustrate what he was saying, or would sit down and translate some German author into fluent English as he read.

"An active parish priest, in the proper sense of the word, Julius Hare never was; not so much, perhaps, by reason of his literary pursuits as of his desultory habits. Constant, regular, vigilant ministrations to the poor, were not his wont, perhaps they were not his call. Nor can he be said, as a general rule, to have accommodated his teaching to his parishioners. Compared with the short and homely addresses of his brother Augustus to the poor of Alton, his long and elaborate discourses will hardly hold their place as models of parochial exhortation, even to more enlightened congregations than those of Hurstmonceaux. But it would be a great mistake to measure his influence on his parish, or his interest in it, by these indications. Coming to Hurstmonceaux as he did—to the scene of his own early years, remembered as a child by the old inhabitants, honoured as the representative of a family long known amongst them—he was, from the first, bound to them and they to him by a link which years always rivet with a strength of which both parties are often unconscious till it is rent asunder. His own knowledge of their history, of their abodes, of their characters, perhaps in great measure from the same cause,

was very remarkable; and although his visits to them might be comparatively few, yet theirs to the rectory were constant, the more so because they were always sure to receive a ready welcome. Whatever might be the work in which he was employed, he at once laid it aside at the call of the humblest parishioner, to advise, console, listen, assist. There was that, too, in his manner, in his words, in his voice and countenance, which would not fail to impress even the dullest with a sense of truth, of determination, of uprightness, yet more, with a sense of deep religious feeling, of abhorrence of sin, of love of goodness, of humble dependence on God. Such a feeling transpired in his ordinary conversation with them; it transpired still more in the deep devotion with which he went through the various services of the church. 'If you have never heard Julius Hare read the Communion service,' was the expression of one who had been much struck, as indeed all were, by his mode of reading this especial portion of the Liturgy, 'you do not know what the words of that service contain.' And in his sermons, needlessly long and provokingly inappropriate as they sometimes were, there were from time to time passages so beautiful in themselves, so congenial to the time and place, that Hurstmonceaux may well be proud, as it may well be thankful, to have its name, its scenery, its people associated with thought and language so just and so noble. Who is there that ever has seen the old church of Hurstmonceaux, with its yew-tree and churchyard and view over sea and land, and will not feel that it has received a memorial for ever in the touching allusions to the death of Phillis Hoad, to the grave of Lina Deimling, to the ancient

church on the hill-top? Who that has ever heard or read the striking introduction of the stories of Hooker's death, and of the warning of St. Philip Neri, in the sermons on the 'Chariots of God' and on the 'Close of the Year,' will not feel the power and life given to the pastor of the humblest flock by his command of the varied treasures of things new and old, instead of the commonplaces which fill up so many vacant pages of the sermons of an ordinary preacher. Not seldom, thus, a passage of Scripture or an event of sacred history was explained and brought home to the apprehension of his most unlettered hearers, when it seemed to those who listened as if the windows of heaven were opened for a flood of light to come down; and when the purest and most practical lessons of morality were educed with surprising force and attractiveness."*

The spirit by which Julius Hare's ordinary life was animated was essentially a joyous spirit, perhaps it was the very energy of his character which made it so. "His family devotions," wrote his friend Mr. Elliott, "were always large in thanksgiving. He never prayed without thanksgiving; nor without the Lord's Prayer. And it was perhaps that spirit, so abundant in thanksgiving, which gave a charm and a joyousness, an uplifted heart and a kindling eye to the general character of his social life; and which made him so ready to love, and wherever he was known, so beloved."

And this joyousness went forth to nothing so much as to the works of Nature, especially to her smaller works, to the shrubs of his shrubbery, the flowers of his garden, the view

* *Quarterly Review*, cxciii.

from his window. The thoughts which occurred to him here in his home-garden, as he was pacing its walks, were often reflected in his sermons. Thus, in the sermon on the Contagion of Evil:—

"We are utterly unable to bring forth anything, whether in thought or deed, that shall be perfect in the sight of God—as unable as we are to build up a sky with our hands, and to launch a fleet of stars across it. Hereby we betray a secret corruption of our nature, the taint of which spreads through our whole lives. We betray that we have touched the dead body of Sin. Think what an enormous difference there is, in consequence of this fatal touch, between man and the other parts of creation. When a tree is healthy, what a number of leaves does it bring forth, each one perfect in its kind—unless there be some blight, or some nipping blasts, something not in itself, but from without, to injure them. Now, man is made to be lord over the trees; and the lord should of right be better than that he rules. Yet, when will man bring forth good thoughts, and good words, and good deeds, as abundantly as the tree brings forth its leaves? Whereas if man's nature were sound and healthy, surely the lord of the earth, he who was made in the image of God, and was endowed with the mighty, teeming powers of thought and speech, and desire, and affection, and action, ought not to be thus surpassed by creatures without thought or feeling. Or think, again, of the beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, which a garden brings forth in spring and summer; and then tell me, where are your flowers which God appointed you to bring forth? Where is their sweetness? Where are the living seeds in them? Nay, what flowers, how many, my brethren, have you brought forth during the last summer? Think well, have you done anything to which you can give so fair a name? If not,

can it be right that you alone in the universe should utterly fail in fulfilling God's purpose. Again, what rich ears of corn has this autumn ripened! how full they have been! how heavy the grain! Have our deeds during the last autumn been like those ears of corn? Alas no! none of us can say this of himself. Surely, then, we must all be unclean; for everything we do has a rotting taint of uncleanness."

From the way in which Julius Hare's habits of thought all had their source in what he read, and his constant hourly outpouring of all his opinions and feelings thereon, the great authors both of England and Germany seemed almost more familiar as household inmates during the first years which Maria Hare spent with her brother-in-law, than the persons among whom they visibly dwelt. For Coleridge and Wordsworth especially, his admiration was almost unbounded. Coleridge he had known intimately in his Cambridge life, though after his removal to Hurstmonceaux he scarcely saw him again; but his interest in the man, as well as in his works, was kept up through the medium of his friend John Sterling, and the visits which the latter paid to the poet in his retreat at Highgate. In 1835 he showed his gratitude for all that he considered he had learnt from Coleridge, in a "Vindication," which he published in the *British Magazine*, against accusations which had been brought against both his private and philosophic character; this being the first of a series of vindications which afterwards flowed from his pen. In 1846 his "Mission of the Comforter" was inscribed "To the honoured Memory of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the Christian philosopher, who, through dark and winding

paths of speculation was led to the light, in order that others, by his guidance, might reach that light without passing through the darkness, these sermons on the work of the Spirit are dedicated with deep thankfulness and reverence by one of the many pupils whom his writings have helped to discern the sacred concord and unity of human and divine truth."

Even in his sermons, Julius Hare frequently drew his illustrations from the works of Coleridge. Such, in the sermon on "The Shaking of the Nations," is the allusion to the Ancient Mariner.

"There is a beautiful poem, in which a mariner, having committed a grievous sin, is visited with a terrible punishment; and whereas most poets in such cases would represent the offender as being overtaken with a violent storm, even as Jonah was when he fled from the presence of the Lord, the punishment of the mariner consists in his being becalmed in the midst of the sea, under 'a hot and copper sky,' where no breath was, or motion, until the very sea did rot, and slimy things crawled about upon the slimy sea. This punishment of the mariner is a sort of type of what the state of the world would be, if God did not from time to time shake it."

In the writings of Coleridge, his friend especially honoured the carrying out of what was, in fact, the principle of his own writings, that "there should be a reason not only for every word, but for the position of every word."

"A man," wrote Julius Hare in the "Guesses at Truth," "should love and venerate his native language as the awakener and stirrer of all his thoughts, the frame and

mould of his spiritual being, as the great bond and medium of intercourse with his fellows, as the mirror in which he sees his own nature, and without which he could not commune with himself, as the image in which the wisdom of God has chosen to reveal itself to him. He who thus thinks of his native language will never touch it without reverence. Yet his reverence will not withhold, but rather encourage him to do what he can to purify and improve it. Of this duty no Englishman in our times has shown himself so well aware as Coleridge, which is a proof that he possessed some of the most important elements of the philosophical mind." Of the death of Coleridge he wrote :—"The light of his eye is quenched; none shall listen any more to the sweet music of his voice; none shall feel their souls teem and burst, as beneath the breath of spring, while the life-giving words of the poet-philosopher flow over them."

With Wordsworth, "above all men the poet of nature," who had been equally honoured by his brother Augustus, Julius Hare preserved through life an intimate friendship and an occasional correspondence, and to him he dedicated the second edition of the "Guesses at Truth." A copy of his works, old and worn with much reading, was never permitted to be put up in his shelves, but always lay upon the ledge of the book-case, near the door which opened towards the garden, to be snatched up and read in the open-air in any stray moment of refreshment. More than any other author, also, would he read Wordsworth aloud in the evening, his voice telling how his heart followed each line of the poem.

"Wordsworth and Coleridge," he wrote, "came forward

in a shallow, hard, and worldly age—an age alien and almost averse from the higher and more strenuous exercises of imagination and thought, as the purifiers and regenerators of poetry and philosophy. It was a great aim, and greatly they both wrought for its accomplishment. Many who are now amongst England's best hope and stay will respond to my thankful acknowledgment of the benefits my heart and mind have received from them both. Many will echo my wish, for the benefit of my country, that their influence may be more and more widely diffused. Many will join in my prayer, that health and strength of mind and body may be granted to them, to complete the noble works which they have in store, so that men may learn more worthily to understand and appreciate what a glorious gift God bestows on a nation, when he gives them a poet."

It was on receiving an unpublished poem of Wordsworth from the hands of Julius Hare, at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, that Landor wrote the lines:—

"Derwent! Winander! your twin poets come
Star-crown'd along with you, nor stand apart.
Wordsworth comes hither, hither Southey comes,
His friend and mine, and every man's who lives,
Or who shall live when days far off have risen.
Here are they with me yet again, here dwell
Among the sages of antiquity,
Under his hospitable roof whose life
Surpasses theirs in strong serenity,
Whose genius walks more humbly, stooping down
From the same heights to cheer the weak of soul
And guide the erring from the tortuous way.
Hail, ye departed! hail, thou later friend,
Julius! but never by my voice invoked
With such an invocation . . . . *hail, and live!*"

In the same month which brought his sister-in-law to live with him, John Sterling came to Julius Hare as a curate, and the next six months were passed by the three in constant intercourse and intimate friendship. "Of that which it was to me personally to have such a fellow-labourer," wrote the rector, "to live constantly in the freest communion with such a friend, I cannot speak. He came to me at a time of heavy affliction, just after I had heard that the brother who had been the sharer of all my thoughts and feelings from my childhood had bid farewell to his earthly life at Rome; and thus he seemed given to me to make up in some sort for him whom I had lost. Almost daily did I look out at his usual hour for coming to me, and watch his tall slender form walking rapidly across the hill in front of my window, with the assurance that he was coming to cheer and brighten, to rouse and stir me, to call me up to some height of feeling, or down into some depths of thought. His lively spirit responding instantaneously to every impulse of nature or of art, his generous ardour in behalf of whatever is noble and true, his scorn of all meanness, of all false pretences and conventional beliefs, softened as it was by compassion for the victims of those besetting sins of a cultivated age, his never-flagging impetuosity in pushing onward to some unattained point of duty or of knowledge, along with his gentle, almost reverential affectionateness towards his former tutor, rendered my intercourse with him an unspeakable blessing; and time after time has it seemed to me that his visit had been like a shower of rain, bringing down freshness and brightness on a dusty roadside hedge. By him, too, the recollection of these our daily meetings

was cherished to the last. In a letter to his eldest boy, who was at school, and to whom he used to write daily, about two months before his death, after speaking of various flowers in his garden, especially of some gum-cistuses, he says: 'I think I like them chiefly because I remember a large bush of the kind, close to the greenhouse through which one passed into Mr. Hare's library. The ground used to be all white with the fallen flowers. I have so often stood near it, talking to him, and looking away over the Pevensey Level to the huge old Roman castle, and the sea, and Beachy Head beyond. The thought of the happy hours I have so spent in talking with him is and always will be very pleasant. It is long since I saw him. I have been too ill, and have too much besides upon me to keep up latterly almost any correspondence; but I know that if we meet to-morrow, or to-morrow come a hundred years, it would be as of old, like brothers.'" *

The pleasure with which Sterling's visits were welcomed at the rectory was of short duration. In the following year the failure of his health compelled him to leave Hurstmonceaux, and though he long kept up a correspondence with his friends, especially with Mrs. Hare, they seldom met afterwards.

So few events marked the peaceful first ten years of Maria Hare's widowed life, that it is unnecessary to give any consecutive account of them. The summers were all passed in the quiet of Hurstmonceaux, in devotion to the spiritual and temporal interests of its poor; the winters were spent

* Life of John Sterling, affixed to his "Essays."

at Stoke Rectory with her father, now in a most patriarchal old age. The impress of the thoughts and interests by which she was surrounded is left in the following gleanings from letters and journals of this time :—

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, July* 16, 1834.—Am I really here? Is this place I look upon—I write from—really Hurstmonceaux? I hardly yet feel it. The shock of leaving Alton, of coming here first, is not yet passed away enough to leave me free to think or know where I am. My Luce, I never yet felt anything like the dead melancholy of my present sense that Alton and its beautiful happiness have passed away for ever. I cannot tell you what the feeling was on arriving here yesterday to know that the seal was set to it, that there remains no more of the past, that all is become new. . . . . Yet I feel strongly how good it is for me to be taken away from such smooth paths, how far too pleasant and self-indulgent a life it would have been to deal with such affectionate and simple people as those, to have had such tender love and gratitude. No; God loves me far too well to endanger keeping my self-loving heart from its onward path, by allowing such earthly happiness, and yet He scatters such blessings around me as may safely be permitted elsewhere.

"On Sunday I gave all the Bibles, covered with black cloth, and made, though with much difficulty, a little exhortation to the Alton children with so precious a gift. I printed in the first page, 'From her dear minister, Rev. A. H.,' and 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15. In the evening, Mr. Kilvert preached in the little church on 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' It was a very striking sermon, and the animating thoughts which it

aroused, lifted up my poor drooping spirit from the very, very sad feeling of never again being in that most blessed church—my Augustus's church, and with his people—to the time when the redeemed of the Lord will meet to sing together the praises of the Lamb in the church on high. . . . . In the morning came the leaving the scene of so much love and peace and joy. It was leaving a part of Augustus to leave the rooms we have shared together, that dear garden-walk, those peaceful fields; and though earth has many sorrows, I cannot imagine one heavier than this has been at the time. It is indeed, blessed be God, alleviated mercifully in various ways, or how could one bear it? but the pang is no less there. There is a peace which will never leave me: I have many yet left to love and be loved by, but you know how a severing like this can never be altogether softened down, and now begins the real experience of its painfulness. The first day, I was so worn down I could only, like a wearied child, lie in my Father's hands ready to do or suffer all His will, but yesterday I was able to enjoy part of the journey through a very beautiful country. All the way here from Brighton is ugly enough. . . . . This house is indeed beautiful inside as books, pictures, and busts can make it, and there is a pretty greenhouse. It is not so exposed as I expected; the trees and shrubs are grown up very much. From my window, where I now sit, I look on the church spire, at the top of a bank running in a straight line along the horizon; and on each side of the church, behind it, I see a blue line of sea with a dark speck which I suppose is a ship. It is a view without any picturesque beauty, but one to grow fond of, and, being open, it gives one's eye space to range over. There seem to be some little woody dells near the house that I shall like to explore, and the lawn and flowers are much nicer than I expected. Hereafter how differently I shall look on all

this—when time has wearied down the sense of what I have left."

"*July* 29.—I daily feel more and more how exactly this place is suited to me—how fitted at present to restore my inward peace. There is so much time alone, and so much interest of a kind which will take me out of self; and of Julius I cannot tell you all the gentleness and tender affection. I have been for two days with the Penrhyns at Eastbourne, which is the quietest place possible, no smart people, and a magnificent sea. As I sat on the beach till near dark, and watched the waves rolling up and the vessels sailing on in the evening sunlight, how I did think of that bright sun that lights our fragile vessels through a sea often troubled, and will as surely lead them to a haven of peace and rest—that haven where he, my beloved Augustus, is now safe from every storm and wave!"

"Julius's delight at my return was the nearest approach to that affection I so miss, of anything I have met with. I found him in great sorrow at the news of Coleridge's death. I feel too the public loss, as you would if you had read the MSS. I have lately been reading of his—such a rare combination of the highest intellectual and deepest spiritual truth as one seldom sees; but I can only now feel that he is truly one that *never dies*, and think of the joy to his spirit to be set free. There are some letters on the inspiration of Scripture which Mr. Sterling lent me, showing strongly the mischief done to many minds by insisting on the *verbal* inspiration of the historical Scriptures, and making a distinction I never saw before between the revealing word that spoke in the law and by the prophets, from the *assisting Spirit* that kept the other sacred writers from all essential error in their narratives; but with all this there is mingled such a deep spiritual feeling of the *depth* of God's word, such beautiful application of it, and sense of its life and

spirit, as only one could have who had drunk deep of the well of living water. This needed not the corroboration afforded me yesterday by a letter Julius showed me written to Anna, who has been most kind in supplying his temporal wants. He expresses in it his thanks for her liberality with the real humility of a Christian, and after describing his bodily infirmities and inward peace, speaks of his deep inward sense of sin against God, and the comfort he could alone find in being able 'to rest *exclusively* on the all-perfect righteousness of his Redeemer and Saviour.' These are his own words, and everything in his letter shows that they are not *words* alone. Mr. Sterling, who feels towards him as towards a father, is gone to attend his funeral."

"*July* 21.—K. is gone now; and you may suppose I feel a loneliness, after having had either her or you with me for so long, in being left alone; but far greater is my sense of thankfulness in having such a comforter as Julius to be my companion and friend. That heavy weight I had on first coming here, has in the last few days been lightened so as to enable me to look once again on the sunny side, and see through the clouds of the present time that ever bright rainbow of promise that can make even this wilderness appear like Eden. Did you think of me as you read that verse on *my* last dear Sunday, and hope that I should fulfil it by 'seeking Him further in the wild, who can turn earth's worst and least into a conqueror's royal feast?' He who has borne me up hitherto will, I doubt not, graciously smooth the rough way and make even the wayside rich in blessings. So at least He seems to purpose for me, and why I should be so crowned with daily mercies I know not."

"*July* 22.—This house is quite perfect, not at all too grand for a parsonage-house, though outside it looks more like a small squire's than a rector's. . . . . Yesterday for the first time I went out with Julius in his new carriage, and

saw the old castle, which is very grand and picturesque, and the churchyard, which is one I long to go and sit in, having a magnificent old yew-tree, and a view all around over a great open expanse, bounded on one side by the sea; just where you and I shall love to spend hours together reading and talking over all those heavenly joys on the *other* side of the grave, that many of those sleeping beneath the sod are now enjoying. The lanes leading to the church are very pretty. But my greatest pleasure has been in looking at the many cottages, and thinking how much work there would be for me, and hoping that, amidst all the people, there would be some found who would rejoice in hearing the glad tidings. I like this rectory more daily, and the peep at the sea is a great delight to me. When it is blue, very blue, it reminds me so of the dear Mediterranean, and I do so wish there was no France between, that it rolled on straight from here to Italy. The little specks of white glittering in the sun are a constant interest, and last night a silver moon was reflected along the whole line.

"*August* 18.—I have been reading, and with quite a new delight, the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I love to think that like Christiana I am treading along the same path my Christian has trod before, and it cheers many a weary hour to think of the shining ones awaiting on the other side of the river, ready at the King's call to lead one through the same gate. As my bodily health declines, for it does decline, and as time goes on, I feel more strongly how entirely *crushed* my this world's happiness is. I can scarcely bear to think of Rome, dear Rome, and my dear precious Alton is indeed now become a paradise not of this world. I hear people talk of *summer*, and wonder what they mean, it is so unlike any summer I ever lived through before. Even when it is hottest and brightest, all looks to me dead and cheerless, and everything wears an aspect so utterly changed, that I

can hardly believe, it is quite an effort of the reason which tells me, that it is the same earth which twelve months ago was so full of life and enjoyment to me.

"Julius's and Mr. Sterling's tenderness are enough to spoil one. Mr. Sterling has brought me a most exquisite little book of Peter Sterry—'The Kingdom of God in the Soul of Man;'.... but there are many days when nothing but the *one* Book will satisfy, and I get on very slowly with anything else. I feel persuaded the more we leave that as our chief food, the more we become unspiritualised, and perhaps this is the reason so many real Christians in these days of religious books are so little spiritual."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*July*, 1834.—No one can now keep side by side with you through every pang and recollection as I can. I cannot tell you how constantly I feel, and the more now I am a member of his family, that his absence leaves a gap which no one else can fill—as peacemaker, as one whom all (however they might disagree in other things) agreed in loving. My own Mia, I am very sure you are more blessed in the memory of such a husband and companion than any one, even the happiest one could name..... I now feel as if Alton had passed away, but shall always have the picture of it in my mind, just as it was. I look upon you now, my Mia, with a very peculiar feeling, as if a portion of your being were dwelling with him, in the world whither he is gone, and yet another portion were left among us, to cheer and encourage, to animate us on our way. If he whom I so dearly loved has left a vacancy in my life, which I feel *nothing* can ever fill up, you, whom I have equally loved, have added a joy such as I have never felt. When I think of *you*, it is like an Amen to the Bible, to the truth and certainty of all its blessed promises—as your strength has

been, so I dare to hope mine would be, for in every hour that passes, my heart's true expression is, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee?'"

"*July* 22, 1834.—You know too well how I rejoiced in your happiness not to know *how* I sorrow with you, but I strive now, with, and for you, to look onward; from the moment you left Alton I felt this. You are no longer indeed to work in that blessed spot, but God has yet *other* work for you to do, and though He has taken to Himself the one beloved companion, and sent you forth into the world alone, the same Saviour and Comforter is watching over *both*, and not in your best happiness at Alton did I think of you as *one* so restingly, so surely, so for eternity united as now. You have indeed suffered, but it has been, it is, but for *awhile*, the branch has been purged, but it is only that it may bring forth more fruit; if the blessedness of this life has been denied to you, it has been but to unveil more clearly the far higher joys of the one where you and he are to serve your God for ever. Yet a very little while, my own Mia, and we shall all be there, and this world can never be joyless as long as our eye is fixed on *Him*."

"*August* 12, 1834.—One of the Guesses which has lately been much in my thoughts is, 'A man does harm to others by his *actions*, to himself by his *thoughts*.' How often at the close of a day, all outwardly fair and harmless, those around might say, 'how good;' one's own heart, 'how bad:' the Christian life is so very tender, a thought, a bad feeling only momentarily let in, lonely moments neglected, prayers put off, human praise delighted in, self promoted while apparently kept down. 'To walk with God' is a mystery, a mere form of words, to the, as yet, unfighting Christian, but when once the warfare is begun, the unending conflict here between grace and sin commenced, how clear, how expres-

sive they are; we cannot walk with *Him* if there is a single point at variance, our will must be *His*, our spirit *His*."

"*Corsley, Aug.* 13.—Sometimes when I am looking on these soft downs, and walking with Marcus round this lovely spot, I seem as in a dream, and I think, 'Is it to me that this is given?' I have a very peculiar feeling, I cannot describe it to you, as if my earthly happiness had risen out of the ashes of yours. . . . . How the corn-fields always bring Alton to my mind."

"*Sept.* 24.—I need not tell you the chastened, mingled feelings of this day, or how near I have felt to you throughout it. When Marcus was recounting over the mercies of the past year, those kinds of mercies and loving-kindnesses which do seem to make the heart overflow, a tear fell down his face, as he half whispered, I was thinking of the dear, dear Aug., and we both felt how so vast a *something* seemed wanting in the absence and silence of that warm angel-sympathy which would have made that day so doubly blessed had Alton been what it was. Still the mutual feeling was, dearest Mia, or poor, poor Mia, as Marcus always says when feeling most what you have lost, but happy, *most* happy Augustus."

M. H. *to* L. A. H. (on the first anniversary of her marriage).

"*Hurstmonceaux, Sept.* 24, 1834.—Shall such a day as this pass unnoticed, dearest Luce? Do I not too well know what the 2nd of June was; do I not too deeply feel what thankfulness I owe my Father in heaven for the blessing He gave me on this day to let it go by without an outward expression to you, no less than a fervent prayer to Him of all I feel and think. Oh! may the union thus begun be one not for time but for eternity; as your affection one towards the other grows and deepens, may your

earthly marriage be but the type of that heavenly one, when clothed, not in your own garments, but in the fine linen of Christ's spotless righteousness, and adorned in the bridal jewels of love and holiness, you may both, at your several calls to meet the Bridegroom, be found ready with oil in your lamps, and the water which filled your frail earthly vessels turned into wine by the Saviour's power and love. Oh! how deep will be your thankfulness this day, and how your joy will be mixed with awful seriousness in the feeling that he who so richly shared your last year's happiness, to whom this day was a consummation so earnestly desired of earthly wishes, is now transferred from grace to glory, and, in the kingdom of the blessed Jesus, is amid the saints rejoicing tenfold in the hope that the joy he is now realising, may, through your means, be brought home to others. There are moments when 'the sweetness of the stream' does give me such a foretaste of what 'the fountain' must be, that I can only adore and bless my God that my beloved is now tasting all the joy and bliss unsullied by the alloy inseparable from earthly weakness and infirmity; and the thought of his former presence and my present solitude is insufficient to chill the thankfulness of my heart. Dearest Luce, our lots through life have been strangely interwoven, and this day which made your earthly happiness, gave me my earthly comforters. We are so apt to take as our natural portion that which God in his infinite loving-kindness pours down upon us, that I do not now, nor shall I perhaps ever till faith is changed into sight, know all that I have owed of blessing and comfort to you and Marcus. . . . We are travelling on together through the same wilderness, and yet the promised land is even now open to us: the desert is even now turned into the garden of Eden; the rose blossoms even though its thorns are not all yet broken off, and the ransomed can even now find joy

and gladness although all sorrow and all sighing is not yet at an end."

M. H. (MS. Note-book).

"*July*, 1834.—O Lord God Almighty, Father of Mercies and God of all Comfort, look down, I pray Thee, upon thine unworthy servant, who is weary and heavy laden, and pour upon her the riches of Thy consolation. Thou canst heal the broken-hearted, Thou canst comfort those who mourn; be with me, my Lord and my God, to uphold and strengthen me. Give me patience to run the race Thou hast set before me, and faith to look upon the joys unseen, that I may count this my sorrow light, when compared with the glory to come. O Lord Jesus, Thou didst leave Thy home of glory, and take our nature, and become a Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief, that we might live with Thee: conform me to Thy likeness, that having suffered with Thee here, I may be with Thee for ever. Thou hast redeemed us from the punishment of sin, oh redeem my soul from its bondage, that I may be free to live henceforth, not for myself but for Thee: that I may daily crucify my own will, and give up my whole heart, my whole mind and soul and strength to Thy service and Thy glory. Help me to put away self, and to remember that this life is not given for my ease, my enjoyment. It is a schooling time for the eternal home Thou hast prepared for those who love Thee. Keep my eye steadily fixed on that haven of rest and peace, that I may not faint nor be weary from the length of the way, but may strive to walk worthy of my high calling in all meekness and lowliness of heart, continually pressing on in faith and love to greater fruits of holiness, that Thou mayst be glorified. I desire to bless, to adore, to magnify Thy name for all the great benefits Thou heapest on me daily, for all the riches of Thy grace which Thou hast made known

to me, and for all the comfort with which Thou hast comforted me. I am unworthy of the least of these mercies, but Thou knowest our frame, that though the spirit be willing, the flesh is weak, and Thou wilt mercifully renew my strength, that I mount up as with eagle's wings, and Thou wilt fill my cruse of oil, that so to the end I may hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope. O Lord, my earthly home has passed away, the joy of my heart is removed from sight. I have it may be a long pilgrimage before me; but in Thy sight a thousand years are but as one day, and Thou canst so fill my soul with an abiding sense of Thy presence and longing for Thy glory that I can feel length of years as a passing shadow, if I may but do Thy will and promote Thy glory. And after that I have suffered awhile, when I am strengthened, stablished, settled in Thy love, when I have done all the work Thou hast for me to do, do Thou, O gracious God, be with me to guide me through the valley of the shadow of death, and in Thine own good time free me from this earthly tabernacle, and take me to dwell with Thee, O Holy Father, Son and Holy Ghost, with all the company of angels and archangels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, that with him I have loved on earth I may join in singing eternal hallelujahs to the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, July* 11, 1834.— . . . *You* know too well my exceeding love for Alton, the very bright and beautiful happiness God granted me for five years in that home of peace and love, not to enter into the wrench it has been to be severed for ever from a place endeared by such recollections. It did indeed seem as if the last tie on earth was rooted up, and all connection with him I loved better than life torn away, when I drove away from that most be-

loved spot; and now that I am arrived here, and feel a seal as it were put upon the reality that former things are passed away and all things become new, it does weigh me down very heavily at times with the sense of my changed life. I would not have you think of me as better than I am, and look on my faith as other than it is, often weak and sensitive to outward hindrances. I *know* in whom I trust; and it is a special comfort to be *sure*, as every Christian may, that though our Father may see fit that His children should be at times left without the support of His countenance, and feel all the weight of earthly sorrow, it is only for a time, and to give a deeper sense of dependence on that love which will assuredly be poured out on all who seek it, and which can make the wilderness of this world like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. It was not the excitement of the moment, it was an enduring reality—that which I felt so strongly in that dear church on Sunday evening, when in the overpowering sense of parting for ever with that house of God where *he* had delivered the good tidings, where we had knelt together Sunday after Sunday in the congregation of our affectionate people, and where we had shared together the food of heaven—it was not, blessed be God, only the effect of Mr. Kilvert's words that lifted me up from God's earthly tabernacle,—then one could not hope to feel the same when the means are taken away,—but it is to the loving-kindness of Him who wept over the grave of Lazarus, that the poor widow looks and knows the time will come, when those who have loved their Saviour and joined in communion with Him in His house of prayer on earth, will with 'His redeemed return and come with singing unto Zion, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.' If there were no other words of comfort in the whole Bible, surely these *ought* to make all suffering seem light, with the additional promise that not only sorrow shall be done away, but

everlasting joy shall be on our heads. If a thousand years in God's eyes seem nothing compared with this weight of glory, why is it that we count ten, twenty, hirty years so endless a time? Rather let us feel how all too short it is for us to show our sense of His boundless love towards us, if by enduring all things in the strength that He Himself gives, we can in any—even the least way—prove our love to Him. You, my dear friend, may never, I trust, be called upon to bear a cross so heavy as mine; but a cross you must bear if you would be Christ's disciple, and the cross of daily self-denial, of daily forbearance towards others, of daily sacrifice of your own pleasure, your own ease, even your own desire of doing your Master's work, will come back to your own soul, be assured, with tenfold greater blessing than the best sermon you ever hear, or the kindest friends, or the most useful books. There must first be *life* in the soul as well as in the limbs, but when that is awakened, it is exercise that will invigorate the graces of the one, as it does the power of the other, and the more trial there is, the more you will be drawn into conformity to Him who was perfected through suffering.

"I am fully sensible myself of the love God has shown to my soul by every trial He has sent, and I trust that from the present weight of sorrow I may with thankfulness yield that fruit He meaneth to draw from the branch he has purged. . . . I have much to say to my dear friends, but it must wait till I write again, I will only now send my kindest love to all who ask after me, and bid them not forget to pray that God will hear the cry of those in tears and give them peace and comfort."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Hurstmonceaux, August* 15, 1834.—I am so weak I have been forced to give up visiting my only two poor acquaint-

ances here. I regret it very much for one of them whose days are numbered. She suffers greatly and with much patience, and it has been a great delight to me to speak to her of the glad tidings, and now He who has in some degree opened her heart, can open it still further, and pour in the balm without my feeble help. The last time I went I asked what she would say if in prison and condemned to death, I came and said I would die for her, and the Judge would pardon her. Her eyes filled with tears, 'Oh, ma'am, what should I do?'—'I will tell you, you would feel such love and thankfulness you could not do enough for me.'—'Oh, that I should indeed.' It was easy to see how she believed what I said, because she saw and heard me, and that she did not believe what Jesus said, because she did not see and hear Him. And is it not wonderful that we should *not* believe? I sometimes think it *is* passing belief that the Lord of Heaven and earth should come down and become a carpenter's son, without a home, and be mocked and scourged, and crucified for *me*. A thousand years of life could not show my thankfulness; and yet, when I am very weak, a glow of pleasure comes over me to think that in a few years perhaps this poor cage will be worn out and the day's toil be over, so impatient is my weak heart under His will. And yet I long too to live and help others on, so far as lies in my power, to like *precious* faith."

The one drop wanting in the cup of married happiness at Alton had been that no child had been given, and as his earthly life was fading, Augustus Hare had grieved that his Mia should not have this interest left to comfort and solace her. In the solitary hours of her long return journey it had occurred to her as just possible that her brother-in law Francis and his wife might be induced to give up their

youngest child, Augustus, born at the Villa Strozzi, in the first weeks of her sorrow, and to whom she had been godmother. When she was established at Hurstmonceaux rectory, she determined to make the attempt, and was almost as much surprised as rejoiced by the glad acquiescence her proposal met with. She stipulated that the child should henceforward be hers and hers only, in every sense of the word, and that it should be brought up to consider all her family as its relations, as near—or nearer than those who were related to it by blood. But no opposition was made to her wishes, and it was promised that the child should be sent to her in the following summer, when it would be fifteen months old.

How happy this adopted relationship of mother and son became in after years—how close their union, how filled with every blessing to the child who in heart was more than her own, who shared her every interest, her every thought—none but those who had a part in their daily life can tell.

M. H. *to* Mrs. Hare.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, July* 22, 1834.— . . . . I have had much to go through since we returned to England, and the last and heaviest pang of all, that of returning to the dear home I loved so much, and of leaving it for ever, has been very difficult to bear. God, however, has strengthened me through this suffering, and in many ways it has been softened to me. Especially comforting was the affectionate sympathy of all our poor people at Alton. They have all united to put up a tablet in the church expressive of their love and gratitude, and neither the poorest nor the youngest person in the parish would be excluded from offering his mite—one old man came two hours before the time ap-

pointed, with his sixpence, for fear of being too late. My sister was with me all the time of my stay, and came with me here last week. She is now returned into Cheshire, and I have taken up my abode here for three or four months. Julius's kind and gentle attentions are most soothing to me, and, when I am strong enough, the helping him in his parish duties will be the greatest interest I can find. He seems to have got an admirable curate in Mr. Sterling, but as they are both quite inexperienced in such matters, I hope even my little mite of experience may sometimes be of use. This house is most comfortable, and, by the kindness of his friends, Julius has been enabled to furnish it very well and suitably. In books and pictures he is very rich. . . . . And now, my dear Anne, I have a great request to make, and one that if you think it very unreasonable you must forgive. Do you think that I could prevail upon you and Francis to consent to part with your little Augustus, and to give him up to me? I am aware that it is a bold petition, and if you had not so many to provide for, I should not think of making it; but, as it is, I have thought that if you could be induced to such a sacrifice, it would be such a very great delight and interest to me, to have that little child to rear up and love, that life would again seem to be worth having in its prospect. . . . . All I ask is, that you will take my proposition into consideration, and give it a patient hearing. Should you be disposed to accede to it, my own earnest request would be to have your little babe as soon after it is weaned as it could bear the journey, and as any opportunity should occur of its coming to England. I think that you would thus feel less in parting with it, and that it would become doubly endeared to me by having the care of its childhood."

"*Sept.* 30.—It gave me more pleasure than anything else in this world could give me, to hear that you and Francis

were favourably disposed toward my request, and that I might look forward to having your little Augustus for my own. Your wishes that I should reconsider the desire I had expressed are very kind and considerate, and in many cases there would be justice in them: in my case I feel there is a difference—which you who knew us comparatively little could hardly be expected to enter into—from common separations of the same kind; and though in the course of time the acutenesss of the pain will no doubt be worn down, the severing of a bond so very close can never be otherwise than deeply felt, till the time comes when the separation will end, and though he cannot return to me, I may, through the mercy of God, be permitted to rejoin him. In looking forward to that time, and pressing on in the way he went, I have constant peace and comfort, and the hope of having a dear little child to share my otherwise solitary home, makes the future look far less dreary than it would naturally do. I rejoice to hear that you are likely to be in Switzerland, and that I may hope to have my precious charge sent to me next summer, when I shall hope to be established in a house of my own in this parish, and to become a *deaconess* under Julius and Mr. Sterling."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Sept.* 1.—I had not much fear of what Mrs. Hare's answer would be, but am glad indeed it is so decisive of their feelings. Julius and I had already looked forward to the possible destiny of that little child, altogether forming such a beautiful link in the chain of interest at Hurstmonceaux, such an additional tie there; and if not for that, there is the more certain future to bring him up to and for, and it does make me think with far greater pleasure of the cottage, that almost as soon as you are settled he will come, that he will begin his new life there with you.

"Your description of your own state of mind seems to me the very thing that one looks to as *the* state in another world—*the* sort of enjoyment of knowledge, beauty, everything; such it must be in species, however inferior in degree. I believe the best thing for you just now would be, if you had bodily strength, to do some mechanical work, which would a little take off the ferment of thought you speak of—doing nothing you *cannot*. The simplest and easiest mechanical occupation would hinder the machine inside from going too fast."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Sept.* 25, 1834.—Your meditation on the offices of the Redeemer came peculiarly home to me, as I had been not long before thinking a good deal on the type of His High Priesthood in Melchizedek: the *tithes* offered to him in the name of the faithful by Abraham seeming to present an especially useful lesson for all believers, as also the bread and wine with which he refreshed and blest his servant affords much spiritual comfort in the sure and certain hope of such nourishment being derived from our blessed High Priest in the Sacrament of His supper. . . . . But when I particularise this source of comfort, I feel I am doing injustice to those varied and hidden riches of secret places that day by day are springing up and furnishing me with fresh consolation and encouragement—opening new glimpses of the mercy of my God and Saviour, and urging me on with new zeal to help forward others in a way of such exceeding gladness. Though much tried by pain and the irritability of great physical nervousness, I have been constantly blest in the inner man, and can most truly testify to the truth of Cowper's words, 'Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love, she communes with her God.' And this most graciously permitted foretaste of Heaven does lead one from 'the

sweetness of the stream' to think so highly of the 'Fountain,' that scarcely a regret can at such times be felt—let me rather say it is changed into a thankful joy—in thinking of those who are now freed from earthly weakness and infirmity, and rejoicing with the Lamb that was slain. Happy it is for us, for us poor, weak mortals, that sin and self are opened to our view at the same time with heavenly hopes, or we should soon learn to fancy some self-earned merit in the free and undeserved bounties of our God."

M. H.'s NOTE-BOOK.

"*Sept.*, 1834.—It often seems to me as if my own spiritual experience afforded a clue to the varying opinions and theories of others; formed as they usually are on *one* state of feeling, and not on the many states through which a Christian has to pass.

"At Rome, when I had so felt the real weight of sin, that I could not hope for eternal happiness from any good works of my own, and had sought and obtained peace through faith in Christ's all-sufficient sacrifice and merits, then followed a complete renunciation of self into God's hands. It seemed for a time as if self was swallowed up in the contemplation of eternity and the assurance of the inheritance bought for me by Jesus. All the rubbish of earthly-mindedness seemed swept away, and I lay, as it were, quite passive for the actings of God's spirit. Thoughts of God were the first to spring up in the morning; my heart waited not for my head to teach it how to pray, but was lifted up unconsciously and without effort in words of prayer and praise. The looking to Jesus as my Saviour, though before the all-prevailing and influential source of love and gratitude, seemed now for a season to be lost in the adoration of God Himself, and the operation of His Spirit on my soul, sometimes felt almost sensibly in an indescribable

communion with Him who is '*in us* all," became more exclusively the object of my thoughts. In prayer I felt most strongly that God was *in me*, that I no longer had to search for. Him out of self; His temple was my heart. I knew nothing then of mysticism; I had never read a word of that school of theology: but I sometimes thought within myself this must be very much what the *Quakers* feel. There was then no temptation to try me; I was abstracted from the world, lived in a complete atmosphere of spiritual and heavenly thoughts, and sin seemed to be completely dead. But this was not to last—my peaceful, uninterrupted heaven on earth—my Roman solitude—ended. The journey, with all its trials of fatigue, illness, sorrow, the having again to do with my fellows, soon showed me that sin, though lulled asleep for awhile, was not dead, and, of course, the near view of heavenly things I had obtained, quickened the mind to detect the least falling away from the perfect union of my will with God's, that for a time seemed to have been allowed. Then frequent, painful experience of the continued, though subdued power, that self retained, brought me again to feel the blessedness of the Saviour's love and righteousness, to feel the comfort of the forgiveness He had bought, and the sure dependence I might place on *His* perfect goodness in the sight of God, as a rock never to be moved, while my sanctification must ever be imperfect, and if the sole ground of hope for justification, must be unstable.

"So, as it seems to me, is it that there is a *germ* of truth contained in Quakerism, Mysticism, and even the enlarged Unitarian notion of the Godhead. . . . but all equally fail in not being adapted to the corruption of the outward world, wherein, without becoming hermits, temptation to evil is unavoidable, and corruption in the heart—which, though rendered in the regenerate *subordinate* to the love of

God—is not rooted out. So that without continual beholding of God in Jesus Christ, we shall grow cold in love; without looking to Him as our justification, we shall become faint in hope; and without making Him our example, we shall come short in holiness."

"*Nov.* 1.—When from outward circumstances or inward temperament, the Bible is the main food of my mind through the day, and all other supply of intellectual nourishment is only the garnish, as it were, to this chief dish; or, to borrow an image from music, when God's word is the air, and man's word only the accompaniment, my soul is kept in perfect peace; it feels as if all were in its right place and fitting proportion. When, on the contrary, from hindrances from without or within, this is not so, and the wisdom of man is most prominently brought before me, and that of God thrown into the distance, I feel ill at ease, and my mind seems tossed to and fro without stay or peace.

"Nervous sympathy with others greatly adds to the difficulty of maintaining a firm position when with those who feel differently; but perhaps this too may, by prayer and watching and self-denial, be conquered through His power, who is able to *subdue* all things to Himself. I have not yet *resisted unto blood.* What must have been the struggle, the fight of the divine against the human nature which went thus far!"

"To the natural man, Time is the substance, Eternity the shadow; to the spiritual man, Eternity is the substance, Time the shadow."

"The difference of touch between a sensitive and nervous woman and a rough ploughboy, is much that which there is in being with or without a thick gardening glove. Many people seem to have a glove upon their minds, and to feel nothing but the broadest and most general outlines of a thing."

"It would be as unwholesome for the mind to feed only on Scripture, as it would be for the body to be restricted entirely to bread or to meat. There are diseases of the body which require for a time the simple diet of *one* kind of food; and so the mind, under peculiar trials or temptations, needs only divine truths to nourish and strengthen it, and would not be able to digest other spiritual food. But this is not the healthy and healthful state of either body or mind. The variety of powers in both require a variety of nourishment, that no one power may go without its fitting support, and that all may be invigorated and strengthened together."

"The worldling's motto is Self-indulgence; the Christian's is Self-denial."

"In God's kingdom we cannot remain on neutral ground; those who are not *for* are *against*. But there are many who appear to man's eyes to stand neutral, because he cannot discern whether the seed within is ripening into life, or withering away to death."

"The soul that has once enjoyed the light of God's countenance could no more disbelieve, though it were

never to be permitted to see it again, than the existence of the sun could be doubted, though perpetual clouds were to obscure it."

"Gleams of sunshine often light up the distant landscape, while the sky over our heads is covered with clouds: so is the reflected light of Christ's righteousness often seen in the members of His body, while the Sun of glory Himself is hid from view; and by those who have never beheld His face, the light which beams on His servants is ascribed to their own nature, and not recognised as a borrowed light."

"When the new man is 'put on,' the old man is not, alas, put *off;* it is only put *under.*"

"No anthropomorphism in the New Testament? Is not the very essence of it contained in the manifestation of the Incarnate God in the form of a servant—the Word made flesh—seen—heard—handled—carried up into heaven—there sitting at the right hand of God the Father?

"The Trinity in Unity is revealed in the Old Testament; the division of persons in the New.

"They follow two lines—Theology as a *science,* and Religion as a personal way to salvation."

"The natural conscience can discern a difference between right and wrong abstractedly, but when unrenewed by divine grace, there is no struggle against the wrong when

evil is present to the mind; whereas the new man feels the sin warring within him at the time of its greatest influence, and strives to overcome it and gain the victory."

"Christ tells us that the way of life is narrow, and that few find it. But we are commonly told that it is very uncharitable to suppose that any but decided malefactors will not enter heaven. How wide, then, must be the way, and how many find it!"

"The man of the world comes to me and talks of the comfort I must find in *Religion:* that God will strengthen me, perhaps. It is an abstract assertion, quite true indeed, but could give me no comfort in itself. The Christian talks to me of God's love in Christ, and we dwell on the Saviour's love till our hearts burn within us, and till the full depth of present suffering seems light in comparison of the glory to come. The one looks as a spectator on a scene in which he bears no part, the other as a fellow-actor in a reality of which he is sharing both the joy and the trials."

"'We walk by faith, not by sight.' In these days we walk by *sight*, not by *faith*. In all our dealings with each other this is evidently the case: a reason must be given, a proof shown of every act and every opinion; it must be *demonstrated* to us that our friend is right in a tangible form, by some actual experience, before we will take it for granted. Again, in education, the appeal is made to the senses, not to the reasoning powers: a child is taught numbers not by an act of the mind, but by perception of the eye."

"We feel oppressed when kindness after kindness is poured in upon us by man, and no opportunity presents itself of rendering any return. Would that we were equally moved by receiving benefits from God, and yielding him no token of thanks."

"The poor copies of Christ's life which are presented to us even in the lives of the most sincere Christians, resemble the copies of good pictures made by little children. The proportions are all faulty, and the colours do not blend together. There is a likeness, but so imperfect a one, that we must not take pattern by the copy, but ascend up to the original and study its every feature, there, where alone it is perfect."

"It is much easier to catch hold of and imitate the infirmities attendant on the virtues of others, than to follow the simple grace itself; and often the two are so closely associated in our minds that we cannot distinguish them."

"The same pencil is hard upon one paper, and soft upon another. How is this? Does the pencil change? We see clearly here how the effect varies according to the substance on which the pencil acts. And equally certain is it that the seed, which is the Word of God, though unchangeable in its own nature, produces different results, according to the soil of the heart into which it falls. Yet many seem to think only one impression can be produced, and that all others must be wholly false.

"It is as if one ray of the sun alone were the real one, and all other rays a delusion. Truly, God's thoughts are not as

man's thoughts. How wondrous are the riches and variety of His works and ways."

"I should like to add a word to one of the petitions in the Litany, saying, 'Forgive us our sins, negligences, ignorances, and *prejudices*.' How many wrong thoughts of others, false estimates of things, and self-delusions, are the result of prejudices formed hastily, or from some bias of feeling, from drawing conclusions on insufficient knowledge, or too great confidence in our own judgment."

"Some good people seem to think that because self-sacrifice is a noble thing, everything in which self is sacrificed must be good and right. But our views of sacrifice, like all others, are often dim and confused. Sometimes self is sacrificed most where it may appear to be giving up least, and sacrificed least when it seems to be giving up most."

"In the Prayer Book we speak to God, in the Bible God speaks to us; yet in these days how many exalt the one to an equality with the other, who would cry out if accused of making the voice of man of equal authority with that of God."

"In old days there was a simple and plain notion of *duty* which was instilled into children, and acted on by men. Nowadays every such act is considered in the light of a sacrifice, and acquires thereby insensibly the garb of a merit, so that if it is not fully recognised, or is fruitless, there is

disappointment and a feeling of having made the sacrifice in vain.

"Those who make these sacrifices are held up to admiration and praise, while such as do not appear thus to give up anything for others are looked upon as selfish and worldly. But in this, as in all other things, Satan is busy to intermeddle and deceive. Often, in the unobserved, silent performance of duty, which is felt to be the natural and proper element of life, where no thought of a self to be given up has place, and no alternative of self-pleasing comes into the mind, more of the real spirit of Christ dwells, and the fruit of peace is more visible, where nothing is expected, no disappointment felt."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Hurstmonceaux, August* 5, 1834.— . . . I feel ambitious for you, my friend, that you should become *altogether* a Christian, and if, through means of my own experience, I can help you on, I shall be very grateful. There are many things I should like to say to you, because I know well there are many in which you may, out of the very warmth of your heart and earnestness to do right, need counsel. One of these is that in these days when there is much profession, and a great *talk* of godliness, one should bear in mind that, as far as others are concerned, *consistency* is the great and most prevailing means in our power of showing forth that there is *truth* in what we believe. The great scandal and offence of the cross of Christ is not *always* to be attributed to its own self-denying principle, though *that* is doubtless the chief stumbling-block, but often the faithful and zealous servants of Christ add their own offence by showing forth only a *part* of their Master's doctrine. Many,

who have a full and a true view of what Christ has done for them, rest satisfied with love to the *Crucified*, without seeking to follow the *example*. It is in this way, I think, Dissenters often err, and that I feel our own Church follows more closely what is Christian truth; that without dwelling on one part to the exclusion of another, without bringing one doctrine forward and keeping others back, it takes that full and complete view of the whole that one meets with so perfectly in God's word, and so seldom in man's. It is that union of the principle of utter self-abasement and dependence on Christ alone, and the fruits of that principle shown forth by sanctification of the inner man growing more and more as the believer goes on from strength to strength. . . . And do not turn from the supposition that you may be of use to others. Remember our Lord's disciples had but five loaves and two fishes, and yet His blessing converted those small means into food for four thousand people; and so will He bless all, even the very least of our services, if consecrated to His glory, and not as, alas! they so often are, to *our own*. You, in your class of life, just as effectually as I in mine, may render to the Lord your humble attempts to win others to His service. Do not look for means of serving him *out* of the situation He has placed you in, but look for them *in it*, and you will not be at a loss to find plenty of occasions to prove that you are desirous of being indeed counted His child. . . . If you are in any difficulty, think of Christian's Roll—there he found his guide, and you will find yours, and the same weapon of *All-prayer* which he used, must be yours too. . . . . I can only, in conclusion, commend you to His almighty care, who can sanctify you, body, soul, and spirit, and make you a temple fit for Himself. Lean on him and not on yourself, and look from your own imperfect and spotted holiness to the blessed Jesus, till you become

likened to His image, and conformed to the mind that was in Him. To Him let every thought and word and deed be consecrated, and He will pour upon you of His peace and consolation."

L. A. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Nov.* 25, 1834.—You will be as glad to hear from me from this place as I am to write to you from it. I am more satisfied about Maria since I came. She is very weak, but she looks so well, so bright, so cheerful, I cannot think there is anything materially wrong; but we must wait for time to restore strength to a frame which has been so much shaken. She lies on the sofa all day, and Julius watches over her with the tender care of a mother over a darling child. You may guess how much we talk, how happy we are again together. It is like a dream being here, the spot which in our earlier visions was to be the *Alton*. It is a bleak-looking country, but not ugly even at this season; and there is something very beautiful and peaceful in the church and churchyard standing on the hill overlooking the wide campagna, with the sea beyond. I have been over the castle, and been shown the scenes of many of Marcus's early plays and recollections. This house is beautiful with books and pictures, and the bright conservatory communicating with the drawing-room and study. Maria lies in the former, with Bunsen's perfect bust opposite, and *the* Raphael on her right. I have driven past her home that is to be; it stands very conveniently for the church and school, and many cottages near, and there are good open fields and walks to the back, and a wide extended view. Julius and Mr. Sterling have been very busy establishing a Sunday-school, and you would have been delighted to see the teachers— all grown men, labourers and farmers—

giving their whole hearts to the work; they come voluntarily, for no pay, and attend regularly."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Stoke, Dec.* 15, 1834.—Here I am once more in my father's house. The first two days I seemed to see Augustus's vacant chair, and hear his voice in every room. When I open my Bible I can hardly turn to any part but those chapters of St. John we read in Greek together. When I look out on the well-known view I can hardly give you any idea of the degree in which it appears to me as a *picture* of past days, a scene seen through a glass, with which I have no connection, and which has no reality. It gives me no pain; and I look on Hodnet Rectory and the Hawkestone Woods with a deadened feeling of consciousness that all has passed away that once gave them life, but with scarcely any feeling that I am a sufferer by it. . . . . The prevailing feeling I have at present is always not how much I have suffered, but what shall I render to God for all the exceeding mercies with which he has loaded me."

"*Jan.* 17, 1835.—My dear Luce, this was the day we reached Rome: how different from this one! I look out now on a snowy world, and feel myself within a poor and solitary Mia, whose happiness would be for ever gone had not God of his exceeding mercy given me to prefer Jerusalem above my chief joy—yes, even above my Augustus—my Alton. Then, how I suffered from the heat, from the anxiety, hourly increasing anxiety; but the end and hope of our journey was before us. At the extremity of the plain rose up St. Peter's, and recollections of the eternal city were swallowed up in the sight of Augustus's birthplace, in the hope of his restoration—alas! in how little anticipation of his heavenward flight. Every day, every hour of the next month will come before me as vividly as if it were yester-

day; but it is only to make me bow with deeper thankfulness, and more entire submission to Him who has so led me through the deep waters without allowing them to overwhelm me. You will easily guess that now, when we are the original Stoke trio once more, when I have no outward thing to hide from me the bare reality of *his* absence, I feel more sensibly than I have ever yet done that on this earth I am alone; and yet never did I feel more truly that I am *not* alone, since Emmanuel himself, 'God with us,' has been made known to me in all His power."

"*Feb.* 21.—'In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the *angel of His presence* saved them: in His *love* and His *pity* He redeemed them, and bare them all the days of old.' These words were my comforters on the 18th, the words with which I strove to cast off the strong and painful recollection of the last struggles of a departing spirit, and look up to Him who then in that hour of first desolation, no less than through a whole widowed year, has 'looked down on me and had compassion.' . . . . It is so blessed a privilege to *roll* all one's cares over on God, to know that He will watch over those that love Him, that not one drop will be added to the cup beyond what is good and wholesome. My song of praise on that first morning of my widowhood (Ps. xviii. 14 to the end) has been truly mine through this year. May I be graciously permitted to sing it with increasing earnestness, to feel the 'Head Stone of the corner' more and more truly my refuge and dependence, till I may sing it in the heavenly Jerusalem with him who is now rejoicing in all the fulness of joy. You need not fear for my health: I am creeping on by very slow degrees, and in His own good time my Heavenly Father will give me such a portion of ease and comfort as He sees good for me, to do the work He has for me. May I only be faithful in His service, and count all loss but the furthering His glory and

being conformed to his image. I know now how *little* I believe, how weak is my faith, how much I lack of humility and Christian love; and I know that I can no more rest on myself for one moment than the tottering babe can let go of its mother's hand. But I am ambitious! I do desire to advance far along the road I have now only entered, and to draw many along with me. Still the flesh is weak though the spirit is willing, and at present I can only suffer and endure."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Dec.* 27, 1834.—How truly in thinking of you this Christmas, my Mia, do I feel the contrasted feelings of the two lives a Christian lives; all the sadness of the natural heart, which, if this life were all, or the larger part, would make one feel what a mockery it were to wish you a *happy* Christmas, remembering *what* your Christmas *was*, and what it is *now*. But the less one is able to look to earth, the more do I delight to think how I can rejoice with you even more than I could do perhaps on any former Christmas. In thinking of your sorrows, my heart bounds forward more eagerly to meet and welcome *Him* who gave Himself for our sins, that we might be *delivered* from the present evil world; and I can think of the change to him, your beloved Augustus, how this time last year he was 'grieved and wearied with the burden of sin,' scarcely able to believe his salvation secured,—and now he is saying Glory to God, in the midst of the heavenly host, and is rejoicing in God his Saviour.

"On Christmas Day I thought of our dinner last year at Genoa, and that solemn ending to it,* which almost startled one at the time. Of you I thought with no feeling but

* Augustus had administered the Sacrament at that time to his family.

thankfulness. I feel as if with this life's sorrows you have *done*, as if its emotions of joy or pain could never ruffle your spirit for more than a moment. A little longer, a little more work to be done perhaps in the service of the Heavenly Master, and then you also will *enter in*. In the latter part of the angel's song, Peace and good-will to man, you could and did most fully join at Alton; but oh! how far brighter and purer will be the Day never to end, when you shall find yourself with your angel one, singing, *Glory to God* in the highest."

JULIUS HARE *to* REV. F. BLACKSTONE.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *December* 5, 1834.—I rejoice to say that my widowed sister, who has been spending the summer and autumn with me, has resolved to fix her home in this parish. It is the greatest blessing which, after so irreparable a loss, could have befallen me; and my parishioners too will all find it a blessing to them. She lives in heaven with him who is gone before her; but is contented to wait with patience till God in his own time shall think fit to reunite her to him."

M. H. *to* MISS MILLER.

"*December* 23, 1834.—. . . . I can only give you to-day my Christmas wishes and prayers that this season may be blessed to you. Do not look *back* too much, but look *on*. You will grow more upright by lifting up your head and gazing upward, than by lamenting over and looking at your crookedness: and the more your eyes are fixed on the Saviour's image, the more you will desire to become like Him and learn your own unlikeness. You must bear in mind that since you have been permitted to *taste* that the Lord is gracious, the state of your religious feelings, especially if excited by outward means, is no sure test of your

soul's growth; and that what *you* have to look to and seek after is a daily practical conformity to the mind of Christ in self-denial and meekness, and that true love that beareth, endureth, and hopeth all things."

M. H. *to* Miss Hibbert.

"*Stoke Rectory, December* 24, 1834.—Your letter, my dearest Lætitia, came when I was on the point of leaving Hurstmonceaux, and the subsequent journey here, and the rest necessary since I arrived, has prevented my writing sooner. But I will delay it no longer, as I find it always needful to take the opportunity now of seizing any hour of *wellness* to do what I wish to do; feeling so uncertain of its continuance. If you have any knowledge of my weak and nervous state of body, you will be glad to hear I bore the fatigue of the long journey and painful excitement of the return here far better than I could have hoped; but He who has so mercifully watched over me through every past suffering has guided me through this trial also, though, as you may well believe, it was impossible to return to my father's house, lonely and desolate, instead of bringing with me the joy and happiness of my earthly life, without much suffering and sorrow; but a loving God has strengthened me, and kept my heart fixed on that heavenly home to which this life is but a short journey—a pilgrimage surrounded by blessings and mercies far above what we can deserve or look for. It is my constant grief to feel that all the strength and comfort I have, is attributed to *my* mental power of exertion, whilst I am so sensible that were I for one day to have my cruse of oil unrenewed, my strength of mind would, with the present pressure on it, give way at once. Were it not for the all-sustaining arm of my Redeemer and my God, for the gracious answers He vouchsafes to my unworthy prayers, I should be weaker than the weakest; for it is

always forgotten by those who so set up the natural strength of character, that along with it goes also a natural strength of feeling that requires even a greater degree of supernatural strength than a mind weaker in itself. When, when will people learn to give glory to God in the Highest! My dear Lætitia, I have now, as you know, been ten months in the greatest of all human afflictions; for the last five months I have been constantly ill and extremely weak; all resources of active life have been entirely cut off, my longings to benefit others—first the poor and afterwards my own family—by leading them in the right way, have been entirely prevented, and I have been forced to give up one attempt after another at exertion both of body and mind; and yet I can most truly say that never has my abiding peace, nay, even happiness, deserted me. 'The shadow of a great rock in a weary land' has been over me. He who has promised to comfort, even as a mother comforteth her child, has comforted and refreshed me. My connection indeed with this earth does seem altogether rent asunder, and all around me even here, where there is so much to remind me of the past, appears like a dream, a picture that I can look at, now the first shock is over, almost without emotion. My real life is that hidden one with Christ in God which is a never-failing well-spring of delight; and though in proportion as my health enables me to return more to the usual routine of daily life and society, the struggle must be greater to preserve the spiritual joy and peace that can support me under the earthly privation, I have found constant and earnest prayer so effectual, my God so faithful, so tender in mercy and loving-kindness, that I feel as if it would be the height of ingratitude, the most inexcusable want of faith, were I for one moment to doubt that He will bear me up unto the end, and that He will never give me one trial or struggle more than is fit for me. My prevailing feeling on returning

here is not how much I have suffered, but how much mercy I have received during the past year. To have the gulf removed that separated me from God, to feel that union as of a branch in the Vine, makes all suffering appear light, since it is His will—since by it we may be more closely conformed to His image who was made perfect through suffering. Were it not for this, were it not for the unspeakable joy of feeling that Jesus came at this time to be *my* Saviour, to buy for me an inheritance undefiled, there where my beloved and angel one is now rejoicing before His throne, how could I bear the remembrance of those Christmas seasons we spent together at Alton, so blessed in every earthly happiness? How could I support the recollection of last year's watching by him at Genoa? The glad tidings, mingled as they are with such thoughts, come with a chastened and sober joy; but it is such as is most meet for the waiting Christian, who has yet to bear the burden of sin, and is not yet permitted to taste fully the glory that is to be revealed. Much as it has been given me to feel of spiritual joy and love, doubtless to lighten that weight of earthly sorrow that would otherwise have been too heavy for me to bear, I feel sure the safest and surest state for one travelling along the ordinary path of life, must be one of quiet and confiding dependence on the Saviour's strength and simple obedience to his will, whether of doing or suffering. I asked *earnestly* for strength to be given to me for going once more to Alton, which appeared almost impossible at the time: it was granted. From the time I besought restoration of health to enable me to get here, which had been delayed from week to week, it was given. I mention these to strengthen your faith, which you say is weak. Of course temporal gifts must be altogether submitted to His fatherly knowledge and wisdom, but we must not be afraid of making *all* our requests known to such a Friend."

To the same.

"*Stoke, Jan.* 29, 1835.—I have this morning seen in the paper that your house is become a house of mourning. I know none of the particulars attending your affliction, and am therefore altogether ignorant of the peculiar consolations or trials with which it is accompanied. But the loss to you of a parent, to your beloved mother of a husband, is one of so serious a nature that with the feelings of a fellow-mourner I cannot rest till I have poured out to you something of that comfort with which I have myself been comforted. I know indeed most truly how powerless human comfort is: that there is One alone who at such seasons can arise with healing on His wings; still the voice of a sister in sorrow, a sister in Christian hope, cannot be unacceptable. You will already have felt the exceeding mercy that allows us in such heaviness of heart to go *boldly* to the throne of grace; you are, I doubt not, daily experiencing the blessedness of that refuge from the storm provided for us in Him who was made perfect through suffering, and who, having been touched with our infirmities, knows so truly the weakness of His poor children, and how utterly inefficient their own efforts would be, without His strengthening grace. It is only, I am persuaded, by an entire and full renunciation of our own wills, a child-like submission to His loving though chastening hand, that we can find peace and rest for our souls. And even if all appears dead and gloomy, even though there may not be that sensible comfort, that precious hope which is sometimes vouchsafed to cheer and lighten our path of sorrow, it is still the Lord that doth it, and most surely will He do as seemeth unto Him good. Our views are short-sighted and earthly and narrow; we see little beyond our own little world of hopes and fears, but He who is Lord of all, knoweth all the breadth and length

and depth and height of wisdom and of love, and will appoint all things for His glory. He can make all things work together for good to *those that love Him*, and will doubtless, by means of this trial of your faith, renew your strength and lead you to a more steadfast and abiding hope of glory. And your dear mother, too, will be led to a firmer trust in Him who is the stay and support of the widow and the fatherless. He can bind up the broken-hearted and comfort all who mourn, and when we are weary and heavy laden, He is ever near, calling us to come to Him, and by meekness and lowliness of heart find rest and peace. Oh, when we look at our perverse hearts, and feel how often we have as sheep gone astray and been brought back to the fold by His guiding care, when we feel that He is the Shepherd who will lead all who give themselves up wholly to Him, it is strange we should ever faint or be weary by the length of the way. A few more years, a little more trouble, and this our pilgrimage will come to a close; that better country will open before us, and every tear and every sigh wrung from us here will prove a jewel in our crown, if through its means we have been drawn closer to Him who will then be our all in all. I have found the greatest comfort in those passages where we are exhorted not henceforward to live to ourselves, but for Him who died and rose again; by keeping ever in mind that we are not *our own*, but bought with a price, and therefore all our aim, our desire, our joy should be, to glorify God with body and spirit, since they are *God's, not ours*. When I am tempted to faint at the thoughts of the dreariness of life, it may be of many years of life, it is an unfailing source of comfort to dwell upon the thought that here I am to suffer God's will, that *He* may be glorified; that my own ease and pleasure is not to be looked at for one moment, and that by conformity to the life and mind of Christ, if, through the

gracious means He Himself gives us, I am able to further the salvation of one soul, the present chastening even now appears rather joyous than grievous. A thousand years in His sight are but a day. Hereafter they will appear such to us too. Let us then forget what is behind and reach on to what is before, remembering that each trial is a *trust* for which we have to answer. It is the voice of God speaking to our souls of things to come, and warning us to leave things below. May we never rest contented with our present hope; but let us go on day by day, *growing* in grace and the knowledge of our Lord Jesus, firmly assured that *whatsoever* we ask of Him, if it be according to His will, we shall certainly receive. He is ever the same, as ready to hear to-day as He was yesterday, as abundant in grace to-morrow as to-day. May He heal all your sorrows, strengthen your faith, and quicken your love, my dear Lætitia, prays your affectionate fellow-mourner and sister in Christ.—M. H."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Stoke, Dec.* 31, 1834.—'Old things are passed away, all things are become new.' Of how few can this be said as truly as of my last year. All without and all within so changed that I can scarcely sometimes believe my identity with former days. I do grieve to part with a year that I began with *him;* it is as the last parting word—a completion of the earthly separation, a close of the blessed life it was permitted us to enjoy together. And yet this year that has so ended our temporal happiness has given him, my beloved and now sainted Augustus, to the visible presence of his God and Saviour. I have yet to travel onward toward it, but the same path will lead me to it, the same grace will strengthen me to reach it, and He who has seen fit to cause the grief, has also be-

stowed the joy of a lively hope that the inheritance is laid up for me also. Forgetting that which is behind, may I reach on to that which is before, counting all suffering light, if I may thereby be conformed to my Master's image, and glorify Him who hath so graciously dealt with his unworthy servant. There is yet many a struggle to be made, many a hard fight to be fought, many sorrows to be tasted; for though the spirit is willing the flesh is very weak—the old man will often strive to wrestle with the new, and the spirit of this world will cause me many a trial in those I love the most. Yet, through and above all I *may* be more than conqueror through Him that has so loved and blessed me. Blessed Jesus, let not my confidence fail, nor my faith be wavering, but stablish, strengthen, settle it, that after I have suffered awhile, thou mayest shorten the time of trial here and call me home."

"*Stoke, Jan.* 13, 1835.—There is in my present spiritual horizon, as compared with that I experienced at Rome, just the same difference that exists between the natural clearness and brilliancy of Roman sunshine and the comparatively faint brightness of an English sun. Then it was by *sight*, now it is by *faith* I walk: and though the sensible joy is less strong, the peace and hope is no less sure and abiding now than it was then: rather let me say it is more sure, more steadfast, for so many months of trial and mercy cannot have passed in vain. He on whom my whole soul rested in the first hours of sorrow has now been indeed a *tried*, a *proved* stone, a help ever *present* through many days and weeks of suffering; and not only has He been faithful in all mercy and blessing, He has not allowed his poor servant hitherto to be faithless to herself. Often when I have felt the strongest confidence in the strength of His arm, I tremble at the thought lest after a season of such long spiritual prosperity He should see fit to try and to humble

me by leaving me to my own weakness, lest through the infirmity of the flesh I should be tempted to let go that anchor of my soul, now so sure. But He hath said, 'I will *not* leave thee, nor forsake thee, I *will* uphold thee;' and has He ever yet failed me? Oh! faithless, unbelieving heart, how base is it to doubt for one instant the power and love of One who has so loved, so blessed, so comforted me!

"From the first dawn of reason I can trace up the striving of God's Spirit against my own evil will. He would have drawn me from myself, He would have united me to Himself, but I would not. I was indeed kept from open evil; I took note of the workings of my own mind; I knew something of the pride of my own heart; but it continued its resistance. Self maintained its hold, and all the blessings received *seemed* to strengthen its power. But this was not altogether so. The increase of light made the contrast more perceptible. The outward circumstances combined to draw me into nearer communion with heavenly things; my eyes were by degrees opened to see more of the true nature of Christ's kingdom, and more of my own unfitness for it, as so did my gracious and merciful Father lead and bring me through paths of earthly joy to that peace and hope that endureth for ever. And still self is the enemy, though subdued, ready to rise up at every temptation. Though lulled asleep for a while, I know it is still lurking in the heart. All its burden, all its weariness, never will be destroyed till this mortal puts on immortality; but I desire of my blessed Master to strengthen me to wage unceasing war against it, that He would enable me to forget and hate it more and more. And, above all other Christian graces, bestow on me a spirit of meekness and lowliness of heart."

"*Jan.* 31.—The intellect is a rich gift, and one for which we are especially responsible. It ministers above all others to God's glory, by promoting the good of men and

affording variety of means to meet the various wants of human nature. But my heart is so selfish that I often feel disposed to envy those who have less in this way to answer for; who can maintain that more simple and constant communion with God which the exertions of the mind seem often to hinder and drive away. In the first days of my spiritual joy and peace it was that *direct* looking to God and living by faith that influenced my first waking thoughts, my latest night ones: the first moment of consciousness my heart sprung up to heaven in thankful joy; words seemed to be called up without effort out of Scripture or from hymns; and before I fell asleep at night I felt quite unwilling to lose in forgetfulness the sense of my Saviour's presence. But now my mind is continually interposing with thoughts of how to clear this point and solve that difficulty, of how to express this truth, or show that error. There is a continual labouring to serve others; a restless desire to make known the riches of God's grace to my fellow-sinners. And so, I suppose, it should be in some measure; for we are here to work, not to enjoy, and God pours out of His spirit, not that we may be set free from care, but to enable us to help others on. There is, however, need for a continual supply from the fountain head, or the stream will grow muddy by its contact with earth, so that here, as elsewhere, there must be watchful nicety to discriminate how much of time and thoughts must be directly devoted to others, how much individual nourishment the spiritual life requires. It is a question too of continually recurring difficulty, how far it is necessary to give way to the pressure of weak health in allowing self-indulgence, and how far it becomes us to neglect our own ease and comfort in doing good. We are not to exert ourselves only when it is easy to do so, and to give to the Lord what costs us nothing; at the same time the hope of being restored to health, and devoting it to His

service more exclusively, makes me feel it often a duty to do nothing now. Oh! how wise, how truly merciful a command it is to *watch!* I feel jealous lest a moment's *watchlessness* should allow of the entrance of evil, the renewed struggles of self, the deceit and delusion of a perverse heart; but the guard and watch-tower in which I trust is the Lord Jesus Himself—my God!"

"*Feb.* 18, 1835.—Where, where does the spirit flee when the earthly tabernacle is left vacant, and all that was the living, the enduring part has departed? I suppose it has been asked and sought vainly and unceasingly since first the sorrowing mourner saw before him the earthly form of what he loved as all that remained, and still the mind will strive to follow the heavenward flight, and wish and long to pierce the thick gloom. My Augustus—dearest! most beloved! how could I have watched your last moments, heard the last sigh and lived on, if the precious certainty had not been mine that your blessed Spirit had left me, only to join its God. This is truly a release—a release from the imprisonment of a frail and suffering shell, from the continual struggle of a renewed soul seeking to cast off sin and be one with God, to the power of soaring up unfettered and purified to the presence of its Saviour, to feel in all its reality how far better it is to be 'absent from the body and present with the Lord.' To you, time is done away, and one year is a measure empty of meaning; to me, too, time is in one sense no longer real. I cannot love you less, nor sorrow for you less, nor feel less strongly the entire loneliness of this earth in which I live, though years should be added to years. But time is still to me a precious, a responsible gift; it is a talent to be used in a daily increasing conformity to the mind of Him who hath bought me for His own, in a continually renewed crucifixion of my own will and submission to His; in an ever-growing desire and

endeavour to glorify my God; and if, through means of all the suffering I must yet go through and the long patience with which I may yet have to wait before that blessed time when 'Thy welcome call at last is given,' I am called to minister to the spiritual wants of others—if I may be strengthened to advance through much tribulation to a higher degree of union with Christ, why should my faint heart be discouraged or cast down, since I know 'my labour is not in vain:' that 'he that *endureth* to the *end* shall receive the crown of life.'

"Death is not the end but the beginning of life. On this day my Augustus began his heavenly, his real life. Oh, gracious, merciful Father, make me Thy true child, Thy faithful servant, as he was. Give me a firm and lasting hope on the same Rock of salvation, and lead me as my good and gracious Shepherd through the dark valley as peacefully and gently as Thou hast led him, and finally receive me also to Thyself. And oh, may I lean ever on Thy guiding hand through the wilderness of this world, that I may not fall, and that, be the pressure of trouble and sorrow what it may, the presence of my Lord and Saviour may ever enlighten and cheer my darkness."

"*April* 25, *Leamington*.—How strangely and mysteriously are body and spirit linked together! sometimes the disease of one part unconsciously affecting all: sometimes the mind and body being quite *at two*. In this life, probably, we shall never know how far feelings are governed by bodily sensations: but I am inclined to think there is a morbid sensibility of the one attached to the other. I, at least, feel this the most trying part of illness, the extreme sensitiveness to every word spoken, every feeling expressed, that, in a more healthy frame, I should not regard—a sickly craving for sympathy, while the mind is quite conscious how large and unusual a share I have met with, and do still find in

all. Do I say this to excuse my own discontented, often murmuring thoughts? Oh no! There is mingled with such feelings much of the unsubdued self-will, the over-estimation of self, that marks the existence of the old man still, and the tenacious way in which it clings to even a renewed nature. Sometimes I think I have hitherto done little or nothing in the conquest over self, so powerfully and painfully am I sensible of its dominion. The two natures are so distinct that I could at any moment describe the process of thought in the one as separated from the other. It is in proportion as the one or the other prevails that I am happy or unhappy. The moment temporal things and the love of self are predominant, all is dark, gloomy, and sad—I long to flee away and be at rest. When the love of Christ is uppermost, I count all things but loss, for the blessedness He has given me, and, for the sake of promoting His glory, can rejoice in tribulation, and even desire length of days."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Leamington, April* 21, 1835.— . . . I have more especially felt the call to be ready since I came here, and found Dr. Jephson's opinion of my state to be a more serious one than we had supposed. Not that he thinks there is any present danger to be apprehended, but there is so much real disease in the system, that he thinks it is a case not to be trifled with, and that it will take a long time to set right. . . . . Nothing can be more comfortable than my situation here. I have a very good house, immediately opposite to Lady Parry, so that at any time I can have her society, or her sister Miss Stanley's. And though you may well believe that in this, my first experience of a solitary life, there are times when the contrast of former happiness is painfully felt, my abiding feeling is one of perfect peace and often of

real joyfulness. After an evening spent in communion with Him who is now my all, I hardly know how to express my thanks for His mercies to me in giving me such true, such satisfying happiness, such as this world knows not of."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Leamington*, *April* 18, 1835.—The first opinion concerning my health expressed by Dr. Jephson was so unfavourable that I had prepared myself only to look for a long continuance of illness, and I still feel feebly sensible of the necessity of being *ready*—a happy privilege to keep one ever watching lest the Master come and find the house not set in order. We are so earth-bound that, though always conscious that we know neither the day nor the hour, it requires the voice of the physician to say the enemy is really within the city, and if not expelled must vanquish. And then when that is once said, and all the issue appears to rest upon those outward events in God's own hands, over which neither doctor nor patient have any control, we are driven, as it were, to feel that the thread of earthly life is a very weak one, and that the beginning of eternal life may be at hand. What an affecting, what a fearful thought, were there not promise after promise of His all-powerful arm—'the arm of the Lord'—to sustain and bear us up when we pass through the waters or through the rivers, through the fire or through the flame, 'I will be with thee;' were there not that stronghold in time of trouble that neither tribulation nor distress can separate us from the love of Christ. I hope that I am not arrogating to myself words to which I ought to lay no claim, when I express my feeling in St. Paul's words—'to me to live is Christ, to die is gain.' Though the way may seem to be long and wearisome, if we can advance His kingdom, we may be well contented and thankful to remain here, sure that though we

may feel faint, 'the Lord will renew our strength, and enable us to mount up on wings as of eagles.' And should it be His will to remove us from a toilsome pilgrimage to a haven of rest and joy, whenever the call comes, may it find the lamp trimmed and faith in full exercise, holding fast on the Rock of ages. . . . May the hope of the future stir up the sluggish and ease-loving part of our nature to crucify self, and press forward to the image of Him we love, being changed from glory to glory, counting all sufierings light if we may be conformed to His mind, and He be thereby glorified. Though in a solitary house—solitary to the outward eye, you will believe I am not alone, and never feel the presence of my crucified Lord and Master so unspeakably near, as at such seasons of quiet and seclusion."

M. H. (1834—36. Notes for Julius Hare's life).

"At the close of 1834 and beginning of 1835, it became evident to Julius that his beloved friend and curate, Mr. Sterling, must give up his labours from ill health. He was therefore now for some months alone in his work. His letters of this period show the increased earnestness and diligence with which he followed it. He was, however, frequently cast down by his deep sense of his own insufficiency, and the worthlessness of his ministrations amongst his people. His Cambridge life had not fitted him for intercourse with the poor, and, with the tenderest sympathy with their distresses, he hardly as yet knew how to soothe or elevate them by higher thoughts, so that it was the saying of some whom he visited—'Mr. Hare is so kind, he looks so sorry, but—he does not say much.' It was reserved for his people to teach him much of the simplicity of scriptural truth. Especially was he taught by the heavenly-minded Phillis Hoad, whose death gave rise to a funeral sermon, one of the most eloquent and impressive he ever preached.

At this time also he was engaged in arranging and revising for the press the sermons of his brother Augustus, and the carefulness with which he carried out this work brought with it its own reward, in giving him a stimulus in adapting his own style to the wants of a rural congregation. Although his thoughts could not always be restrained within these limits, whatever in his subsequent sermons was popular in style and familiar in illustration, may be in great measure traced to the brotherly type he followed, and to which he ever expressed his obligation. It was in this year that he preached his first visitation sermon on, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' How distrustful he felt in undertaking the office of preaching before the clergy, how he dreaded it beforehand, and how much encouragement he received from its effect, may be seen from his account of it. It was at this period that the new Poor Law came into operation, and so much opposition was raised to it, that he felt bound to do all he could to lighten its bondage and restrain its hardships on the poor of his parish. Consequently he became guardian of the Hailsham Union. For hours would he sit each week on the appointed day, at the Board, endeavouring to moderate or direct the uncultivated, and often illiberal men, with whom he had to work. His pen was the one to write whatever statements or petitions were required, and, with little knowledge of details familiar to others, he, by refined feeling and Christian piety, was often able to soften the severity of the law. But, in spite of these exertions, and his well-known tenderness of heart, such was the prejudice against the change in the law, that all manner of evil reports were circulated concerning him—amongst other things he was accused of intending to send all the children of the parish workhouse out in a boat, to be sunk in Pevensey Bay!

"But at length these foolish calumnies died away, and a

permanent influence remained with the farmers, with whom his intercourse had then begun. In every vestry and parish meeting he was also present to control and regulate the measures suggested. In spite of the habitual unpunctuality and irregularity of his private life, he never failed in his attendance at these public meetings, whatever the annoyance or inconvenience might be.

"Another mode in which he both served the parish and learnt to know the wants of his people at this time, was by receiving every Sunday, after evening church, the pence for the clothing club. However tired by the services of the day and by attendance at the boys' school, he sate in the vestry surrounded by his parishioners, entering their weekly subscriptions in a book, and receiving their money. Often was this the opportunity for their pouring their distresses into his ear, and seeking relief which was surely given. 'Ask, and ye shall receive,' was truly fulfilled in him—an earthly illustration to the higher form of loving answer to prayer promised in those words."

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*June* 2, 1835.—The seventh blessed day that God has given me! Yes, most blessed still, though sorrowful. Years of life could not be sufficient to render thanks for the greatness of the temporal happiness, fleeting as it was, that was granted me, and far less for the weight of eternal happiness to which it has been the means of leading me. Now, indeed, my poor praises are offered up in tears, for the flesh cannot help mourning while the spirit rejoices; but the time will come when the tears will be wiped away, even by the Lord God Himself, and when in fulness of joy, unsullied by temporary and selfish sorrow, I shall be able to look on every sharp stone and rugged ground that I met with, as the point of chief rejoicing, the means by which I was

weaned from a too great love for the creature, and 'learnt to love God only and the things above.' How merciful a Father is He, who, while He looks with such tender pity on His children and binds up their wounds, still continues to chasten where He sees that it is good they should be chastened, and blesses in taking away far more than in what He gives. 'The fashion of this world passeth away.' Oh, may I feel this more and more, and as earthly things by degrees resume their power over me, may I be kept from resting on them, holding myself loose from all but God—crucifying and denying self, and losing it altogether in Christ. That grace which has hitherto sustained me, is still strong to save; may I never lose hold of it through self-dependence and slothfulness, but daily renew my dedication of all I think, and feel, and have to Him, who is my Father, Husband, and Brother. . . . . Cast out, I beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus, all that is contrary to thy Spirit, refine and purify my heart, even if it be in a furnace sevenfold heated, that it may be clothed within and without with Thy righteousness, and nourished day by day with heavenly manna, that Thou, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, the Author who hast begun and the Finisher who can complete my faith—that *Thou* mayst be glorified."

Notes by MISS MILLER (during a visit to Mrs. Hare at Corsley).

"*Corsley, June* 6, 1835.—When in my whole life have I spent such a happy day? I wish I had strength and time to mention every word and particular. After breakfast, I walked with *my* Mrs. Hare in the fields, talking of him we both loved, and of the many words and things we both remembered his saying and doing while with us on earth. At two, I drove her in the pony-carriage through much lovely scenery to Longleat. The excessive heat tried her

strength rather too much, but her words I hope to remember through eternity. Beautifully did she spiritualise all nature's striking objects, remarking once when we entered a thick grove of trees, which shaded us from the rays of the burning sun, 'This, refreshing as it is, gives us but a *very* faint idea of the shadow of that great Rock in a weary land.' And again, 'We who live in a land so mercifully supplied with water, cannot fully enter into the figurative Scripture language of "streams found in a desert"—of the invitation, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," as the eastern nations may; but in a little time we shall know the *true* meaning of the streams of the living water, and the fountain of life, where we shall drink of them and never thirst again.' For my sake she kindly entered on her own experience, desired to know my every thought, my chief trials, my weakest points, to make her usefulness greater to me. She spoke of her own advantages, natural and spiritual, with almost heavenly humility, at the same time feeling that from *her* much would be required, because much had been bestowed. She referred to her blessed time at Alton, believing that it was a season of education for her soul, to fit her for future usefulness in God's vineyard; and that the close union of thought, interest, and pursuit with a mind of no common mould, had given a premature maturity to her own, for which she felt responsible to God, desiring to use it to His glory. She remarked that after her return from Rome, after having been for so many months deprived of earthly Christian communion, when she again enjoyed it, it almost seemed to unspiritualise her, so clearly and constantly had her soul rested on God alone, while travelling alone in her carriage with only Mary and her Bible. I seem almost now to see the ascent where she so tenderly and lovingly advised me for my good, hoping the joy I found in my visit would only accomplish the end she had in view, the strengthening

me for a more diligent discharge of home duties, and not lead to any sinful regrets at my separation from her. . . . .

"*Whit-Sunday*, *June* 7.—My heart seems too full to write of this day, when I have parted from my friend. . . . At church we had the comfort of kneeling together at the blessed Table, which my beloved Mrs. Hare had not done in a church since the Sunday before she left Alton for Rome. How very singular that Mrs. Marcus Hare and I should again be with her. . . . In the evening, the hearts of those around me seemed to have been touched by a 'live coal' from off the morning's altar; and I cannot describe the rich spirituality of all that was said, nearer akin to heavenly converse than anything I have before met with. Before tea, I had my parting walk with dearest Mrs. Hare. She leant on my arm, giving me the sweetest counsel with the most Christian love; and oh! what a blessed union is this Christian fellowship, thus uniting high and low in one common bond, levelling all distinctions in regard to acceptance with God, and yet maintaining, perhaps *increasing* outwardly, the respect which one loves to give to those whom God has placed in situations so much above us, and endowed with attainments so far superior. She talked of many at Alton, and of their three successive ministers. She then left me in the garden for a time, and I went to her later in her room, where with many tears I received a little book from her, and several books and letters for the Alton people. We then knelt in prayer; and she affectionately commended me to God, and gave me her parting blessing." . . . .

M. H. *to* Rev. F. Blackstone.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, *July* 21, 1835.—. . . . May we not look upon the clouds which at present seem to dim your

spiritual horizon as trials sent to exercise your faith, quite as surely and often more severely than any outward dispensation? Is it not one form in which the Tempter is permitted to assail those who are faithful in heart though not always in deed, when he leads them to look too despondingly on their own spotted righteousness, and so draws them away from the more fixed contemplation of the stainless righteousness in which alone we can venture to appear in Zion? And does not self thus still assert her power, even when clothed in abasement, by leading us to look for our ground of hope and confidence in the new and clean heart, instead of allowing the consciousness of utter demerit to sink self altogether in the scale, and make Jesus our Righteousness *all in all?* It is presumptuous, most presumptuous, in one who is herself a babe in Christ, to speak of things which have but within the last two years been manifested to her in anything like clearness; but I can truly say, that the season of greatest spiritual joy which has been vouchsafed me, was when self was for a time utterly crushed to the ground, and I could feel—would that it were oftener the case—that I was the chief of sinners. Then the blessedness and mercy of the redeeming love which had bought an inheritance for one so unworthy did fill me with joy and love unspeakable; and it is from a deep consciousness that it is the rising up again of self that obscures this joy, which makes me feel it necessary, when inclined to be weighed down by my sense of infirmity, to look away from self, and dwell more exclusively on the glory of the Lord, by beholding which we can alone be 'changed into the same image, from glory to glory.'

"I know Mrs. Blackstone's motherly heart will be interested in hearing that I have adopted one of Francis Hare's children, a little Augustus, born at Rome a fortnight after *our* separation, and in another month I hope to have

him under my care, as I am sending out a nurse to fetch him from Germany, whither his father escorts him."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, August* 26, 1835.—My own Luce will bless God who has given a little Augustus to me,—a dear little immortal creature to train up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord: and she will, I know, pray that I may be enabled to look upon it rather as a loan than a gift, and to be ready to resign what is lent when He sees fit. At four o'clock yesterday, the carriage wheels were heard, but Julius and I listened, and all was silent, till a cry from up-stairs made me rush up. The heavy rain had wet them, and they had crept up the back-stairs. On going into the room, there the baby sate on Mary's knee, with his frock already off, smiling so winningly that, having expected to be greeted by a cry at the sight of the strange face, it was a great comfort to be met so cordially. . . . As soon as he was dressed I brought him down, and his delight in seeing the pictures was very great. Then he ran about the passage, and went into each room, looking round with an air of observation which was most amusing. He cannot say many intelligible words. He will take some trouble, I dare say, to get into obedient ways, and require some firmness to break his growing selfishness. He is much more companionable than children of his age usually are, but dreadfully passionate."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, Oct.* 6, 1835.—. . . I do not doubt that bodily indisposition has had much to do with the cloud that has lately oppressed you; and though the conviction of this should not make us slothful or careless, it ought to furnish us with a humble confidence and refreshing

comfort, to feel that all these infirmities which arise from the flesh are known to the Father, have been experienced by the blessed Son, and will assuredly be the means of purification by the Holy Spirit, if we make them causes for greater watchfulness, and if the trials they give to faith and consistency lead to a consciousness of our own weakness, and to more earnest cries for grace to help our need. I speak feelingly on this point, having so long and so continually felt how much our nervous system and bodily frame have power to influence our feelings and thoughts, and how very often the effect of renewed strength in any part that is diseased is to restore the tone of mind, and bring back the harmony that may have been for a time destroyed. Do not, then, be cast down, nor be surprised when your sensible comfort is lessened. Receive it only as one of the ways in which, so long as your spirit dwells within a corruptible body, it must continue to be tried; and make every such season profitable to your growth in grace, by striving to crucify your tendency to depression, and fighting more vigorously against the enemy, who will flee from you, if you do truly lift up the standard of the Lord—the standard of faith and prayer against all his wily suggestions. I can hardly tell you the degree in which I have at times felt the mighty power whereby God is able to subdue even the most rebellious or irritable or doubting thoughts, and bring them into that submission and peace the world knows not of, when I have cried out heartily for relief. It is our unbelief only that keeps us away from the sure support that in every trial we should find; and looking away from all our shortcomings, from our lack of faith and love, we must fix our gaze more steadfastly on the Sun of Righteousness, and so from beholding His image be transformed into His likeness, not always experiencing the joy and happiness which is reserved for the saints in light, but sharing such a

degree of consolation and *stayedness* of mind, as God may see good for us while yet seeing through the glass darkly; and resigned and content to go on in the path He has appointed for us to walk in, without any sensible token of His favour, when it seems good to Him to hide His face from us. We must ever bear in mind that, as followers of the blessed Jesus, our part here on earth is to do the will of our Father in heaven. Doubtless, in His nightly prayers and watchings, His communion with the Father was blessed far beyond what our frail natures can reach; but even He, we know, experienced the cloud of doubt, the agony of fear that God was not with Him: let us not then wonder, nor be cast down, if our view is not always clear and bright.

"To turn to Alton affairs, you must, in patience, *hope* all things; and this very exercise of faith will invigorate your own soul more than any gratified spiritual indulgence you might receive. And you may, with my kindest love, say to any who are grieving over the change, that they must remember '*praying* is the end of preaching' (as Herbert says), and they must learn to go to the house of God, not to seek his ministers only, but far more to seek Him who is there more immediately present. If in simple and childlike wish to profit and learn they attend the worship of God in His holy temple, if they make their church-going a season of *prayer*, and of learning from the rich feast out of His word that is set before them, their Sunday will not have been in vain."

XV.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD.

"Ah, if you knew what peace there is in an *accepted* sorrow."—MADAME GUYON.

JUST one mile from Hurstmonceaux Rectory, separated from it by a little wood and some swelling corn-fields, in a still retirement, surrounded by ancient trees and a bright garden, stood the pleasant old-fashioned house of Lime. The place had once been the site of a small monastic institution, of which it bore trace in a series of large fish-ponds, which occupied the hollow below its little lawn, and through which a small brook found its way into a copse carpeted with anemones and primroses in spring. Another side of the garden was girt with five lofty, jagged abele-trees, conspicuous from a great distance, and known as 'the Five Sisters of Lime,' beneath which ran a grass walk, from which there was a wide view over the levels to the distant downs and sea. The principal rooms of the house opened by large windows upon the sunny garden with its brilliant flower-beds.

If England had been searched over, a house could scarcely have been found more suited to my dear mother than Lime, and to it she removed in the second year of her residence at Hurstmonceaux.

M. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*Lime, Hurstmonceaux, Oct.* 20.—I am now settling in my new tent, pitched, I trust, in sure trust on the supporting arm of Him whose power can alone hallow it to His service; and in the hope that amidst outward loneliness, His glory will be in the midst of us, enabling us to devote ourselves to Him. The first evening of my coming here, when my little household assembled for the first time, the words of Solomon in the dedication of his temple beseeching 'God's eyes to be open toward this house day and night,' seemed to be specially applicable, and I did earnestly pray that *here* 'His name may be.' '*The Lord is there*' is always to me a most comforting name as applied to the spiritual Zion, the believer's heart, and I trust in some degree it may be true of the little household church now begun here. You, who have no dread of solitude, as so many have, will, I know, enter into the exceeding comfort I feel after two years' wandering to find myself in a home of my own, free to act and think as I deem best, and permitted by my Heavenly Father to have strength enough to go along the daily walk of life with some little—though at present but very little—ability to help others.

"The first arrival here, and seeing again so many things which recalled Alton strongly before me, was very overpowering; but it was a gentle, not a bitter sorrow, a peaceful and thankful consciousness that though he who was the joy of my former life is now removed from sight, he is still ever near in fellowship of the Spirit, and that in following the path of his Master and mine I am still walking together with him. My sweet little baby Augustus seemed as if sensible of all that I was feeling that first evening, and clung to me and kissed me over and over, as if to show his wish to comfort me. Truly, I am most richly blest in the posses-

sion of this little treasure, whose winning ways would cheer the saddest heart, and in the affectionate kindness of Julius, who is also so constant a subject of interest to me."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Lime, Nov.* 19, 1835.—I cannot tell you how perfect my life here is; how it combines all I could wish, and to exchange this quiet and peaceful life for going into the world is a trial. However, I feel it is not only right, but good; the longer I continue abstracted from the concerns of their world, the more intolerant I shall grow of the opinions and feelings of others, the more exertion will it be to mix again in any society. It is time I should live for others, not for myself, and learn that most difficult lesson, to live *above* the world though *in* it. Everywhere there will be my Master's work to do; there will be His glory to magnify by life and conversation; and all this preparation time will have been to little purpose if it has not taught me in meekness and love to live with those who feel differently."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 11, 1835.—The great riddle is, how to unite spiritual elevation of mind with the daily walk of life, not using a Christian liberty only to indulge in those high aspirations which are reserved for the saints in glory, but as those still warring in the flesh and members of a body as yet one with Christ only in grace, striving to live, not out of the world, but kept from the evil in it. When I am brought into contact with others, whose heart is entirely in this world, whose thoughts are all here, I am much too apt to be cast down and oppressed, to keep my own state of mind undisturbed. I cannot think or speak freely; it is as if a heavy clog fettered me from showing my true self. If at the cost of much self-denial this cowardly fear is broken through, the balance

seems to be overweighted on the other side. In setting forth the cause of truth and righteousness, I am apt to forget the meekness and love with which it should be enforced, and sometimes irritation of feeling, instead of forbearing love, attends the finding fault with others. So hard is it for our corrupt nature to put on Christ Jesus wholly. We may at times attain to some faint shadows of His likeness in one point or other, but then quickly is the true limit passed over, and sin usurps the place of righteousness, in the mode of doing, if not in the motive of action. . . . . The unsullied peace and joy I have so long felt in spiritual things has been a boon unspeakable in value, that has cheered me through the first year of what would otherwise have been overwhelming sorrow; now that new interests surround me, and fresh duties call for exertion, let me learn in *contentment* to receive gladly all that is given, and to relinquish anything that may be taken away: pressing forward only to the conformity with Christ which a daily self-denial can accomplish, and finding the means of that self-denial, not in any fancied good to be refused, but in fighting against the prevailing tendency of the time or place, when it acts upon me for evil, whether it proceeds from the faults of others, or from my own bodily trials of health."

"*Lime, Nov.* 1, *All Saints.*—'They seemed to him but a few days for the love he bare to her.' Oh, that such a love as this might fill my heart to Him who has so loved me, that the years of my earthly pilgrimage might, like those of Jacob's servitude, seem but a few days for the love I bear to Jesus, my Lord and my God. And so they would, if the soul could ever be kept at that height of spiritual joy and peace to which it pleases God occasionally to raise it. But, alas! it so cleaves to earth, and earth so encompasses it about, that without a life of abstraction from the world and men, it is hard to preserve the freshness of an ever-flowing

fountain of love, able to swallow up the polluted streams that are continually pouring into it. And then we begin to flag and faint and droop the wing, instead of seeking with greater earnestness the strength of Him who can renew and restore our souls by His gracious power and lift them up above every hindrance from without or from within. Oh, Satan does most truly prove himself the subtlest and most crafty of enemies in beguiling and leading us away from prayer, when he knows that we should soon become too strong for him. And there is scarcely a point in which against the convictions of experience and reason he is able to do so much, as in keeping us from a constant and regular habit of communion with our King and High Priest in *stated* prayer. In all the lives of the sainted followers of Christ we find prayer has been the great weapon whereby they have fought so good a fight, and through which they have been made more than conquerors. And yet longing as I do to follow after them, to make their pattern mine, I find it very difficult to do so in this point. Something is ever at hand to keep me away from this instrument of grace, whereby I might draw down the freedom from self and sin that I so often need. O Lord, help me in this my weakness, that I may not quench Thy Spirit, nor lose the privilege Thou hast granted of drawing near the throne of grace. So shall the oil of my lamp be ever freshly trimmed by Thee, and each day's duty and its toil lightened and guided and hallowed by the influence of Thy counsel and Thy strength.

. . . "In once more forming a household of my own, I have devoted it in heart wholly to the Lord who has provided for me a house so peaceful and so good. As the mountains round about Jerusalem, so may He be round about this house, not only to guard it from temporal evil, but to make every heart within it His temple and sanctified

by His Spirit. . . . How many of His redeemed are on this day united with us in fellowship of the Spirit. The communion of His elect stretches out in an invisible bond from earth to heaven, and unites together those who are now ministering spirits around the throne with the militant spirits on earth. My Augustus, never in our earthly union were we knit together so closely as we are now in the unity of one spirit, adoring together Him to whom we owe our all of past, present, and future bliss. You are drinking in ever deeper and purer light from the fountain of light. Oh, may I not seek for happiness or good in any lower source, but be permitted to mount higher and higher to that knowledge and that joy which is now yours for ever!"

"*Nov.* 22.—'Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee' these seven-and-thirty 'years, to humble thee, and to prove thee, and to know what was in thy heart.' Truly, the chastening has been that of a loving Father, willing 'to do me good at my latter end?' And when I remember all the mercies with which He has surrounded my path through the past, all the blessings with which he is now crowning me, it is enough to weigh me down with shame that I should ever faint or be discouraged, or count the little crosses or hindrances that beset me any trial at all. This day—how changed it is to me now—no longer one of any pleasure, I rather feel as though I would wish it forgotten than noticed. And I am tempted to feel that for others it is now a day that is worthless; but this is a temptation arising from wounded feelings, not the truth of a thankful and submissive spirit. By this last I know and can at times feel that my life, though no longer of equal value, is still a precious one to many; and it would be most ungrateful for the rich affection with which all load me, to turn away and count it nothing because it does and must come short of that which was once mine."

"*Stoke, Jan.* 4, 1836.— . . . Formerly with how mixed a feeling of hope and fear I looked on to every new portion of time, uncertain how it might be chequered, and fearful of every blight that might come on the present enjoyment. Now I can hear with satisfaction and pleasure the words—'a *happy* new year,' for I feel its happiness cannot be touched by outward changes, it rests on a foundation not to be moved, and if it be but an advance to eternity, 'ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit,' it must be good, let its trials, its school lessons, prove as bad as they may

"Oh, Thou who alone canst give the enduring sense of the all-important nature of heavenly things, the vanity and nothingness of earthly ones, I bless and adore Thy blessed name, O Lord, most holy, most true, that Thou hast mercifully brought me out of darkness into light, and given me that present abiding consciousness of everlasting life, which can make all times and places alike since Thou art ever with me. I indeed, through the distraction of thoughts often occasioned by outward things, cannot always hear Thy voice, cannot always discern Thy love; but I know that the cloud belongs to earth, not to the sun, and that Thy heavens are as bright and warm as ever, though to me for a while obscured.

"I close the past year with thanks for the numberless mercies given; and I pray that I may be strengthened to render more faithful service in the year to come—that I may be kept more steadfast and consistent in my Christian walk, not conforming to the world's notions even in appearance, and yet dissenting with gentleness and meekness. I ask for increased knowledge of the simple truth as it is in Jesus, that the sophistications of men may not lead me aside from the true and living doctrine, which is the power of God. When I see not rightly, may I be taught. When I do see, may I not be again blinded through any philosophy or deceit. Let not the temptation of being accounted

tolerant lead me aside, nor on the other hand let the desire of conformity to those who are true followers of Christ, lead me into any exclusive or unbrotherly feelings. To maintain the truth in love, and at the same time to be filled with love to those who differ, as well as to those who agree with me, this is my great desire and earnest prayer."

"*Feb.* 18, 1836.—Is it indeed two whole years since my blessed Augustus joined the saints in glory? Oh, my Lord and my God, let me magnify Thee who hast made this day of such bitter earthly sorrow, such heart-rending bereavement—a day on which I can still rejoice and bless Thy name. How can I dwell on any thoughts of my own loss when I realise the freedom with which his spirit must have winged its flight from a weak and suffering body to the presence of its Lord! To him the change was one of unspeakable, unimaginable blessedness: what has it been to me? Not less blest doubtless, since in crushing my earthly happiness down to the very dust, it has taught me to seek and find that true enduring joy which will grow brighter and brighter to the perfect day. From setting all my happiness on things below, it has lifted me up to find it only in those things which are above, where I can still hold communion with my departed one in offices of love and praise to Him, of whom cometh all things. Most truly can I say here, where no mortal eye looks, where no mistrusting mind can think it a vain-glorious boast, that in the might of that spirit which has been given me, I never for one moment have desired to recall him who was the desire of my life; and when I think of him, it has been from the first so exclusively in his present living spiritual being, that it is only by a great effort of recollection that I can place him before my mind's eye in any other light. Sometimes, indeed, when in the company of others, and chiefly when the union of an attached husband and wife is present to

me, there will come a momentary flash across me of my own loneliness, a passing thought 'I was once as they are;' but it goes by, and the opening into the past is quickly closed again."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Stoke Rectory, Jan.* 9, 1836.— . . . . The change since last year both in health and spirits has enabled me to feel in all its fulness the joy of Christmas. At the blessed table of my Lord, and in singing praises in my heart 'with all the company of heaven,' I feel most surely to be united with him who has now entered the full assembly of the first-born, and is released from all the burden of sin and sorrow. At all times I feel that we are still one, but never so fully as in these holy seasons of spiritual rejoicing, when the visible world is for a time permitted to be hidden from view, in the more immediate presence of the invisible. . . . . My boy, my little Augustus, is given to me as a temporal blessing which I cannot describe, as his endearing ways so twine themselves round my heart, that I feel one has to keep watch continually lest the Giver should be forgotten in the gift, and the child worshipped in the place of the Father who made it. But the fragility of a child's existence ever reminds one that, at any time, the thread of its life may be snapped asunder, and its stainless soul translated to the realms of light before it has become conscious of darkness."

"*Feb.* 29, 1836.—I was very grateful to you for your letter on the 18th, when such encouraging tidings from our beloved Alton were the thing, of all others in the world, calculated to give me pleasure and comfort; and though all earthly means would fail to lift one up above this time of trial, and give the peace that dwelling on the weight of glory to come alone has power to do, it is an added source of

relief and solace which I bless God for putting it into your heart to give me. . . . .

"I know you will thank God for the increase of strength by which I have been enabled, during the last month, to look far more steadily on things to come, and dwell less painfully on the past than I did last year. And though the remembrances would force themselves upon me occasionally, and fill me with more sadness than usual, I have been kept in peace on the whole, and able to look beyond the present blank and daily warfare to that enduring life which it was permitted me to begin here with him, who is now rejoicing in sight, while I have yet to live upon the less stable view of faith. I can hardly give any one a notion of the degree in which, looking *only* at this world, all appears before me as the land of the shadow of death; but looking at it through the light of the knowledge of Christ and His resurrection, all seems transformed and illumined with hope and joy,—at least, wherever one can behold the reflected light of His righteousness, and Christ reigning over the heart. Sin, sin only, is the burden and weight that oppresses and clouds our life here; that is the only sting that wants drawing out to make all things right. I feel so constantly weighed down by the unbelief of others, that it has led me to dwell a good deal on the duty that believers hardly sufficiently look to,—of the love we are bound to feel not towards our brethren in faith, but to all sinners, if we would partake of the mind of Christ. 'What thank is there if we love those who love us?' It is but the natural feeling of the renewed mind to love those who agree in feeling with us; the great difficulty and the Christ-like disposition is to love and bear with our neighbour as *ourself*."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Corsley, Jan.* 28, 1836.—How your dear letter yesterday went to my heart. Your loss, and the exceeding struggle, as

others forget, I feel *with* rather than *for* you. For what we too have lost is fresh as at the first; besides, I loved him as you did, only differing in degree, and often when my heart is overflowing with a sense of its great happiness in the possession of one so very precious as my own Marcus, it fills again at the recollection that the earthly giver was your Augustus—that to *you* was owing all I have so richly enjoyed in two years, such as I never looked forward to. We should have been too happy perhaps had Alton been left as it was. He blest us and then went to that happier home, happy as this world was to him, and you are left for awhile, at once to be a warning, and a yet greater encouragement and comfort, for I feel now just as strongly what I did when he chided me for saying, 'If you are taken, I should never try to comfort the Mia'—perhaps I feel more, knowing from experience something of the happiness such a union *was*. Yet, I see you supported, and comforted, and even rejoicing, beyond all I could have asked or hoped, and this very letter you have just written, which you seem almost to fear may seem the language of complaint, made me feel more forcibly than ever how truly God is with you, upholding, and strengthening, and pouring into your heart the peace which the *Love* of a Saviour only can give, and which nothing can take away.

"*Feb.*, 1836.—You come to me, dearest, in my dreams, like a ministering spirit, to preach good and comfortable things. I dream of you so often, and your image comes accompanied with such a peculiar repose and cheerfulness, not of this world, that I quite rejoice when you do so.

"Oh! I do try to cling closely to that Rock on which I feel more and more all my hopes depend, for earthly possessions do seem to me like dreams or wild flowers which we pluck and enjoy, and see wither before we get home, so

that I feel I never could rest on them for one moment—though to enjoy all given is, I think, not only intended, but acts as a daily incentive to fill one's heart with thankfulness for *whatever* comes, for God is Love."

M. H.'s NOTE-BOOK (1836).

"*In Stoke—Out of Stoke*, are two classes of parishioners. Often those *out* of the parish return to be buried in it; but it is those within that receive the benefits of it during their lifetime.

"Is not this a type of many that are *in* Christ's kingdom, enjoying its privileges, in the promise of the life that now is, no less than in the hope of the one to come? while those *out* of Christ may still have some distant hope of the inheritance, and in their last hours be brought back again into the fold, though from a weak faith, and not laying hold of the promises, they are void of the present peace, enjoyed by those who have cast off the spirit of the world and walk by faith."

"One difference of the Jewish and Christian dispensations lies in the visible and invisible manifestation of God's dealings with men. In the spiritual childhood of the world, outward signs were needed to make known God's power and rule, the secret springs of the machinery were displayed; but when the fulness of time was come, men were to walk no longer by sight, but by faith. The same Providence watched over and appointed all things; but His children were to *feel*, not to *see* His hand. So in the Hebrew Scriptures we find God's attributes declared, and His interference in human affairs constantly set forth. In the apostolic writings, the whole attention is turned to *our* relation to God, and the principles and duties that attach to us as His

children and servants. And wisely is it so arranged; for when a true faith has once taken possession of the heart, all that unbelief of spiritual agency, that reluctance to own any power above our own that clings to the natural man, is melted away; and the believer in Christ *cannot* doubt the influence exerted over all the events of his life by the providence of God.

"It is not by texts it should be proved: it is by the whole Bible itself; its facts, its exhortations, its promises are all idle mockery, if God has no more daily rule over His creatures, and over the instruments he has made, than the watchmaker over the watch that he has once set agoing. It *may be*, though the universal laws of nature are, in the common course of things, doubtless, immutable, the particular application of those laws are in God's power to turn as He wills. So Job expresses the subjection of the lightnings to God's order, by that poetical figure 'Here we are!' But the moment we begin to inquire, '*How* can these things be?' '*How* God works through second causes?' we are lost in the maze. Let us be content to know that He who is truth hath said, 'I the Lord do all these things,' 'My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure,' 'I have spoken, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it.' So believing, let us adore and be thankful, well assured that while we know so little as we do of earthly matters, we could ill bear to know more of heavenly ones."

"The exclusive spirit of the Evangelicals (so called) and their common mode of speaking of others have always been repugnant to me. Yet it is impossible for any one whose spiritual being has been awakened, not to be conscious of the difference of feeling—the absence of spiritual desires in

another. The right course, I am inclined to think, in accordance with the precept of 'Judge not,' with the apostolic spirit, and with the character of our Church and all its offices, is, in general society, to endeavour to treat all and speak of all who *profess* themselves Christians as our brethren in one hope; to strive against the natural shrinking from a manifestation of principles that cannot be entered into; and in meekness and love to maintain in one's own conduct and language the importance of heavenly above earthly things, the value of the substance above the shadow; abstaining from all unnecessary condemnation of others who may *appear* to act on any other motives. All who belong to the visible Church of Christ should be treated as members of that Church, and looked upon as fellow heirs of its privileges, and, as far as possible, addressed on the same footing as children of one family—*except* where an opening is made to speak to any one personally and practically. Then the general union must give way before the individual difference, and the true and home-searching appeal made, whether the name of Christian be of outward or inward application; whether it is in the form or essence that God is worshipped; whether the faith in Christ be a living root or a dead profession."

"One of the difficulties often brought forward in these days is the difference existing between the language of our Church in her offices, and that used by all serious ministers: the one seeming to admit all into the privileges of Christian hope who are outwardly received into the Church; the other, restricting those privileges to those who by faith have truly embraced Christ as their Saviour. May not the solution possibly be this: that the services of the Church are designed for the use of all who profess and call

themselves Christians; that they are not intended for purposes of reproof, exhortation, or instruction, but as a mode of communication between man and God, in which it is pre-supposed that all who do avail themselves of such forms are what they profess to be. The preacher of God's Word, on the other hand, has a very different office to perform. His work is 'rightly to divide the word of truth,' so that the threatenings, no less than the promises of God shall be made known, and those who have the form without the power of godliness shall be awakened out of their sleep while those who are reconciled to God through faith in Christ may be encouraged and urged on to holiness of life. While the Church offices have only to supply the wants of the visible body of Christ, the preacher has to endeavour to transform the visible into the invisible Church, and to bring it from a nominal to a real union with its Head."

"Our will and God's are not by nature one. So long as we are ignorant what God's will is, all seems well. Our own will has its own way, and though that be often a tyrannical way, there is no struggle against it, and therefore all is smooth. But as the conscience becomes more enlightened, as by degrees God's will is opened to us, by whatever means it may be, there arises an opposition to our own will that goes on increasing in strength as we grow in the knowledge of God. It meets in its progress with many a stumbling-stone, and so long as the heart is proud and will not bend itself, so long as it trusts to its own power of combating the evil within, God will *resist*—He will not help. The moment the struggle has become so great as to make us cry loudly to Him for help, the moment we come as little children and ask for strength, His ear is open and His

Spirit is ready. Sometimes it may be that He waits like the man at the door till we have called many times, that He may be sure it is a cry of real earnestness; but most surely is the *grace* then given, and though the self-will is not rooted out, though there it will be to the end, its *reign* is over, and henceforward, though often rising up, it is kept subordinate to God's will and at one with it."

"When a soul has through grace been led to seek for pardon through Christ, and has received the full assurance of His love, it begins to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and this leads to a diligent inquiry and adoption of every means that may help in conforming the mind to that of Christ. Sanctification then becomes the one prevailing desire of the soul, and oftentimes it may be that it engrosses the attention so exclusively that the recollection of the justifying merits of Jesus are cast into the shade. Then comes the tempter in his most subtle form as an angel of light, leading the soul by degrees into one of these two errors—either to build its hope of favour with God on the change that has taken place, and the sanctification which, however imperfect, is still begun in itself; or to a gradual distrust of salvation through the want of those evidences of holiness which it esteems needful to prove its title to God's acceptance—and so to be continually cast down, in doubt, fear, and uncertainty."

"There is a great diversity of judgment as to the value of outward acts of devotion and the need of public means of grace. May not one cause of this difference lie in the circumstances of life as well as in the peculiar character of

the individual? When there are many distractions of thought in the daily life. many interruptions to the serene and even course which alone is favourable for communion with God, it is a blessed and a solemnising help to fix the mind and make silence in the soul when we can come into a sanctuary set apart for His worship, where every association is of a holy nature, where the voice and tone of the man of God calls us to join in prayer and praise. He is an instrument in tuning our hearts, which our new strength is insufficient to do for itself. And the constraint imposed by an appointed service, by fixed words, by the help of sound to the ear, of all things consecrated to the eye, seems to lift up the dead soul unto God, and take away the power of worldly things which shut us out from His presence.

"In proportion, therefore, as there is difficulty in fixing the attention, so is the public worship of God a great blessing and comfort.

"On the other hand, when the ordinary habits of life are retired and private ones, when the presence of the Most High is realised in the silence of our own homes, and when reading the word of God can be joined with meditation and prayer, the want of this outward machinery is not so much felt, rather it is at times perhaps an effort to conquer the distraction occasioned by having the society of others around us. But then is it really needed as truly as in other circumstances, to take us out of self, and make us feel a fellowship of spirit with other members of Christ."

"If it is contrary to truth when we say of a morning *the sun has risen*, and of an evening *the sun has set*, instead of saying the earth has revolved on her axis, then, in the same

sense, there is a contradiction to truth in the expression in Joshua, *the sun stood still.* As absurd as it would be to object to the common every-day expressions of familiar life, because not in accordance with philosophical accuracy, is the cavil at the statement of the *appearance* presented by the miracle, instead of its *cause* being brought forward. *We* indeed know from science what is the cause of the appearance, and Joshua did not; but the accuracy of the appearance, so far from being thereby lessened, is rather increased, since he related the plain and simple fact that was before his eyes, without making deductions of his own that might have been fallacious."

"The pantheist sees God only *through all;* the mystic acknowledges Him only *in you all.* To see Him *above all, through all,* and *in you all,* as sovereign Lord of heaven and earth, the true and living God, united to His manifestation in His works, and His operation in our hearts by the indwelling of His Spirit, this is a hard matter to feel in all its fulness."

"A great love can see and own defects in the object of its affections, and yet love on.

"A little love fears the truth and seeks to hide it."

"If we wish to compose a heaven of holy spirits and lovely minds, let us take the *ideal* of all those we most love and honour, and we can wish for nothing more perfect than such a fellowship would be. By the ideal, is meant the

graces and talents of mind and character purified from all earthly dross and taint of sin.

"How beautiful must be the lives of the just made perfect when thus clothed upon with Christ's righteousness, and shining in the brightness of that light which shall never be dimmed! 'They shall be as the stars in the firmament of God.'"

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*January* 26, 1836.—Our dear uncle Hugh Leycester is dead. He looked calmly for the coming on of death as for no unwelcome guest, and was seen to lift up his hands in prayer after he could speak no longer. He remained till near the end as much alive as ever to all that was going on, keeping bits of conversation on his slate to look at after his visitors were gone. When K. one day said something to him about the difficulty of breathing, he smiled and said, 'Tired of eighty-six years of breathing, I suppose.' He waited patiently for what one wrote (for he was quite deaf), pleased with anything, yet content without anything, anxious only about the well-doing of all. At the last all was peace, and I trust and believe in no sense a false peace. The words, 'to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God, seem to describe exactly the character of his life. My father feels the loss, a heavy one, of his last brother, whom he has always looked up to with such interest and affection."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Aldeley Rectory*, *March* 11, 1836.—The blessing of Mr. Kilvert's ministrations at Alton, like all others that have attended *us*—I say *us*, for surely the invisible, no less than the visible, disciples of Christ rejoice over every means of grace vouchsafed to His people—is a call for thanksgiving

and praise, that, slow as our hearts are to offer this service, must quicken mine with love and thankfulness. I have been spending a happy Passion Week with my cousins, the Leycesters of Toft, who shared in all the feelings it inspired, and from having spent the last year in a house of mourning, knew doubly how to feel the blessedness of the season that recalls the Christian hope—Christ risen.

"I am going from hence to Dr. Arnold's, and then I look forward to your meeting me at Leamington; and I know not whether Mary or I shall be the happiest in showing you our child, and through you making known to the affectionate people at Alton how God has blest me in the gift of so dear a little companion."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, April*, 1836.—Truly this is a sunny home. There are quantities of wild flowers which you know the delight of, and baby is so happy with them. . . . In an evening, when from weariness and pain I am unable to read, I am sometimes tempted to forget that there is an eye looking with compassion and tenderness, and an ear ready to hear every complaint, so that I do feel the want of that tender, pitying affection I once had; then perhaps, at that very moment, there will come in a messenger from the rectory, with a beautiful verbena plant, a fine balsam, or some other token that I have still the affectionate attention of a dear brother to prevent the outward blank from pressing too heavily, and to melt me into tears at the thought of my own unworthiness of such continued comforts. Then in my dear child what is my comfort."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Lime, May* 18, 1836.—Having shared my London *groanings*, it is quite fair you should share my fresh country

enjoyments; and had your letter not come I had proposed to let out a little of the overflowing on you, well knowing that it would cheer you in the midst of uncongenial spirits or in a smoky atmosphere. But whatever I might have intended, your delightful letter makes me with double pleasure enter on our renewed intercourse, forgetting all that was not said and could not be fully enjoyed with a head bewildered by noisy carriages and shopping perplexities, and remembering only the pleasure of having met again in comparative London quiet, and broken down the barrier of two years' silence. Since I came here I have continually thought, how Lou would enjoy seeing baby trotting about on this sunny grass, crying out in a most loud voice at the blue-bells and periwinkles (a very hard name, too) that clothe the hedge-bank that bounds the garden. I wish you had not told me there were no trees here. I never saw it before, but I begin to think it is so. At least the few that are not yet in full leaf, make a bareness in the landscape we can ill afford, and my barbarous landlord in my absence has cut down some trees in a little orchard close by, that make a terrible open gap, showing the barn and farm buildings which were not visible before from the house. However, there is such a profusion of wild flowers, and all the green here is so unsullied, and this May sky makes the line of sea so blue, that I am well satisfied with my country luxuries. I hope it is not selfish to love living alone so much as I do; to feel the return to this solitary home the only real personal happiness I can now enjoy. For though I can take deep interest in others and look on at their enjoyments with much pleasure, it has usually a *dash* in it of much that is painful to me; such a vivid consciousness that their happiness is built on materials that are ever shifting, and must finally be moved away, that I am always haunted by the feeling that when the storm comes, they will have no fixed rock to

bear them up above the waves. And then, feeling as I do, that the clouds have opened and displayed to me a brighter sky beyond, which others so often seem careless of and insensible to, I am ever conscious that I ought to make known more fully what I conceive of the reality of those hidden things, let the pain of implying wrong be what it may,—or, what to one's self-love is equally restraining, the fear of being supposed to set one's self up as better.

"Most truly could I echo back Julius's joyous words on our meeting—'My *happy* six months are begun now.' Though I shall not see him as often as formerly, yet it will be quite enough to take off all sense of loneliness, and to make just that mixture of solitude and society which suits my present condition. And, even were it not so, the feeling of being able to add to his comfort is a *positive* thing I do not feel elsewhere or with any one else. Do not fear, however, that I shall ever wish to turn hermit. Though thankful for the present rest, I know too well its temptations not equally to be glad that I am called away from it occasionally to mix with others, and find out how much there is of good under other forms than those which at times one fancies the only right ones. The day is gone by when those who have been smitten down to the ground as I have been can be permitted to serve God only in the temple, we of this generation must carry out the harder task of serving Him in the world. You will think my world is a small one, and so, God be praised, it is.

"I wish you were here to help me in arranging books, &c. I should not object either to your sowing some seeds for me in the place of 'Master Cornford,' though I much doubt whether you would hold a basket as patiently for me, while I cut off old dead roses, as little Baby-boy,—or think you had gained as great a treasure as he does when it is thus filled. He is at this moment putting a lily of the

valley, which he has diligently pulled to pieces, in the sunshine in hope of 'making it well.' If I should forget to speak any other language than his you must not be surprised. I constantly feel that he learns so much more from every one else than he does from me, because I know *too* well all that he understands, and go on talking to him within the limits of *his* knowledge, instead of giving him some of mine."

"*June* 8.—At present the mere act of *living* is such a fatigue that I feel daily as if I had done a very hard day's work after lying on the sofa most of the day. The little strength I can find is given up to the arrangement of the Alton sermons for the publisher. Weakness and tiredness is not with me that negative species it often is,—it is *positive* in its pain, down to the soles of the feet, and it seems as if all the aching that belonged to past exertion, and was then, from stress of mind, unfelt, is now beginning to come out. It is all natural, and I am only too thankful to have been able to go on till now when there is no further call upon me. And then to have such a gentle affectionate comforter as Julius to soothe me with a woman's tenderness, and such a comfortable home, and a parish where, when I am able, I *can* be of some use. Every day brings its own peace and comfort, and yet, as a whole, time does now drag a weary pace at best. And so it must be, dearest Lou, yet awhile, but then comes the rest and all the day's toil will be forgotten, or remembered only to heighten the joy."

"*Lime, June* 28, 1836.—At length perfect summer is come, and I am enjoying the airiness of my drawing-rooms (which sounds grand, and is really comfortable), into which I moved for the first time yesterday. I wish you could see the view from one window, of the church spire rising above the distant trees and the line of very blue sea beyond, with its white specks flitting on it; and from the other window the little, shut in, quiet lawn skirted with shrubs, and the flowers

brightly shining in the mid-day's sun, and you would at least own that, let Pevensey Marsh be as ugly as it may, this little quiet spot in Hurstmonceaux is fitted for every comfort and enjoyment that a country-loving hermit could desire. There is not a day, scarcely an hour, in which my heart does not lift itself up in thankfulness for this haven of peace and rest. But do I think that because from weak health, and from a wrench from all natural things, that nothing can ever wholly do away in its abiding painfulness, I can only feel at ease in a separation from the world? Do I suppose that it is therefore inconsistent with Christian feeling in others to enjoy society, and to make use of the many and various talents and gifts bestowed on them? Oh no, I feel most strongly the difference which outward circumstances have made in me, and hope to be preserved from that one-sided view which would seek to bring every one to the level of *my* daily habits of life, occasioned as they are, not by a healthy, but a sick state of being. To one whose daily blank requires and needs daily submission, whose will has to be continually brought through faith in Him who is invisible to bear what is visible, the line of duty must needs differ from that of those who are in the straight and common path of life, and whose duty is, not to shrink from the evil about them, but to rise above it. Nor can it be, nor would it be desirable, that those who have to bear an active part in this world should have the same delight in contemplative religion that is mercifully granted where more practical activity in God's service is withheld. Most truly it is, as you say, a compensation for the loss of what is outwardly precious, to have a deeper sense of what is inwardly so. . . . .

"I did so rejoice in the thought of your having enjoyment, and it certainly is a compensatory part of your discipline in life that your enjoyments are doubled by their after

effects. . . . Not a word yet of Baby-boy, who is this moment roaring, kicking, and screaming, as hard as he can, not to the advantage of my letter. This is, however, an unusual diversion of his, for he has been quite good since he has grown stronger, and with strength his spirits also increase, though they are of the gentle sort, 'mamma tired, —head bad,—baby play self,' he says when he sees me put my hand up to my head. He is a strong instance of the union of perfectly sweet temper with strong self-will that rises up in opposition the moment he is *ordered* to obey; but every day he has some lesson of patience and obedience to practice, that is advancing him in his little conquest over evil."

M. H. ("The Green Book.")

"*Lime, June* 2, 1836.—If, as I believe and trust, in the event of this day, Thou, O blessed Jesus, wert present in spirit, watching over and blessing the union of Thy servants, no less surely art Thou now present to us both, sanctifying and turning that which was water into wine—changing and purifying that which was mixed with earth and earthly into a purely heavenly and lasting union, that neither time nor space can alter. As a bright, a lovely dream, the five years rise up at times before me, nor can I yet often bear to dwell on their blessedness. Perhaps as time passes by, and their memory fades away from the thoughts of others, they acquire for me a greater sacredness that I cannot break through in speech, and scarcely in thought. . . . . 'Be still, and know that I am God'—this I need ever to bear in mind, and to bring my will to be one with His—not in things gone by only, but in things present; not in patience only, but in joyfulness; not in submission only, but in thankfulness. When, when shall I learn that the path of godliness must be one of self-denial? When

shall I be taught to forget self and seek only the glory of God, the honour and love of Him who has bought me for His own? 'It is a portion,' was the original name of Manna. Let the hidden Manna, the bread of Life, be ever more and more my portion, my joy, my inheritance; so while on this earth trial may be mine, warfare may be mine, and unmixed happiness must be withheld, my hope may yet rest securely, and my gaze be fixed more intently, on the Eternal Rock who can be my stay and shelter through every storm.

"Fountain of Life! refresh and strengthen Thy weary pilgrim from the living waters, that her soul may be as a watered garden, and bring forth fruit more abundantly. Head of the Church! let one of Thy weakest members be united to Thee in that close bond of communion and of love that fills every desire and heals every wound."

"*July* 24.—There are times when a looking-glass seems to be held up before the mind's eye, in which the deformity that has been for a time perhaps forgotten, is brought again before our view; when a glimpse is given into those inward chambers where lurk so many hidden remnants of original evil. Those motives, dispositions, and purposes, which at other times are thickly veiled over, are then seen through and laid open, giving some faint foresight of what will be the overwhelming weight of that comprehensive, all-searching, and manifesting view, which will one day place the whole of the past clearly before us, without the possibility of turning away, be it ever so painful to look upon. There are moments in which the old man, the yet corrupt portion of our nature, rises up so strongly that it would seem as if the whole work of sanctification had to begin—as if all the self-loving principles had to be cut off anew. . . . . I know that He that formed the ear *does* hear; I know that He has power to help; so I am without excuse when led away to

sin, just as the sick man who refuses the medicine that would heal him. I feel an ever-growing desire to be conformed to the image of Christ, to have His righteousness wrought in me, so that every part of me may be born anew after the spirit of Jesus, and my whole body, mind, and spirit transformed from the likeness of Adam to that of Christ, that all my joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, may be those of the spiritual not the natural birth, and that I may bring every outward thing into captivity to this new life.

"If I could once obtain such a steadfast, immovable walk with God, that all other things should become subordinate to this my heavenly life; that the life of faith should be the groundwork, and the life of sense but the accessory and accidental part of my being; that I could bring myself to feel more fully my union with Christ as the all-sufficient portion in whom I have life and happiness, and only enjoy other creatures in subjection to Him—how much of distraction of thought and changeableness of feeling should I avoid. I need nothing so much as to be more firm in my position, that neither the affection nor the example of others may draw me away from it. Self has to be cast out in all its forms, in the still clinging to human affection and exclusive attention, in the regarding human opinion, in the love of human praise. Let me more simply look to God's glory and His will. If that be accomplished in my own abasement, if I have a conscience pure in His sight, let me count it no trial if I obtain not from others the honour that I might do were my life ordered otherwise, and could I outwardly glorify Him by deeds and words. I need counsel daily to know where and how to serve Him best—how to devote myself most acceptably to Him—whether by denying myself in outward action if He wills I should not work for Him, or by crucifying the flesh in suffering for His sake

in ministering to others to my own cost. May He guide me in judgment and show me the way, on the right or on the left."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Lime, June* 18, 1836.—I hope you will write to me when you have time. I yearn after the comforting words that a branch of the true Vine can supply, though sensible that with the living Vine itself, ever near, one ought to lack nothing. But the lesson of one's own weakness in faith is one that every day is teaching more forcibly; and while we know the Fountain is all-sufficient, it leads one to long for the streams also. It is at seasons when, from external circumstances, our spiritual life seems to be deadened, that one feels the blessedness of having one's confidence anchored on that which is *without* one's self, not on any inward state of feeling; and still more, the steadfast knowledge that He who merits all our love and all our service is also well acquainted with the infirmities of body and mind that so frequently render that service so wretchedly poor and miserable. I am thankful now to be able to lift up my heart with something more of cheerful hope, as the repose of my life here restores me to a calmer frame of mind. . . . Indeed, I feel ashamed of seeming to complain of trial when I have only cause for thankful rejoicing—when all is so peaceful around, and my blessings so numberless; but the voice of joy and praise is too often swallowed up in one of prayer and supplication—'O Lord, heal me, for I am weak'—'undertake for me, for I am oppressed.' Had I strength for it, there is abundant room here for active exertion in my Master's work, and many souls who appear to hunger and thirst, though often it seems to be more after the personal comfort of *assurance* than after righteousness itself. There is nothing here of the simplicity of the dear

Wiltshire peasantry; and, from the prevalence of Dissenters, there are many who have such a ready flow of spiritual language and knowledge of the *doctrines* of their faith as makes it difficult to discern whether the belief is a sound and practical one."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*June* 2, *Corsley*.—Am I not with you, my own Mia, sharing all the recollections of this day, as closely as when I first shared in its happiness five years ago? How vividly all has been present to me yesterday and to-day—the journey to Alton in the coach—the first arrival—the feeling of peace and rest for weeks to come after all the bustle of London—*his* welcome—notwithstanding the rain, the loveliness of that scene—and then this day—the little lawn—the quince-tree—the children's dinner, and *his* grace, the first thing, I believe, which lighted up the warmth of affection in my heart, to increase how rapidly, how lastingly! How I did love him with you, you know, my Mia, words need not tell it, therefore you know how, though Time, as with you, can weary down the anguish, still the void, the gap, is as deeply felt as at the first. But then comes the soothing, the comfort, that which *Time* can never bring to the broken-hearted, but which a Father of love, a Saviour of sympathy, can richly provide, and *has* provided for you, how richly only those can tell who know all you were, all you enjoyed, and all you have lost. These have been the words in my mind this morning, and they have comforted me in thinking of you—'While we look not at the things which are seen and are temporal, but at the things which are *not* seen and are eternal.' Your earthly enjoyments were very great, and no earthly sun ever did more brightly shine over two happy creatures than it did over you two at that peaceful Alton; but one knew, and you felt daily, even

at times to the over-clouding of the present enjoyment, that it *was* temporal, and that all might soon pass away. Now, therefore, we will not look at what was, but what *is*. Your Augustus is for ever safe and happy, and when those who remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the clouds, how blessed will be the meetings with those who have been earlier taken from the trials of life, and were only left here long enough to enjoy the sunshine and the morning, and the love, and the beauty of all around, and then translated to a yet higher sunshine before the evening closed in."

"*Seven o'clock, p.m.*—It has been a fit day to think of you—a soft heavy rain falling and refreshing the parched earth, and, though it cleared up by six, no sunshine came, only a sweetness and freshness seemed to spring from every hedge and flower. It is on these days I do so doubly rejoice in the thought of your dear child; and even when he is ill, it is an interest, a something to rest your affection on; and I cannot help feeling, though he may cause anxiety, he will be spared to you to grow up and be your comfort, as his uncles were to their aunt."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*July* 18, 1836.—You will perhaps have heard of the birth of my dear Marcus and Lucy's little boy. I believe there is not a more happy, thankful creature living than the latter in the fulfilment of this how-long-wished-for hope. When she is quite recovered, I look forward to the delight of having them here for some weeks, when the baby will be christened in the church of his ancestors, by the names of Marcus Augustus.

"My own little treasure has grown so strong and healthy, it is quite a delight to look at him, and his incessant chatter is most amusing. I could fill my paper with stories of him;

but I cannot give you the impression I could wish of his little endearing ways. His fondness for flowers, and knowledge of the names of every one in the garden or field, still continues. He runs about quite independently, and is out nearly all day long. Telling him one day about the garden of Eden, he asked eagerly if there were 'daisies and buttercups too;' and he enters fully into the moral lesson contained in Adam and Eve's disobedience—'God told Eve not touch apple—Eve *like* it—Eve naughty.' It comes very home to his experience, in which he has many a struggle, and I have many a battle with the self-will that likes to do what it is told not. But I never allow him to conquer. He is so affectionate, that the precept, 'If you love mamma, you will do as she tells you,' has full force, and may in time, I trust, be exchanged for that higher principle of love to God which can only be implanted by the Spirit of God."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 23, 1836.—I take out this book to write; but what is it I have to say? Only again and again what I wrote last—that my longing desire is to be crucified to self and earthly things; but my daily experience is of their strong hold upon me. How different a thing it is to be spiritually minded in the closet when communing with God, and to be so in the company of fellow-sinners, even when they are those who love God. Oftentimes it has seemed to me as if I had attained no further that delighting in the law of God and knowing something of its nature; as if the whole practice of it were yet to come. And yet, at the very moment when I may thus lament over my shortcomings, if a word of reproach or blame comes from another, it seems to excite mortified feeling and self-justifying excuses. Oh, when will this proud heart be beaten down, and the true

humility be inwrought so that it cannot be moved? When shall I in deed and in truth put on the meekness and lowliness of the Lord Jesus? To be consecrated to the service of my blessed Lord in body, soul, and spirit, to be a priest to minister unto Him, cleansed and purified and anointed by Him, receiving from Him all grace and strength to work His will and bear witness to others of His truth, this is my whole desire. Oh, my faithful High Priest, to whom I am joined in one spirit, do Thou mercifully stablish me in this purpose, that I may deny myself and follow Thee, renounce my own will, my own pleasure, my own honour, and seek only Thine, and in Thee live, and speak, and act, that not I may live, but Christ in me. Oh strengthen me to deny the natural feelings, so as to be kept in a more staid, peaceful frame of mind, and that while I feel the joy of Thy salvation, I may never lose sight of the present troublesome world in which I live, or of my own sinful heart, ever warring against Thy spirit; that so I may, with fear and trembling, be ever watching unto prayer. Teach me how to pray, O Lord; quicken me to pray much oftener; teach me to meditate more on the blessed Jesus, to love Him more, and to be made to follow Him more simply, steadfastly, and humbly."

"*Christmas Eve*, 1836.—'Let me join myself to the Lord in a perpetual covenant'—a covenant not to serve Him only in pleasant places and where it is easy to follow Him, but to follow the Lamb *whithersoever* He goeth; well knowing that His path is one of toil and suffering, and that we cannot hope to wear His crown unless we also bear His cross. One of the lessons I have learnt this year, has been to feel that when we are Christ's, 'all things are ours,' in proportion as we live up to the privileges given and strength promised. And that, whatever be the hindrance, or temptation, or difficulty in our way, all may be overcome

through the power and might of the Spirit that dwelleth in us. It is in this way we are to be partakers even now of the kingly dominion in our Lord's kingdom, and rule and reign over all that is within and without till it be subdued. By the power of this rod and sceptre, every enemy may be overcome, and through faith we shall obtain the victory. To this conviction I cling, in steadfast hope that I may so by degrees be strengthened, that the life of Jesus may be manifested in me. . . . . Teach me, O blessed Saviour, more and more of Thy own gracious mercy and love, that it may constrain me to glorify Thee more fully, that I may understand more of the hidden mystery of Thy redemption, and see in it more of thine infinite wisdom and loving-kindness to me, a poor earth-worm and crumb of dust. So in Thy humiliation may I be humbled, emptied of self, and obedient even unto death, and be with Thee exalted to power and glory; now bearing meekly Thy cross, and hereafter sharing with Thee Thy crown; one in will, purpose, thought, and deed, that when Thou shalt appear in glory, the hidden life I now live in Thee may be manifested to the praise of the Sun of Righteousness, who hath risen on my darkness, and given me light and healing!"

"*Jan.* 2, 1837.—Gottlob! ein Schritt zur Ewigkeit! Another year gone by—another begun—every one bringing us nearer home. All praise to Him who hath led me through the wilderness in the past year. He has never failed of any one thing promised. I only have been lacking in my share of the covenant—in simplicity of love and devotion to His service, by impatience and unthankfulness. Blot out of Thy remembrance, O my Saviour, every word, and thought, and feeling that has been contrary to Thy spirit; and may I in this coming year be moulded anew after Thy image, consecrated to Thy service, and in body, soul, and spirit, in mind, act, purpose, and submission, be made wholly one

with Thee, even as Thou art one with the Father,—one in spirit now, that hereafter I may be one with Thee in the fulness of Thy glory. Sanctify and purify me, that I may be a vessel purged for my Master's use, and may be permitted to glorify Thee before men—a witness of Thy truth now in Thine absence, that when Thou appearest again Thou mayest not be ashamed to own me for Thine own."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Stoke Rectory, Jan.* 7, 1837.—I hope ere this you will have received the copies of the sermons for the Alton cottagers. . . . It is in the hope and prayer that in these sermons, 'being dead, he may yet speak,' that I would send them to the dearly-beloved people of Alton, begging them all to bear in mind, that all the earnestness with which they were addressed in them would now be increased tenfold could their departed minister indeed speak from the fulness of glory into which he is admitted, and reveal the whole truth of the love, and holiness, and justice of the Father in heaven. And where he is, there every one of his parishioners is invited to go, there every one will be helped to go, there every one is promised that he shall be, if they will come as little children to their Lord Jesus Christ and ask Him to teach them that which they see not, to take away all iniquity from their hearts, and make them one with Himself in spirit and in truth. Not one shall be cast out that comes to Him. May He graciously incline the hearts of many to come. I wish I could write to each separately, and speak to the personal needs of each, and tell them how true and faithful is the Lord God whom they are in these sermons called upon to serve; and I would I had the tongue of angels to declare to them how great is the peace, and how sure is the joy that attends those who are brought to die to

themselves, and live only for the Lord who has bought them for His own. But I have no strength to write, and must be content with sending through you my heart-felt prayers that every word of Christian truth now recalled to their minds may be blessed with increase, and bring forth fruit abundantly to the glory of His grace, who has called, and will sanctify, justify, and glorify all who believe in Him."

M. H. *to* MISS LEYCESTER (after her Mother's death).

"*March* 12, 1837.—'They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.' Truly we may comfort one another with these words: most truly may we look on, with sure and certain hope that in the day of His appearing this your beloved mother and faithful servant of her Lord will be found among those that *love* that appearing and rejoice in the glory of the Lord. Yet after all that we can hope, and all the confidence that we can feel in the weight of the coming glory, I know and feel what you must suffer in being thus, for a time, separated from her you so dearly love, and who has for so long been the object of your deepest reverence and tenderest care. It is a sorrow such as this world can never repair. No earthly friend can replace her, no earthly consolation can fill the lonely place in your heart. But there is One who is able to make your cup still overflow with peace and joy, and to be to you more than father, mother, husband, or brother. He, and He only, who has promised to be with us to the end of the world, can by His abiding presence give rest to your soul, and fill it with that comfort which this world knoweth not. I have long since been taught that it is not our affection for the departed, it is our love for ourselves that makes the chief bitterness of our grief; and when the love of Christ constrains us to forget our own pleasures and seek only His glory, then the present

suffering is lightened, and the future hope becomes more real. It will only be for a little while, and we shall look on all these passing changes of our life here in the mind of God, and see in them the continually renewed proofs of His fatherly love, showing us from time to time how shadowy and unsubstantial all dependence is, but upon the Rock that can never be moved, the hiding-place in all our trouble, the refuge from every storm. . . . I have not troubled you with letters; you have had many to write, and I could hear from others, but none can feel with you more truly. From earliest years I know what your affection has been to her who is now taken from you. I know how truly she deserved the richest offering a child's heart could pay of love and reverence, and I know that the deepest faith cannot remove the suffering sense of this grievous bereavement. Do not be afraid to sorrow, Jesus also wept, and so assuredly may those who know and believe that He is the Resurrection and the Life."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, June* 9, 1837.—I cannot tell the happiness I now feel with my child, and in this my peaceful home, or how I feel stayed in peace on that everlasting and immovable Rock. I am just now feasting on Peter Sterry, whose beatific visions of the third heavens are the nearest approach to communion with the invisible company on mount Zion that one can have here below. May it only stir one up to more true self-denial and labour of love here, that we may be fit for the rest when it does come. Dearly as I do love and prize all heavenly contemplations, I always find the result of them is not to tempt me to a self-indulgent spirit of communion only with God, but much more to a fervent desire *to do His will*. And with this object I am sure prayer —prayer—is the beginning, middle, and end; in proportion

to its earnestness and constancy is the healthiness of the life of Christ within us."

JOURNAL *by* MISS MILLER.

"*July* 8, 1837.—I reached Lime in safety. My dear Mrs. Hare received me with all her wonted kindness, and with far more calmness than on the last time I visited her; and indeed from her whole deportment it is evident that such perfect peace dwells within as no outward things have power to ruffle. . . . The grand springs of her spiritual joy are, I see clearly, a cleaving to the word of God and to prayer; few books besides have yet power to attract her attention, but the same little well-worn Bible, which was her solace at Rome, in her journey over the Alps, and on her arrival in England, is still her constant companion—always within reach of her eye and touch, and ever in her heart. Her bodily weakness is still excessive, and her nervous system too much unstrung ever again to be as strong as it has been; and it is one of her chief crosses to be laid aside as useless to others, when she is so anxious to exert herself in helping them onward; but she is called on to *suffer*, rather than to *do* God's will at present, and she is blessed with unshaken peace and confidence in her Saviour. Her house and garden seems the very spot for her to dwell in—so peaceful, quiet, and pleasant. The rooms open through glass doors to a lawn, which slopes down to water overhung with trees. and on the other side some pretty sloping fields ascend towards the road, while at about a mile distant is seen the village church, beyond which is the line of the sea, over which a white sail occasionally passes. As a constant sunbeam in this quiet scene is her dear child, always sporting and gambolling about among the flowers, full of fun and merriment, rolling in the hay-field, or shouting with joy. . . . .

"*July* 18.—My last day at Lime. On going up to bed we took our nightly peep at sleeping Baby, and Mrs. Hare said as she looked at him, 'God says, "I will water it *every moment*," * and is not this a little tender plant that needs His constant care?' She wished me good-night with her usual kind words, 'Good-night, Love; I hope you have had a happy day,' and her wonted tender kiss. . . . . The moon to-night rose immediately over the sea, which, though four miles distant, was by its reflected light brought very near to us, and stretched in a broad line of light."

"*July* 19.— . . . . The last hours passed quickly away. Then Mrs. Hare asked me to go with her to her room, where, after reading the tenth and eleventh verses of Isaiah lxiv., we knelt together in prayer, and she tenderly, lovingly, and with such confidence, committed me to God's keeping, blessed Him for the season we had enjoyed together, and prayed that when the number of His elect should be accomplished, we might dwell together with Him in glory. I felt such a calmness imparted to me, that it was *the* time, I knew, for saying farewell; so, begging I might not see her again, and having twice kissed her, and received her blessing, I went down alone . . . . and Susan and Baby walked with me to the coach."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Sept.* 7, 1837.—Miss Miller's engagement to Mr. Pile is filling all my heart just now. I cannot tell you the mixed feelings—the recollection of words said at Alton. What *he* would have said and felt at this—for must it not be another, and perhaps the most touching and striking instance of all, that this is a field of his sowing?

"I dreamt last night, half waking, half sleeping, that

* Isaiah xxvii. 3.

Marcus was taken from me, and that you and I, more one than ever, were at Alton, walking up to the Downs by that path I used to love so much. I thought we were quite calm and peaceful, and did not shed a tear, but were looking forward so surely, that we forgot the things that were behind."

JULIUS HARE *to* FRANCIS HARE.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Dec.* 26, 1837.—Very many thanks for your kind inquiries about me. It is very true that my legs have thought fit to follow the example of this revolutionary age, and have risen in insurrection against the rest of the body, and been bringing it into subjection for some time past. It was merely a slight scratch in the first instance, but erysipelatous flesh is loth to heal; and so I have been under the doctor's hands for it more or less since last April, sometimes getting better, and then falling back again. So at length it has become necessary to undergo a radical cure; and since the beginning of November I have been confined to my bedroom floor, forbidden to move from my sofa, and visited by a surgeon daily, who has been giving me what he calls 'constitutional remedies.' These, I trust, will prove a more effective and lasting cure than the Reform Bill, and, if they do relieve me from the danger of future erysipelatous attacks, the advantage will be cheaply purchased. Further than the compulsory inactivity, there has been nothing in all this to care much about. As Maria and Baby boy came and took up their quarters here, the rectory became a much livelier and pleasanter abode than usual; though now, to be sure, since they went to Shropshire, it has been somewhat lonely.

". . . . Neander, I see, has been publishing a Life of Christ. This will be the completest answer to Strauss; who, from his polemical replies, seems to be a very vulgar-

minded though hard-headed master of abuse, a man of intolerable self-conceit, and deluded by an idea which he had taken from Hegel, and does not understand. Nothing can be more fallacious than his fundamental principle, that everything must be progressive. In whatever is at all akin to inspiration, it is just the contrary, as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Raphael, Phidias show."

My mother's chief interest in 1837 lay in the promotion of her brother-in-law, Edward Stanley, to the see of Norwich, and the removal of his family to the scene of his future labours. The unusual degree of sympathy and affection which always existed between her and her sister, caused her to watch with eagerness for every minute detail of the new life upon which the Stanleys were entering, with its manifold duties and occupations. During her frequent visits at the palace, while regretting the rectory and beechwoods of Alderley, she found fresh sources of enjoyment in the picturesque and architectural characteristics of Norwich.

M. H.'s NOTE-BOOK.

"*April*, 1837.—'The fashion of this world passeth away.' Yes, even now, while we fancy it is still with us, it is even passing before our eyes, the scene is changed while we are looking at it, old and well-known places and persons vanish from our sight, all becomes near to our view. So true are Shakespeare's words, 'The world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players, they have their exits and their entrances.' In childhood and youth this is hidden from our eyes, but as life advances, and one change after another

passes over our life, as one set of friends succeeds another, and those whom we once associated with are either removed by death or separated by distance, while others arise to fill up the place in our daily intercourse of life, we learn how passing are all joys that lean on present possessions, how sandy a foundation has all happiness that rests on outward circumstances. And yet there is a truth that abides, a good that remains out of each shifting scene. All that is really precious in it is also enduring, and neither death, nor separation, nor change, can rob us of what we have once truly enjoyed. Let us thankfully adore the wisdom and love that so constituted the mind of man that it should thus retain the good and forget the evil, that it should be able to find good in *varying* forms, and be unchangeable even in its power of change, finding food for hope and joy and love in every passing scene of life, till we come to the city built on a Rock, that abideth for ever!"

"The nearest approach we usually make to thankfulness is to feel that we *ought* to be thankful, and to mourn in not being so. The active, upward-springing language of praise is but seldom able to break through the bonds of weakness and earthly-mindedness, and the burden of sin with which we are too often weighed down. To rejoice in having our wills crossed, in being conformed to His likeness through suffering, is a hard attainment; and yet perhaps true thankfulness oftener arises under outward privation, than when loaded with what seem to our eyes the greatest benefits. Our nature seems more especially to show its root of selfish and ungodly desires in the midst of God's bounty. The moment we are laid low by His chastening hand, our true relation to Him, and debt of love, is brought home to our

hearts in the sense of our nothingness and of His power and mercy."

"To the spiritually-minded, Time and Place are *not*. The Word of God is therefore, when spiritually apprehended, no history of successive generations having reference to various countries and divers persons; it becomes a living present whole,—a picture of the dealings of God with man, of the great contest between good and evil, of the victory over evil by Christ dwelling in the soul, and holding communion with God."

"(*July* 7.)—Is it possible that the wicked, when they leave this world, will *love* God? The thought is a strange one, but it has occurred to me from feeling that sin in myself or others is the only real misery, and that, without a love for God, it would not be misery thus to be separated from Him. If then hell, or, in other words, misery and suffering, is hereafter, as it doubtless is, only in a far greater degree than it can be here, the conscious separation from God by sin, must not there be in the spirits of the departed wicked some love for God, some desire to live in the brightness of His countenance, instead of under its gloom, to create such a sense of wretchedness? Or is it that, on leaving the body, such spirits are brought to a consciousness of life proceeding from God, such as is effected here in the regenerate, while the door is shut of reconciliation and restoration to holiness through Christ, and the life becomes one, not of harmony, but of eternal and conscious discord. How unfathomable is the mystery of the possibility of evil being in any way even in the remotest degree associated with God! and yet some link there must be between Him and

the ungodly, or there would not be the exceeding painfulness of the separation."

"(*July* 8.)—The inheritance of the earth is promised to those who are godly. How truly, how inseparably is this promise bound up in the commandment to 'love thy neighbour as thyself.' To inherit land is to possess it, to enjoy it, to have it as our own. And if we did love our fellow men as ourselves, if their interest, their joys, their good, was dear to us as our own, then would all their property be ours; we should have the same enjoyment as if it were called by our name. We can feel this true in the case of a dear friend, still more so in the case of a husband or wife, where, though two in person, the interest is one. This love, if extended to all, would make the whole earth once more one people and one family. To this end the first Christians sought to have all things in common, neither called they anything their own. Alas! how fallen are we, how is the gold become dim! How do all now, even those who truly love Christ as their Master, fail in love to each other as themselves. But in proportion as we can realise, through the grace given us, that the things of others are as important to us as our own, that we can share their joys and their sorrows, rejoice and suffer with them, in such measure do we taste the blessedness of the promise that we shall 'inherit the earth.'

"It is not the narrow compass of my own garden, my own field that I can enjoy. It is not my own prosperity that limits my pleasure. It is infinitely multiplied as I take interest and find delight in all that concerns my neighbours, and find, in their welfare, the continual source of new gratification. But if we thus are permitted to taste of the happiness of others, and find renewal of life and joy in all their

joys, so must we also inherit suffering with them—we must not shrink from bearing their burdens, from grieving for their sins, from repenting and sorrowing with them, any more than from rejoicing in their good.

"We are ready enough—our human feelings lead us—to sympathise in the bodily sufferings, the outward afflictions of others—shall we not much rather share in the heaviness that must press them down when sin separates them from the light of God's countenance,—when they do not feel the joy of being reconciled to Him through Christ. Oh! that in all things, in spiritual no less than in human sympathies, we might be made one with Christ Jesus, ready and glad to give our life for our friends, and accounting all our friends, who are of the same flesh and blood, bought with the same price. Not our own griefs, our own transgressions only, must weigh upon us; we, like our Master, must be content to bear the iniquities of others, and feel it most blessed if through our chastening or our stripes, our wrestlings in prayer, or our teaching, they may be healed and restored. Our self-loving nature is ever fancying there is a point of rest to be found in this world, though we know that our Example found none; it is ever trying to cast off the burden of duty, whatever it may be, under a notion that when the haven of peace with God is won, the labour of 'toiling in rowing' must be over. And it would willingly anticipate the time, when 'they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, saying, Know the Lord.' But it must not be so yet awhile, our work is still to teach,—still to bear with the weakness and the sin of others, remembering how we too have been tempted,—nay, much more, how after all the grace, light, and life vouchsafed, we are still daily tempted to follow our own devices and desires rather than the perfect, heavenward, holy, self-denying pattern of the Lamb without spot.

"If with our Saviour we must lay down our life, sacrifice our ease, bear a cross for others, so also must we ascend with Him into heaven for them, there to plead and intercede for them with the Father of us all. We are not slow, when once brought to a sense of our own sins, wants, and temptations, to ask for help, strength, and pardon to overcome them. Let us in this point, too, love our neighbours as ourselves, let us seek, ask, and knock for them with equal earnestness, believing for them as truly as for ourselves, that we ask of Him who heareth, and will answer our petitions, and give freely to those who ask in the name, not of their own worthiness, or of the worthiness of those thus brought by them to Christ for healing, but in the name of Him who alone is worthy.

"Oh, that the Spirit of Love which dwelt in the tabernacle of the Word made flesh, might so dwell in us, so rule and reign over our selfish carnal nature, that we might, like Jesus, our exalted King, who was crucified, and is now risen to glory that He may give life to them through His intercession—that we like Jesus may not only ourselves be lifted up from earth and earthly things, but by the power and might of His Spirit be enabled to draw others after us into those heavenly places which are even now an earnest of all that is most blessed and glorious, a foretaste of the everlasting and perfect fruit of joy, and peace, and love, to be fully enjoyed only in the land of promise—the land where Christ and His people will together reign in one kingdom for ever and ever!"

"There is a twofold view in which to see every object—one of light, the other of darkness; just as in Scripture the same image is frequently used to denote good and evil. Now in suffering we have especially set before us two sides:

one that speaks of sin as its origin and cause, as its chief sting and bitterness; the other telling of the mercy which through temporary evil would work final good, and redeem us out of sin to lasting peace and joy.

"If in every cross, in every ache and pain, and in every sorrow, we could look upon the bright side and regard each as a love-token from a Father's hand, as a medicine sent to a sick man by his dearest friend—then, instead of finding it a hard struggle to bear with patience any thwarting of our will or ease, we should truly give thanks, blessing Him who thus cares for us, and who endeavours to make us, through fellowship with His sufferings, like-minded with Himself.

"In some measure and at some time every renewed Christian is able to see in his chastisement, love not anger, mercy rather than punishment. But the genuine belief and acknowledgment should become the hourly, momentary experience of our lives, not only when looking at the suffering from a distance, but in its actual presence, realising continually that Jesus is then speaking to us with a voice of love as true, and a compassion as perfect, as when on earth He took away the sufferings and healed the sicknesses of all around Him. As man He relieved pain, as God He inflicts it: in both cases is His love equal; in both it is the same merciful purpose of preparing our bodies to awake up after His likeness, fashioned like His glorious body.

"Now we see through a glass darkly the great love which is veiled beneath the disguise of suffering. Yet in our weakness let us take comfort in the remembrance that He who could take His life again, felt the suffering of laying it down, and prayed that it might be spared Him if it were possible. 'Praying more earnestly,' as He did, may we find the strength He found, not only sufficient to *bear* the weight of our cross, but willingly and gladly to take it up. This would bring the inheritance of the promise—'He that loseth

his life shall find it,' to those who are 'always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus Christ may be manifest in our body.'"

"*August* 25.—'As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.' 'He that saith he abideth in Him, must also walk as He walked.'

"Oh Lord! this is all my desire—to walk along the path of life that Thou hast appointed me, even as Jesus my Lord would walk along it, in steadfastness of faith, in meekness of spirit, in lowliness of heart, in gentleness of love; not shrinking from the confession of my Master's name, or the avowal of His service, but bearing the burdens of others; considering that I also may be tempted, as I have so often been in times past. And because, through weakness, I am often unfaithful to Thy truth, because outward events have so much power over a weak and nervous frame, in scattering my thoughts and disturbing the inward peace, in which alone the voice of Thy spirit is heard, do Thou, gracious Lord, calm and settle my soul by that subduing power, which alone can bring all thoughts and desires of the heart into captivity to Thyself. Never let me leave hold of Thy guiding arm; but make me lean on it continually, in full and entire trust that Thou canst guide me aright through every rough place and crooked way. My Father, my Counsellor, my Friend, who hast once more sent to me an earthly treasure to love and cherish, let not my affections rest on the creature, but ever soar upwards to the fountain of its life, filled with the one desire of bringing it to Thee, and teaching it to draw spiritual life and nourishment from its merciful and loving Head. Thus shall it become a branch of the true Vine, and a member of

Thy body, O blessed Jesus. Deliver me from the snares which the possession of my child may bring with it, and help me continually to regard it as a loan from Thee. All I have is Thine; do Thou with all as seems good to Thy divine will; for I know not what is best. I am weighed down with my own weakness; but I offer unto Thee, O Lord, myself, my child, my house, my servants, and beseech Thee to teach me how to conduct all, so as best to further Thy glory and their true good. Let not the cares or duties of this life press on me too heavily; but lighten my burden, that I may follow Thy way in quietness, filled with thankfulness for Thy mercy, and rendering Thee acceptable service in the name of Him who alone is spotless before Thee, and whose perfect sacrifice can cleanse my stained works, and give them favour in Thine eyes. Pour out Thy Spirit upon me, to guard me from error and presumption, and to enable me to make known to others without wavering Thy mysteries of love. Finally, may self be daily crucified and lost in me more and more, that Christ may be formed in its place, and that the Lord my Righteousness may be no less without, as my ground of hope, than within, as the renewal of a corrupt mind unto His image."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Stoke Rectory, Feb.* 13, 1838. . . . . Never is the prevailing unbelief so manifest as at times when a ray of light, let in through the medium of another, shows the exceeding darkness. We go on continually walking in an atmosphere of light, with our eyes closed against it, or, if we see at all, seeing men as trees walking, dimly and obscurely perceiving those things which, if we did but open our eyes, would be bright and clear as noonday. How joyous, how inex-

pressibly joyous, will be the perfect day of spiritual light and brightness, since even the faintest dawn is so cheering and passing our comprehension, and how strange it does seem, that knowing as we do the happiness of such moments of unearthly joy, and feeling sure that the clouds which hide us from it so often are all earth-born, we still cleave so fondly to what keeps us afar off, when we might be ever nigh unto the Lord! We bear about with us a precious jewel, and are contented but too often to gaze upon the dust and dross of life, instead of its beauty and riches. But oh, how blessed a thought it is that it will not be ever thus, that all the trials and temptations, and even the sins of every day are working out for us that redemption which will set us free indeed—a redemption from the bondage of self into the liberty of the sons of God, who live no longer to themselves, but wholly and perfectly for the Lord whose they are. . . . . I write thus, as I believe in sincerity of heart and desire for the coming of this day of deliverance, and willing to bear and do all that may hasten it; and yet, while I write, my heart seems to reproach me as though I were seeming to feel that singleness of purpose, which as yet I have attained so slight a measure of. But you understand how the struggles of the inward man prevail, even after it has pleased God to show us the way, the Truth, and the Life, and how possible it is for our nature to hunger and thirst after the food which yet it may at times murmur in receiving. I am mercifully preserved from despondency of spirit; for I know in whom I have believed, and that He is a rock on which I may safely and surely build; for His word is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Though I may and do change, He changes not. Still there are times when the heart faints and is weary, and is inclined to cry out, 'Oh Lord, how long?' It seems to me often now, when I have comparatively better health, stronger spirits,

and more power of enjoyment, with increased blessings of every kind, as if I were really less happy than I was some time ago, as if I did not live so near God, as if He were less well pleased with me, than when I was more immediately under His fatherly correction. I could almost look back with envy to the time when, through great tribulation, there shone forth on me such streams of light and joy. Now I walk more by faith than sight; but we could not always bear to rest on Mount Tabor; nor is this to be our season of rest; and it is a blessed thing for us poor short-sighted earth-worms that we have not the appointment of our daily lessons, that they are set for us by the hand of Him who knows now that which we shall know hereafter, what will be for our good and His glory, for they are both one. We are disposed often to cry out, 'Father, save me from this hour,' forgetting that it is for this cause we are here, and when our true prayer should be, 'Father, glorify Thy name.' If, through the midst of the cloud, we would listen to the voice that speaks, 'This is my beloved Son, hear him,' we should find a Mount Tabor in the lowest valley, a light shining through our darkness that even now would give us a foretaste of the Land that is afar off, while we are as yet forced to abide in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. May we each in our several callings be taught more and more to listen to the voice within us, and hear what it would have us do, and be strengthened to do it; and may the will of God be our object, not our own sanctification nor the good of others only, but 'to do the will of our Father in Heaven.'"

To the same.

"*April* 9, 1838.— . . . . In each of our earthly relations we have a figure of Him who is in turn all of them to us, and we are put into different parts of God's school to

learn the lesson belonging to each different view in which we are related to Him who is Father, Brother, Husband, all in one. May we all profit by this blessed discipline, and learn not merely from the Word, but also from the dealings of our God, what He is and what we are. And oh, how does His love humble us, when we feel what are His crowning mercies, how He lifts up the sorrowing heart with His joys, and chastens the gladsome one with His fear, that both may alike grow and increase by all His dispensations. . . . . All is now so tranquil and blessed around me that I feel at times oppressed by the sense of undeserved mercies, and as if I were happiest, because most nearly in my fit place, when suffering pain or privation. How increasingly are we taught how utterly ignorant are our notions of what is best for us, and that we may well submit ourselves to the leading-strings of One who will direct our way in truth and in righteousness, rather than try to find out a way for ourselves. I am taught continually by my little one what it is to be a little child in mind and heart, though equally often reminded by him of the bitter root of sin and self which lies at the bottom of even apparent virtues."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Torquay, Jan.* 2, 1838.—'The Master is come, and calleth for thee'—this was the text of the sermon we heard yesterday, such a sermon as makes one feel thankful beyond expression to be under the teaching of a faithful shepherd. Did you not feel it a happy thing for Sunday to close the old year, and by its services prepare one for the better improvement of the new one. Never did I spend a happier Christmas. There is a sweet, a peaceful consciousness, that Christ *is* dearer than all else, more precious than any created thing, and He sees—I trust He sees, and that I do not deceive myself—that I could calmly and with chastened

thankfulness look on the removal of every earthly blessing He has given, so that I lose not the sight of His countenance, and can place my earthly treasures in His bosom. I do think that if we nurse our babe for Him, and He should call it away in infancy, in the midst of the bitterness, and oh what bitterness, I could see it folded to His heart, and be comforted. . . . . Oh, do not be weary in prayer, dearest, that you and your little Aug., and I and my two Marcuses, may together travel onward, inquiring diligently as we go, a blessed little company, till we see, not the Star, but the Sun of Righteousness Himself arising, and hear that joyful sound—'The Master is come, and calleth for Thee.'"

"*Feb.* 14.—I always feel as if I were with you at this time of year, though each returning February brings with it its joy; for it tells of a year of absence struck off, and brings you so much nearer to the meeting again. When you were happiest at Alton, how often I used to feel it was *too* deep happiness for earth, its very perfectness tried the weak and frail body, which was not made to bear perfect happiness; but the happiness you enjoyed at Alton was indeed a faint, very faint shadow of that which will be yours, when you shall together again be employed in bringing glory to God. Oh, how impossible it must be for us now to form *any* idea of the exquisite joy it will be to serve our God without the hindrance of sin and self—amid multitudes, *all* whose hearts are filled with the same feeling—to look round and see our own joy reflected on every countenance, and not only for a moment, but *for ever*, to rejoice in the Lord. I long for you to see Rockend. To-day, as we walked along its Rock Walk, I thought no description could exaggerate, or give an idea of its perfection in all ways. Even after the severe weather the myrtles and other pretty shrubs looked healthy and comfortable, nestled under the overhanging rocks, and quite warm and sheltered. You

walk on the edge of the cliffs, the view of the open sea on one side only broken by the tall shrubs and little trees, and on the other the bay and cultivated hills of Tor. I never saw a spot more home-like, that you feel you could grow so attached to; but it is never without a chastened feeling that I look on it. I have lived too long, and I trust that I have been taught too deeply in my Saviour's school to look forward to any earthly home with blind expectation; but it is a very beautiful and inviting *Gourd*, and so long as we may be permitted to sit down under its shelter, I trust that we may be led, through the multitude of our Father's mercies, to long more ardently for the shelter of that abiding home, where the sun shall no more go down, but where the walls shall be Salvation, and the gates Praise."

"*Rockend*, *April* 23, 1838.—You have been with me in the last week, my Mia; past times—Alton in its sunny brightness, Rome in its awful comfort—so much more *real* to my eyes than the present scene on which I am looking, that I scarce know what to begin with, so stupid and nothing-saying a letter seems, when I am talking with you and loving you every hour of the day. I often feel that my affection, my oneness of feeling with you, no words can express; it is like no other feeling, and my only satisfaction is, that you know it so exactly, no words are necessary. If you were to be taken to our Father's home first, I always feel you would be to me as Augustus now is to you—nearer than ever. I should fancy you saw into every motive, and witnessed every struggle; and oh! who, when living in the same room with one all day long, knows half the struggle constantly going on within, between the half subdued *self*-nature, and the victorious power of grace, for in no state on earth is there *rest* to the Christian soldier; the enemy only shifts his ground, but in the hour of earthly prosperity he is as surely there as in the hour of trial or temptation.

That which has brought you so very near me just now has been the reading some of your old letters, and when I once begin I cannot stop. It was very sad, but it was I felt good, and nothing perhaps in the confusion and business of settling one's house would have *fixed* my thoughts more, for I always find it difficult at such times to read to any purpose, I can only breathe up silent prayers to be watched over."

"*May* 10.—We shall soon be looking forward to your coming, my own, my darling Mia. I am sure my love for you must be a love that lives from its own root, for it grows stronger and deeper week by week—absence or silence can make no difference, in all my joys you are with me, in all my mournings over coldness of heart, in all my yearnings after a state where self shall be no longer one's enemy.

"There are some spots here where you and I shall so delight to sit and look over the wide blue waters, open sea one way; and then, just turning to the left, the eye, tired of gazing on nothing but sea, can rest on green woods and fields. I think it more beautiful every day. Marcus enjoys the interest of the place much, and is out nearly all day. He has got several men at work, and intends to do wonderful things with the eighteen acres. *My* part of the domain, and *yours*, is the outer boundary next the sea, smooth, steep, thymy slopes down to the edge of rugged, rocky precipices; and there, perched just above a natural bridge of rock, I often sit and watch the little vessels bounding over the waves, and think how the Mia will enjoy it."

"*May* 31.—We came home last night at ten. It was so lovely. We walked up to the high terrace and looked down the steep precipice, the soothing sound of the quiet waves breaking over the rocks, the stars and crescent moon, all calmness and peace. You would love to see just now the wind waving the long grass soon to be cut down, and the

woods round Tor Abbey such a vivid green. We can rival your hedges in flowers, for I think they grow larger and finer here than any I ever saw, and in such profusion."

"*June* 26, *Burnet.**—There is a family likeness between Somersetshire and Wiltshire, and several times yesterday, when I stopped in the balmy air of one of the loveliest evenings we have yet had, Alton, not Burnet, was before me—the sounds, the calmness, the white cottages. I can now think of those days without bitterness, every year is bringing us nearer and nearer, never for a moment are you and he separated in my mind. I think of you *both* as having passed away from this lower world, its cares, its anxieties, and fears. But he is safe in the blessed home we are toiling and struggling to reach. You are left, not indeed the gay, light-hearted Mia that it was a joy to look upon, but dearer, far dearer than ever, and happy, most happy. I always turn to you as the happiest person I know; for the innocent pleasures of this world, its sympathies, its flowers, its sunshine, you are enabled to enjoy and sympathise in more than ever, and yet your heart is in heaven."

M. H. *to* Miss Miller.

"*Feb.* 17, 1838.—I cannot refrain from sending a small offering to Alton at this season, when I have so much cause for thankfulness. I bless the Lord who was pleased to deliver His servant from the bondage of His earthly tabernacle, and permit him to enter into the joy of his Lord. I bless Him for the marvellous kindness shown to me His poor servant, in that having made me sow in tears he has allowed me to reap in joy, even now in my pilgrimage in which the foretaste of the land that is afar off is very sweet, and the hope of one day beholding the King in His beauty very precious."

* A place rented by the Miss Hares (Caroline and Marianne).

"*April* 9.—I have returned with great thankfulness to my peaceful home, and find my brother Julius well, and not sorry to have his solitude broken. Little Augustus is in an ecstasy of delight over all the primroses and daffodils that cover our hedges and fields. It is a blessed, cheering thing to have constantly before one's eyes such a bright, unclouded life as that of a child—a type of that reserved for us where sin and sorrow shall be no more. But it is surprising even in a child how many seeds of evil show themselves before they have had time to develop themselves fully. We must sow the good seed and prepare the ground as far as we are able, and then pray for the rain and sunshine to give it increase."

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"How my words should be engraven in thanksgiving for all the mercies of my God! How richly does He bless me without and within! And yet when I attempt to speak of Him, my Lord and Master, how cold and lifeless are my words! Oh! for that baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire which may give warmth and power to that which is by nature so dead and weak. Truly the moments when I feel most disposed to fall down in shame and pray for pardon are those when I have attempted to teach others, or when I have made any effort to worship or glorify Him whom I so unworthily serve. Lord, hear; Lord, forgive; Lord, do: hear what I speak not, forgive what I speak amiss, do what I leave undone, that not according to *my* word or *my* deed, but according to Thy mercy and truth, all may issue to Thy glory and the good of Thy kingdom."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, May* 23, 1838.—Little Augustus is, as you may suppose, revelling amid primroses, bluebells, and violets.

which make amends by their profusion for the lack of flowers in the garden. He is like a wild thing from spirits. You can see him, can you not? running before me along the fields to the little wood, chattering all the way, with Chelu running by our side; and how my heart bounds up to Him who thus blesses me and gives such enjoyment."

"*All-Saints' Day.*—Priscilla Maurice has been with me for some time, and is most helpful in all my parish work. She is so full of resources, intellectual as well as spiritual, and has so much knowledge of people and things, that she is a most agreeable companion. I never saw any one who did so truly *redeem* the time towards every one; she is so charitable and encouraging in her judgment of others, and so unwearied in her efforts to do them good; her one constant study is to do her Master's will and give up her own."

"*St. Leonards, Sept.* 3, 1838.—Ten days ago Priscilla Maurice, Jule, and I came here and found a small house without much trouble. One of the advantages of the place, which I much delight in, is its neighbourhood to Oare, Dr. Fearon's church. You may remember his name if you have read Cornelius Neale's life. He had a paralytic stroke lately, which has almost incapacitated him from preaching; and when we went, on the Friday evening after we came, to his school-room service, it was most touching to see this faithful but infirm old servant of Christ doing his Master's work with apparently his dying breath. He could scarcely get to his seat, and his hands shook so, he could hardly turn over the leaves. He read some of the evening prayers, then commented on the Psalm for the day (part of the 119th), then a hymn was sung, and more prayers, then he explained the Epistle for the following Sunday, another prayer, and a concluding hymn. It was quite a little heaven below, for the little flock assembled bore testimony to his valuable ministry, and it was with one heart and voice that all joined

together in prayer and praise. And he, dear blessed old man, with a head quite apostolic in its heavenly sweetness and love, and beautiful in features, did speak with such love, and truth, and plainness, rising up from his seat as the animation of his subject inspired him, and then sinking down in weakness. It was like the last flickering flame of a candle going out, and one felt as if at any moment he might have 'fallen asleep in Jesus,' and joined the church triumphant, while declaring to that still militant the beloved Saviour who had died and risen again for their salvation. He must have been a most powerful preacher, with homely illustrations and ready applications of all he teaches, and such earnestness in seeking to win his people to Christ, but, though enfeebled, his looks speak more strongly than words what is the truth of all he teaches. I could not help thinking how Augustus would have been delighted, and Jule was little less so: he said if he had been an artist he should have asked to paint him for a St. John."

"*Lime, Sept.* 24.—We left St. Leonards with regret. The day before completed our stay in a visit to Dr. Fearon. I can give you no notion what the blessed face of that old man is, and his peace and love. Julius talked to him with all the reverence of a child, and the old man looked on him with such interest, and bade him devote *all* his powers to his Master's service,—it was the truest riches. There was such playfulness in his manner. Asking him if he could get out among his people—'No, very little now; *Mr. Self* don't like to be kept at home, but it is all well; we should choose very ill if we chose for ourselves what trials God should order us.' He was lifted up from his chair when we came away, and followed us to the door blessing us I am sure in his heart. It is a countenance that abides with one, with a sweetness truly of heaven."

"*Palace, Norwich, Dec.* 8, 1838.—The great interest of this

place is the cathedral. It is quite close to the palace, and from my room I distinctly hear the roll of the organ twice every day. I never *enjoyed* a cathedral before. Here it is like a friend, a companion, and its exceeding beauty grows on one. Had I strength I would attend the service daily, for it seems quite to lift one out of the world. There is something most impressive in hearing, in the dusk of twilight, the beautiful music swelling through that lofty and magnificent temple to the glory of God. I feel, too, as if even the absence of any congregation made it more touching and solemn,—to think that, day by day, those most harmonious and beautiful songs of praise are resounding in the ear of God alone. His presence seems truly to dwell in this His house, and His glory to fill the temple."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*March*, 1839.—In my continued weakness I feel that it is good to be kept constantly in mind, that the ways in which one would best like to serve God are not always the ways in which He chooses one should show one's love and readiness to do His will. 'To stand and wait' is a harder task to flesh and blood than 'to speed o'er land and ocean without rest;' and if the exercise serves to school one into perfect submission, it is a blessed one for which one should be thankful. To be useless to others when one fancies one might be able to do them good; to give no pleasure when one longs to comfort or please; to be from bodily infirmity unable to share the enjoyment of others, and show one's light-heartedness, though inwardly full of joy and peace,—these are the constant thwartings of one's own will, that may work out good in a way we see not: and, doubtless, since ordained by God, will not tend to lessen His glory, though we may wish it had been in our power to advance it in our own way."

In April, my mother returned to the quiet of her own home, where, soon afterwards, she received the news of Lady Parry's death, just after her father (Sir John Stanley) had been raised to the House of Lords as Lord Stanley of Alderley.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, May* 14, 1839.—Oh may you have been prepared in some measure to hear that dear sweet Bella has entered that rest from care, from suffering, and from sin, for which she longed, and was so ripened, and which here below, even with the choicest earthly blessings around her, she could never find. She has passed into those heavenly places where her dear little ones have gone before, and where she will see the King in His beauty, and live in the presence of that Saviour she so truly loved while yet unseen. It is but a little while, and those she has left will follow after, and join her in the joyful freedom from their earthly tabernacles, in the union which can never be dissolved. But oh, how long, how weary does the affliction seem in the present time, and how severe must be the suffering through which the glory will be manifested. We know it is love, the tenderest love to all,—even to him the very thought of whom makes one's heart bleed, even to those precious little ones who are deprived of the fondest and tenderest of mothers; and, hereafter, when we see how this sharp trial will have worked out the fruits of righteousness to those who have been exercised by it, we shall give thanks that God's ways are not as ours, and that He has provided the needful medicine to heal all diseases. . . . Dearest, most beloved sister, how you will feel this blow; how you will mourn for this loved one, even while you rejoice over her! It has come so suddenly upon me, I

can hardly yet believe it possible. I can give you no comfort, but you will find it abundantly in submitting your will to His who puts not one drop more of bitter into His children's cup than He sees will work out their true good, their final happiness.

"I shall mourn for dearest Bella as a sister. She is so by long intimacy and Christian feeling, and I cannot bear to withhold the outward sign of it, when it is so truly an expression of that which is within."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*May* 17.—I looked for your letter of comfort and sympathy. Oh! long may you be spared to me; what would the gap be, when joy or sorrow came, and I could not turn to you! It is indeed a heavy blow, and it is the first."

"*May* 27.—To-day *would* have been her birthday,—that day so loved in our family, so associated with all most happy and enjoyable. The sun is shining brightly, the lilacs and laburnums all tell of days gone by. The first thing I opened upon in *her* prayer-book was the Epistle for the day. I cannot tell you how it seemed to lift me up,—'Come up hither, and I will show you the things that must be hereafter,'—and then the last words of that chapter. I felt at once what it was to *know* and feel assured that she was now of that happy multitude who rest not day or night, who are never weary in body, and therefore never weary in spirit, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' We strive in vain to penetrate through the veil cast by those grand descriptions,—but she is now in full possession, and is longing to call us up to her."

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile (Miss Miller).

"*Hurstmonceaux, June* 4, 1839.— . . . . It was a great pleasure to hear of your well-being, and to know all around

you prospering. The thought of a truly Christian household is so comforting, I quite rejoice and bless God for His mercy when it is thus set forth. And each in their appointed place may make their light to shine around, giving blessing to all, and winning others to a like walk with God, however small that light may seem to them, for the light is not ours, and its power depends not on our weak efforts. A simple faith, exercised in every little daily thing, will be increased more and more, and made to yield fruit abundantly, while the most regular and decent conduct not grafted upon the stock of life, living upon its own dead and barren stem, will bear at best nothing but sour and bitter fruit. To man's eye all may appear the same, but He who looks on the heart discerns of what stuff the work is made, and whether the principle of life be indeed in it. If it be, then let us rest assured the light will shine more and more unto the perfect day, unto that passing away of shadows, that realising of substance, that will be ours when we awake up in the glorified likeness of our Lord.

"The return to this, my peaceful home and my quiet occupations, has been a great refreshment to my spirit, and a visit from my cousins, Charlotte and Emma Leycester, has been a great pleasure. They were with me at a time when their sympathy was especially acceptable, for perhaps you will have seen in the papers the departure of Lady Parry two days after the birth of her twin boys, who only lived a few hours. . . . Her four motherless children are bereaved of one who sacrificed everything for their good, and I believe wore out her strength in her attendance on them. She was a most sweet and heavenly-minded Christian, who had been much tried and purified to her own unspeakable gain; and we must not look on those who remain, but rejoice that she is thus early permitted to join the spirits of the just, and to meet her four departed little ones before the throne."

M. H. *to* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*Sept.* 26, 1839.— . . . . I know not how it is with others, but I must confess for myself when all goes smoothly, and no cross is put upon me outwardly, I find more of weight upon my spirit than in times of suffering and sorrow. The burden of self presses heavily, the sense of unthankful and unfaithful service is strong, and I do often long to be freed from a body of sin and death, and to be for ever with Him who alone can satisfy and refresh the soul. I never felt this when in sickness or in sorrow, as I do now at times when surrounded by so much to comfort and gladden me. Yet, after all, whether present or absent, if permitted to live to the Lord, and not to one's self, one must be blessed. The will of God! may it be fulfilled perfectly, completely, in me, be the means what they may."

M. H.'s Note-book (1839).

"*May* 26.—We find in the Bible a number of doctrines and precepts, parts of one whole system of truth, but which, when separated one from another, and looked at singly, appear sometimes at first sight to oppose each other. Where shall we meet with the key-note to bring all into harmony, to reconcile the apparent jar, to make the full and perfect chord of unison? It is to be found only in the contrite and humble spirit. When, by the life-giving Spirit of God the inward spirit of man is taught its true relation to God, when the heart yields itself in lowly submission to the dominion of Him who has bought it for His own, and the rebellion and stiff-neckedness whereby it is prone to reject this King to reign over it is overthrown, and a loving obedience takes its place, then, and then only, do all the differing notes and tunes of God's voice meet together, and utter one full and rich sound of harmony and beauty, the fuller and richer because combined of so many varying parts.

"The soul convinced of sin, yearning after a Saviour, hungering after righteousness and true holiness, finds no contradictions in God's Word—the expression of its wants and the answer to them is already prepared; and though the understanding would vainly endeavour to explain the mystery of God's free grace with man's free will, the meek and lowly heart finds rest in the sure consciousness that it is God that is working in it, and that He will go on with His work till it be finished; that man must *receive* the Saviour if he would have power to become a son of God, and yet it is only through the drawing of the Father that he is enabled to come to Jesus to have life. He needs no reasoning to prove how works grow out of faith, and not faith from works, he knows and feels that the principle of life must exist before a man can move or act, and that when that life is awakened, motion and action must follow.

"*June* 2 ('The Green Book').—The tenth anniversary of my most blessed marriage is come: the day which witnessed my union with one who is entered beyond the veil, and for a time is hidden from my eyes. The earthly union is dissolved, but the heavenly one, I trust and believe, is far closer than in the first days of our married life; and I would fain hope that as members of the same body, adoring the same Head, knit together in the same fellowship of the Holy Ghost, my beloved Augustus and I are still joining together daily and hourly in drinking of the same Spirit, and being one, even as the Father and the Son are one. . . . . When I look back I feel that the one feature in his character that so peculiarly marked the Spirit of God as dwelling in him was *love*—a love never wearied in well doing or in thinking well of others, perceiving the smallest spark of good, and yet through this his heavenly glass of love not deceived by a false standard or delusive desire to count

evil as good, but seeing truly and discerning clearly what was of God and what of man.

"While the link to heaven is drawn close, that to earth is still unbroken. In the wealth of God's love to me His poor servant, while he has taken away that which held me too fast bound to the creature, He has given anew all that it is possible for me rightly to enjoy, and made the earnest desire of my heart to long after that which would be to the praise of His glory. . . . . 'Lord, teach me right judgment and knowledge;' this is my constant prayer. I know not how to guide my household aright—how to train up my child in the way he should go—how to draw my dearest Julius nearer in fellowship of spirit with his God and mine. Let this threefold duty be made plain to me, so plain that I may not err in it: and whatever may be the cost, oh may the Spirit of Jesus reign in me till every selfish aim and purpose is rooted out, every unkind and severe judgment, every unloving thought displaced, and perfect love and perfect purity wrought in my heart."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Stoke, Dec.* 31, 1839.—On Christmas Day, Jule was engaged in consecrating our own Augustus's schoolroom at Hurstmonceaux (built with the profits of his sermons) to Him whose birthday it was. On the afternoon of Christmas Day, when there is usually no service in church, he had service there; and after a preface of his own to explain the purpose of the room, and who, through his book, had enabled us to build it, he read 'the Angel's Text,' as the best dedication to the Glory of God in the highest, and to the end of peace and good-will among men. I never could have borne the way in which Jule spoke of Augustus and his interest in Hurstmonceaux, and how his sermons would

have made them love him, had he ever preached to them, otherwise I should have longed to be there."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend, Jan.* 5, 1840.—. . . When I look back now to what your happiness *was*, and think what ours *is*, I think the uppermost feeling that remains is a calm, settled, thankful peace. I never wake from a dream of you without a sense of comfort such as nothing else can give; it is always the same. The recollection of Alton is of the brightest sun, of a sparkling, joyous, summer sun. Thoughts of you now are like the calm tranquil stillness of a moonlight night, when the little waves are softly rippling over the sand, and the moonbeams dancing on the glassy sea, and when one's eyes love to rest, not on the green and peopled earth, but on the soft blue sky and all its stars. Oh, when I look back on your life and mine, my Mia, truly does my heart exclaim, 'God is love.' I cannot tell you what a blessing was added to my number this last year, in learning to know Julius, in loving him, in feelings of gratitude for all he is enabled to be to you—to us all. A year of mercies has just closed, one most dear has been taken from amongst us, but she, like Augustus, was taken from the fulness of earthly happiness to her heavenly home, and every thought of her is encouragement to press forward, and make the most of the *now*, as she did."

"*Feb.* 18.—How unlike this gloomy weather is to that glorious sun, which I see so plainly shining into that little room at Rome, where you used to sit, looking as if your body only was there—your spirit, your whole thinking, feeling being, ascended with him, and *seeing* the light into which he had entered."

"*March* 23.—Poor Mrs. Louisa Shipley! She prayed earnestly that she might die in her sleep, and this she

literally did; there was no struggle, it was continued sleep."

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*April* 24, 1840.— . . . . Whether there is a feeling of joy and rest in our hearts matters not, if we feel resolute in *doing* the will of God. If you find a slackness in this wish of devoting yourself and all you have to His service, then my dear Mary lose no time, but go and pour out your heart before Him, tell Him all your deadness and weakness, and leave not wrestling in prayer till He gives you a more earnest desire to follow Him. So many Christians, I think, go on in needless despondency and depression from not *at once*, when they feel lifeless towards God, going to lay their burden on Him, who will bear it for them, and in return will assuredly impart His righteousness.

"In your union with your husband you have a constant type how closely you are one with Christ—only *live* in this faith, walk in it, and act in it, and as surely as Christ lived by the Father, so shall every member of His body live by the strength and wisdom of its Head. You have no doubt a great deal to do and think of that is of the earth, earthy; try and lift this very business into heavenly places by doing it with the Spirit of Christ. You are serving Him often quite as acceptably, quite as faithfully, when engaged in your earthly calling, as when reading His word, or on your knees in prayer. At the same time it is necessary to go apart occasionally to ask specially for help and grace to be able to do this, and it is surprising how few minutes of your time it would take, if you would redeem this little time for your God. Often when I have lamented over not having *more time* for communion with Him, it has quite humbled me to find, on looking at my watch, that when I have, as I thought, made an effort to give up my time to

this purpose, the utmost duration has been perhaps *ten minutes!* I mention this as an encouragement to feel how little real cause we have to excuse ourselves from prayer on account of *want of time*, at the same time that it may deeply humble one to feel how slack one's heart is thus to speak to God.

"My little Augustus is overjoyed to get back again, and we are now once more in our peaceful home, where he is the happiest of the happy with all the wild flowers that carpet our fields and hedges, and his own little garden and rabbits. My brother Julius has been made Archdeacon of Lewes by the Bishop of Chichester. It is an appointment that suits him well, as it will not take him away from Hurstmonceaux, and will yet give him an interest and influence over his brother clergy, that will benefit both him and them. We have now regular evening service, and a lecture in the new school-room, which the last edition of the 'Alton Sermons' has enabled me to build. Here many old persons who have not been able to get to church for years are able to come, and Julius talks to them so familiarly, it reminds me more of Alton than anything else since I left it."

"*June* 8.— . . . . Will you let me tell you what of late I have found a benefit from. When kneeling down to pray, instead of beginning to speak immediately, if you would for a few minutes be quite *still* and not attempt either to pray or think, but yield up your mind to God, striving only to keep out all worldly thoughts, it prepares the soul for the Holy Spirit to move on the waters, and I find that words are poured into my mind without effort of my own, and real prayer is more the result, though at best it is most feeble and wandering. And when your prayer is ended, then it is well to rest unmoved for a short time that the influence may not pass away but become abiding. . . . . Anything that can preserve in us an habitual communion with God,

and knowledge that we are not left comfortless, but are ever in the presence and with the love of our Lord and Saviour, dwelling in us and around us, is a means of keeping our souls in health."

In July, 1840, the quiet routine of the Hurstmonceaux life was broken by the marriage of Gustavus Hare in the old ancestral church.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*July* 26, 1840.—The marriage is over: it was unspeakably interesting and affecting. . . . . I have just been reading a sermon of Donne's on marriage, ending thus:—'The God of heaven so join you now, that you may be glad of one another all your life; and when He who hath joined you shall separate you again, establish you with an assurance that He hath but borrowed one of you for a time to make both your joys more perfect in the resurrection.'

"So be it!"

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*July*, 1840.—We have just been reading your letter about the marriage. *I* have, as you have, such a feeling from experience of the perfect bliss, as far as earthly joys can be so, of wedded happiness, it makes me more able to sympathise with those who are just married. It seems almost as if unhappiness from *each other* must belong to creatures of another world. We have written two little notes to Gusti and Annie, and now I may come to you, my sister. Oh! too well can I tell what the day was to you. But your life is hid—it is not all the visible life. Often you are permitted in heart and mind to ascend whither our Augustus is gone before; and while you are adding to and increasing the happiness of others by your warm sympathy and comfort, there is a peace shed into your

bosom that makes you, in the midst of loneliness, one of the happiest creatures I know."

In the same summer the death of Bishop Otter came as a great sorrow to the family at Hurstmonceaux. A near neighbour and honoured friend of the Leycesters of Stoke while resident at his Shropshire living, his intimacy with my mother had been renewed after his elevation to the see of Chichester, and his occasional society had been a great source of enjoyment to her.

"That which was most admirable about him," wrote Julius Hare, "was not his doing so much, but that, having done so much, he seemed to think he had done nothing. Never have I known a man in whom, as in him, humility appeared to be almost a part of his nature—not so much a a grace acquired by devout meditation and prayer, as the spontaneous bearing of a gentle and loving heart. With him it seemed to be well-nigh an instinctive impulse to esteem others above himself; and many a time have I been deeply humbled, by finding him defer to my opinions, as though he had been the inferior. Thus did he accomplish his work, or rather win over others to accomplish it, thus, and by the irresistible sweetness and affectionateness of his character. These are his favourite words, which are perpetually recurring in his writings; for by them, after the manner of most writers, he was unconsciously portraying himself, while he was endeavouring to impress his own image upon others. Few men have ever had more of the spirit of the disciple whom Jesus loved. Whithersoever he came he said, 'Little children, love one another;' not, indeed, always in so many words; but all his words seemed to say this. It was scarcely possible to fix one's

eyes on his mild, calm, benevolent countenance, without feeling one's own heart softened, without feeling something of an answering kindness, of a like goodwill toward men.

"God has called him away to his reward. In one of his last letters to me, when speaking of his anxiety about the Ecclesiastical Bill, and of the failure of his health, brought on by that anxiety, he said, 'I am somewhat depressed just now by an irritation in the chest; but I shall do my best in this as in other matters relating to the diocese, wishing however, sometimes, that I had wings like a dove.' When he wrote these words, he knew not how soon his spirit was to spread out its dovelike wings. Only five weeks after, he did indeed flee away, and entered, we cannot doubt, through the merits of his Saviour, into the rest reserved for the people of God." *

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, August* 24, 1840.—You will grieve for us in the sad loss of our dear and excellent bishop. I have long felt it almost too great a blessing for Jule to have such a coadjutor. It has been such a constant source of happiness to him as I can scarcely give you a notion of, having his encouraging approval of all he did, his affectionate, hearty sympathy in every good work. All his daily interests and occupations for the last three months have been so interwoven with this kind, good friend, there is no one out of his own family whom he loved more truly. The loss is great to the diocese and Church, but to Jule it is a very personal affliction, and we have both felt the last two days filled with deep grief in this event. He is in my mind linked with all my early Hodnet recollections, and he too is now passed into the heavens, to join the blessed company

* Preface to Archdeacon Hare's Charge on "The Better Prospects of the Church." 1840

of those earthly friends who have gone before him thither. Martin Stow, Reginald Heber, and my own dearest Augustus, how are they all now welcoming the new arrival of a redeemed spirit freed from its mental prison-house to share the liberty of the sons of God. And this faithful servant of God has, indeed, been the instrument of stirring up others to do the work he is now released from. He just stayed long enough here to do more in four years than other bishops in a hundred and fifty. He has established a Clerical College, a Training School, a Diocesan Association for helping the clergy by assistants, and he has revived the rural chapters, all powerful means of doing good and enabling the clergy to work together for Christ's kingdom. Jule feels it such a blessing to have *had* him for even this little time, that his language is one of mingled grief and rejoicing; and he ended his sermon yesterday, in which he spoke of him most touchingly, by saying that there was still joy in the thought of him, and 'we will rejoice, yea, and we *will* rejoice.'"

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile.

"*Lime, Sept.* 1, 1840.—I have nothing but good tidings to give of myself and all around me. Truly the God of mercies is about my path, and loads me with benefits. I have this summer felt more strength than for some time past, and quite wonder sometimes at how much more I am able to do than I could.

"While you are at Alton you must assure all my old friends of my continued interest in them, and hope that whatever may be their appointed lot, whether of joy or sorrow, whether of privation or mercy, they are receiving all things in patience and submission to the will of God, and then I know they will work their good. Tell them I am better and stronger in health than I have been before, since

I left them, and that God crowns me with loving-kindness and blessing. Beg of them not to forget those ministers who once called on them to love their Saviour, and remind them that the same Saviour is watching over them now as then, and that they must draw near to Him in faith, and ask Him to teach them all they must do."

M. H.'s Parish Journal.

"*July* 2, 1840.—To day I called upon Mrs. P., of Stunts Green. She could speak but little from illness, and showed no interest in what I read: it was a painful, unsatisfactory attempt to talk to her, and she seemed thoroughly dark and dead to all spiritual feeling. I could but cast the life-giving words on the waters and pray they might be blest. At Pellett's cottage I found a great contrast in the sufferer's state of mind. Outwardly nothing could be more deplorable —the cottage looked like an Irish cabin in its thorough filthiness, discomfort, and misery—a number of children pulling at one another, the mother worn and sickly, and dirty to the greatest degree—the poor man himself on a hard chair by the fireside, without any sort of resting-place for his aching limbs. It was some time before he had finished the history of his sickness and all his sufferings, and only at intervals could he find breath to speak of his state of feeling. When he did, it was indeed a blessing to hear him. 'Last night I found more comfort than I have done yet; I was nigher to Christ—I could pray to Him better—more of light came upon me.' Then he said, 'Oh! I have a stony heart—it wants taking away—I have not been able to pray—the 3rd of Lamentations, that is my case. I have been shut out, quite shut out, but the Lord has waited long enough for us; we must wait for Him.'— 'I know I have got a great burden of sin, but I cannot feel it. I want to feel it. Last night I saw something

more of my sins, and I felt better.' 'What a strange thing a *heart* is! I never knew anything about it until lately; now I see how full of wickedness it is. There can be no prayer without the heart. I could not pray, He was so far off; but last night I prayed for a little ease, and the Lord gave me sleep, and when I waked I felt as if He was nearer.' 'It gives me almost as much trouble to think of others as of myself; they are all going on as I was, without thought. What a mercy it is I was not cut off before. God has called me over and over again, but I would not hear. It has seemed to me as if I could not be pardoned, but His word tells me I may, and God is no liar.' 'I have been reading this morning about the stony heart—that is it—it is stony and hard, but it seemed better last night with me than it has been yet. I knew I was a great sinner, and that I had need of a Saviour, but I did not know how to get at Him; it must be in His own time.' He went on speaking with his eyes cast down—often forced to pause for breath, hardly seeming to notice what I said, so engrossed was he with his own thoughts; but every word seemed fresh from his heart, and testified of the Grace working in him. He more than once said, 'The spirit of God will not always strive with man,' and almost seemed to fear he had tried it too long. In this wretched cottage, with how little of human comfort around him, was the blessed knowledge of life and salvation dawning on this poor George Pellett to give joy and peace for ever. Oh! may he be permitted to find Him whom he seeketh, and feel that love which passeth knowledge, and be brought through his deep waters into the haven of rest. When I read to him of Jesus healing the leper, he said, 'He is just as near to us now as He was then if we can see Him by faith.' I sometimes think I must suffer a great deal more, and go through much more, for He suffered so much for me."

"*Oct.* 18.—Yesterday Julius was told of a poor travelling woman who was dying in a lane near Cowbeach. We drove there, and found her lying in a small tent attended by two women of the neighbourhood. They gave a fearful report of her sufferings, and she seemed to be in great pain, and could not speak, only pointed upwards and clasped her hands. An infant of a week old was with her, and at her desire Julius baptized it. It was a touching sight indeed to see that little unconscious babe in his arms and hear the solemn words, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' pronounced over it, and to think of the love of Him who thus allowed such a one to be brought into His family, and called by His name; that she, who in this world was born in wretchedness and misery, houseless, soon to be motherless, without hope or comfort, should in this blessed sacrament be received into the ark of Christ's Church and be made an heir of glory; that she, now the lowest of the earth, should have the promise to *reign* with Christ for ever and ever! Oh! it was enough to draw me out of the cold formality in which one is apt to live, to see in such vivid contrast the earthly and heavenly inheritance. Let me not forget the anguish of that poor sufferer, nor the sweet peace of that baby, nor the touching voice and words of Julius, when as minister of Christ he prayed for this child to pass through the waves of this troublesome world and come to the land of everlasting life, there to *reign* for ever. The temple of God was around us, even the curtain of the heavens, and He who sitteth above the heavens doubtless heard that prayer and now numbers that little Caroline among His elect. Oh, may she never depart from Him who has so loved her, but live to glorify Him on earth and reign with Him in glory everlasting!"

XVI.

HOME-LIFE AT LIME.

"Rejoice, oh grieving heart,
The hours fly past;
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past."

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

THE garden at Lime was really a very small one, but it was wonderfully varied, and to its widowed owner it was a source of ever-fresh happiness, while to her child its delights were inexhaustible. Every variety of flower seemed to have an especial luxury in blooming in its many little beds and baskets; and the steep grass bank, which sloped away from the lawn to the large transparent fish-ponds of the old monastery, was a scene of enchantment in spring from the myriads of wild flowers with which it was covered—daffodils, orchis, lady's-smock, and bluebells, but, above all, from a perfect glory of primroses, and these of every shade of crimson and pink, besides the ordinary yellow ones, their ancestors having probably been planted in former times, though they now grew luxuriantly wild.

And every corner of this garden, in which we led an almost solitary life for so many years, is filled with the memory of my dearest mother's sweet presence. It was our earthly Eden. How often I recollect her sitting in the sparkling morning of a hot summer's-day, at breakfast in the cool house shadow outside the little drawing-room window, where the air was laden with the fresh scent of the dewy pinks and syringa ; how often meditating in the green alley which separated our garden from the wheat-field, and which she called her "Prayer-walk;" how often, in feebler and sadder days, pacing to and fro in the path at the top of the kitchen garden, exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the winter wind by a thick wall of holm-beech, which ended at a summer-house, the scene of many happy children's feasts, hung round with old stag-horns which were relics of the castle deer-park.

During the early years of her life at Lime my dearest mother seemed to live so completely in heaven that all outward times and seasons were so many additional links between it and her. Spring came to her as the especial season of the Resurrection, and in the up-springing of each leaf and flower she rejoiced as typical of the rising again of all her loved and lost ones ; summer was the time in which chiefly to dwell upon the abundance of God's mercies, the *fulness* of His gifts ; the golden fields of Hurstmonceaux in the harvest were to her the image of that great harvest-field in which the reapers are the angels ; she loved to walk in the hop-gardens, and amid those Sussex vines to dwell upon the allusions to the Vine and its branches, especially precious to her as linking each humblest Christian so closely, as of

the same plant, to the great Head of the Church, Christmas brought real heart-rejoicing in all its sacred associations. But most of all, as most to one to whom the future was the *real* life, the present only the *waiting-time*, did my mother rejoice in Easter. Then her inward spiritual life seemed to overflow. Day by day through her silent week,—the "Stille Woche,"—which was so real to her, she lived *with* and followed *through* each scene of Bethany, Gethsemane, and Calvary, shutting out the whole world, her spirit following the sufferings of Christ, dwelt apart with God; in the moon glittering through the hazels upon the silver riplets of our beautiful pond she seemed to see the paschal moon which rose over Olivet. And when the Easter really came, then her heart rose upwards and lived afresh with her risen and living Saviour, and with her inmost being poured out in praise, she fell at His feet like Mary, and with her whole soul she embraced Christ.

No Christian season was a name to her, all were burning, glowing realities. And, through the whole of her course, from childhood to old age and infirmities, the key-note of her life, the mainspring of her every act, was love—love to God, love to God's poor, love to her family, love, which by the rubs and pressure of the world was never ruffled, because no injury could irritate her, who had always forgiven, beforehand, and who always thought all others better, so much better, than herself.

The other prominent figure in the home recollections of my childhood is my uncle Julius, the gaunt figure, with a countenance generally stern and engrossed, but capable of as much variation as a winter sky, and sometimes breaking

into the most noble enthusiasm, into the most joyous animation, or into bursts of the most unspeakable tenderness. It was to my mother that all the bright and loving side of his nature especially revealed itself. To her, whom all loved, my uncle was radiant with the most tender devotion. He entered into all her feelings, he consulted her on all his plans, he laid open to her all his thoughts; with her alone he was never cold, never harsh—with her and with the poor, for to the poor he was always as gentle as he was generous. In the summer the Marcus Hares generally passed several months at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, when we also lived there; but at other times my uncle appeared regularly between five and six every evening, and dined with my mother, sitting with her afterwards to talk—generally of parish matters; often, after his elevation to the archdeaconry of Lewes, about clerical affairs; at one time, much about his new version of the Psalms, which, for the most part, they arranged together. In the affectionate care of Julius, and still more in her cares for him, my mother found her chief link with her past life. If on any day he missed coming, that day was a blank to her, and in the mornings she would frequently go up to the high field between Lime and the Rectory, which was then just within the limit of her walk, in order that from thence she might catch a glimpse of his tall figure as he paced up and down between the oaks which fringed the rectory garden.

Every Sunday morning also my uncle never failed to come to Lime that he might drive my mother to church, discussing his sermon or the many parish interests, as they slowly ascended the hill on which the church stands, seeing

the familiar figures of the well-known country people, the men in their smock-frocks, climbing the steep path above the road, and receiving their affectionate greetings. In the hill-top position of his church, my uncle never ceased to rejoice. He spoke of it in one of his sermons :—

"Precious is the blessing which we enjoy, in having the Lord's house amid our dwellings, set up on high, that all may see it, with its spire ever pointing to heaven, to remind us, whenever it meets our eyes, how our hearts also ought always to be pointing thither, with the same quiet, steadfast, unchanging, immovable calmness. If the situation of our church is in many respects inconvenient, at all events it has this advantage, that it stands upon a hill, so as to be clearly seen afar off; and many a time, I think, when the sky has been overcast with driving clouds, and everything else looked gloomy, you must have observed a pure still light resting upon it, betokening the light which, amid all the clouds and storms of the world, rests on a heaven-pointing spirit." *

In the Sunday afternoons my mother would take her Testament, and find some sheltered seat in Lime Wood, and there she loved to teach her child, who always felt that no number of church services could do him so much good as one Sunday afternoon spent thus with her who "sweetly instructed him down in his heart."

It was from the Rectory that my mother derived almost all the society she still consented to see. Sedgwick, Landor, Whewell, Worsley, Bunsen, and Thirlwall, were

* Parish sermon—"The Duty of Building the Lord's House."

frequent guests there, and one or other often accompanied my uncle in his daily visits to Lime. In that little home itself there were few guests, occasionally the Stanleys, Miss Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Pile, but the circle was seldom increased.

In the first years of her widowhood, in her autumn journeys to Shropshire, my mother had several times turned aside to the village of Bubnell, near Leamington, to visit Frederick Maurice, a former pupil of her brother Julius, who was then officiating there as curate. With him lived his sister Priscilla, the most remarkable of the eight daughters of Michael Maurice, a Unitarian minister at Frenchay, near Bristol, and a man of mark in his own community.

Though very feeble, Priscilla Maurice had not at this time fallen into the serious ill-health which for so many of the later years of her life confined her entirely to her bed, and she passed a part of every summer at Lime, and was much beloved there. In 1842 she begged to bring with her and to introduce to her friend her younger sister Esther, for whom she was anxious to obtain the relaxation of country air and quiet, as she was at that time laboriously employed with another sister in teaching a school at Reading. During this visit was laid the foundation of a friendship which ended in 1844, in the marriage of Esther Maurice with my uncle Julius, a marriage which naturally brought with it a great change in my mother's home life, but which she welcomed gladly at the time as conferring the blessing she most desired for her brother-in-law, and which she never for a moment regretted, though the close juxtaposition into which they were thrown, made the differences of character

and feeling, induced by early circumstances and associations, more apparent as years went on.

In 1842, it came to my mother as a great happiness that the Bunsens fixed their residence for a time in the old family home of Hurstmonceaux Place. Their society gave quite a new zest and freshness to all her intellectual pursuits, especially to the German authors in whom she was interested, and in the daughters of that loving family circle she found joyful helpers in all her parish work. But in 1844, the distance from London, which was great in those non-railroad days, obliged Bunsen to leave Hurstmonceaux, and to bring to end a period which he looked upon as one of the happiest portions of his life.*

During these years, as her health became stronger, my mother was able to devote herself more fully to work amongst the poor, and two or three times in a week spent the afternoon at Foul-Mile, a neglected hamlet in a distant corner of the parish. The tenderness of her ministrations among them is commemorated in the dedication of Julius Hare's Parish Sermons—"To her who was the blessing of my beloved brother Augustus during the years of his wedded life, and whose love for the poor of my parish, since she became a widow, has been their blessing and mine."

There was that in my mother's parish visits which will never be forgotten at Hurstmonceaux. It was that she never came merely to read and to lecture and to distribute tracts, but that she brought with her a heart brimming with loving sympathy to enter into all the troubles of the cottagers, to advise and help them when she could, in their

* "Memoirs of Baron Bunsen," ii. 45.

worldly as well as their spiritual concerns, and in all, to feel *for*, if not *with* them. And thus many an aching heart in the villages of Lime Cross and Gardner Street, which were within half-a-mile distant, turned to the old house with the tall clustered chimneys and bright garden, in the glad assurance that it contained one who was no cold and distant mistress, but the warm-hearted sharer of all their joys and sorrows, and with the certainty that no case of wrong was too trifling, no perplexity too simple, to obtain a willing and patient hearing from her whom they were wont to call "the Lady o' Lime."

Each morning, as soon as breakfast was over, would see my mother cross her high field with its wide view over level and sea, and then follow the oak-fringed lane to the girls' school, where she taught the children — always gladly welcomed by them from the interest she contrived to throw into the most ordinary lesson, often enlivening her instructions with stories of things she had seen or read of, or simple facts of natural history. Each village girl saw in her one who was as necessary a part of her home as the members of her own family, one to whom all her family relationships and domestic concerns were familiar, and who cared for each individually. When any were sick or sorry it was their "Lady" they wished to see; if any prosperity befell them, they hastened to tell her of it; and, at their little festivals, especially that of the first of May, nothing was considered complete unless their dear "Lady" was there, sitting under the laburnum trees, in the little school-court, enjoying all with them.

But the wealth of the great love which was so abundant

for others, was most of all poured out for the child of her adoption, who was scarcely ever separated from her, whom she made after a fashion a sharer in all her thoughts, and a companion in all her pursuits, for whom she tried to draw a lesson out of everything in nature—and who found, even in childhood, every hour too short, which was passed in the perpetual sunshine of her dear presence.

M. H. *to* MISS CLINTON.

"*Stoke Rectory, Jan.* 6, 1841.—The first thing I have to tell you about is my dear father. He is certainly shrunk and looks more of the old man than he did, though still far from eighty-eight in any of his ways. His faculties, except the memory of *recent* things, keep as good as ever; and as an instance, he read last night aloud for nearly an hour from the *Quarterly*, the article on the Scotch Kirk, with as much vigour and interest as I ever heard him. At the same time there is an evident weakening in his bodily powers, which requires constant watchfulness, and is fitted to make one enjoy from day to day the blessing of having him preserved to us. . . . . You ask about my mode of life at Stoke. After breakfast at nine, I usually write till eleven. Then come Augustus's lessons. Then, if fine, half an hour's walk and a quiet reading in my own room. At one o'clock we have luncheon. Letters arrive at two, and reading aloud to Mrs. Oswald and writing letters has usually taken up the afternoon. At five o'clock we dine; Augustus gets some pictures, and sometimes afterwards my father reads aloud. By half-past nine we are all quite ready for prayers and bed. Here is a quiet and uneventful life.

"Julius is much delighted, and I for him and the diocese, in the appointment of Manning as his fellow Archdeacon. It will be a most happy thing for both, his talents peculiarly

fitting him for carrying the outward organization of the Church into effect, and breathing life into its power. And though he has a strong leaning to the Oxford doctrines, he is too wise and candid a man to be led away into their narrowness and onesidedness."

ARCHDEACON JULIUS HARE *to* ARCHDEACON HENRY MANNING.

"Unity, the unity of the Church, is of all things the dearest to your heart, at least only subordinate to, or rather co-ordinate with truth, without which, you well know, all unity must be fallacious. . . . . I trust in God that, so long as we are permitted to live and work together, we shall also be permitted to show practically, that unity may exist without uniformity, and that the diversities of opinion and feeling, which on many subjects prevail between us, will in no wise impair the unity of affection by which we are bound to each other, or our unity of action in the service which we owe to the Church and her Lord. If I may without presumption apply words, which were spoken of wiser and holier men, may the survivor of us be enabled to say, as Archbishop Bramhall said of himself and Usher, who in like manner differed from him on sundry points of opinion and feeling: 'I praise God that we were like the candles in the Levitical temple, looking one toward another, and both toward the stem. We had no contention among us, but who should hate contention most, and pursue the peace of the Church with swiftest paces.'" *

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Feb.* 18, 1841.—I must write a few lines on this day when in thought and recollection we are so closely united,

* Dedication of a sermon on "The Unity of the Church."

when I can follow you, my own loved one, in every sad thought, in every hopeful, blessed prospect. Seven years of separation are passed, and in how many ways has the memory of our most precious Augustus been blest. We have been reading his sermons on the Lord's Prayer in the last few evenings at our family prayers, and one seems to hear his voice as one goes along; it makes Marcus sometimes quite speak in his tone. I always long to be near you at this season. I cannot tell you how the brightness of that Roman sun then rises up before me, and how I almost seem to feel the warmth of its rays, as they used to shine into that room, where you sate with your Bible, and when truly the Sun of Righteousness was shining into your inmost soul with healing in His wings. I always wish that you were spending this day in your own peaceful home; but perhaps the Comforter is more sensibly present with you when there is no human sympathy close at hand, and you can turn to your little Augustus, and feel thankful that you have one bright flower to bloom on your lonely hours, and to nurse for Heaven's garden."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Easter Day, April* 11, 1841.—How much of mercy and blessing should I have to record here were I to look back over the last few months, in which I perceive no note has been taken! How much of long-suffering, of evil averted, of comfort bestowed, and yet how much too of unthankful heedlessness in the reception of these gracious dealings of my God! . . . . And now Christ is risen! the day of rejoicing is come, and He who through the Cross gained the Crown, has been graciously pleased to receive the prayers and praises of His people for this His great and glorious triumph. O Lord, make me a partaker of Thy resurrection, by rising out of my carnal nature, and seeking Thy

kingdom and glory more earnestly. Renew in me a more lively appropriation of Thy salvation, that, feeling more vividly the grace Thou hast brought unto me, I may be constrained to offer Thee a more willing service, to yield myself more fully to God, and devote all the energies of body and mind to the promotion of Thy glory. But for this I need not only the will and ability, but the wisdom from above to enlighten my ignorance, guide my judgment, and lead me to discern the best and surest way of doing Thy will. Thou who art the Power and Wisdom of God, O Jesus Christ, give me out of Thy fulness judgment and wisdom, light and truth, and also humility and love, that I may be a witness for Thee upon earth, and in Thy due time be translated into the incorruptible inheritance into which Thy faithful saints have passed before us. Lord, into Thy hands I commend myself and those most dear to me, my child, my Jule. Oh, sanctify us all, and fill us with Thy Spirit, that we may live henceforth for Thee! Empty us of self, and do Thou live and reign in us, that we may be one with Thee and with each other."

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile.

"*Hurstmonceaux, July* 13, 1841.— . . . . We have great cause for thankfulness in the safety of our sisters-in-law, both at Bonn and Torquay. Mrs. Gustavus Hare has a fine boy, and my own Lucy has the desire of her heart in a little girl to add to her two boys. . . . . You have no idea how much our church here is improved by the many alterations we have made out of the Alton sermon money, and the new school-room is very pretty. All this has been done by my Augustus.* I have now staying here Miss Esther

* *i.e.* the money produced by the sale of the Alton Sermons was spent thus.

Maurice, who has lately been at Devizes, and went over to Alton. She is a great pleasure to me. Mercy and blessing attend my path and yours, and may we be rich in thankfulness."

In the spring of 1842, while she was with her father at Stoke Rectory, my mother received the news of the death of her brother-in-law, Francis Hare, at Palermo. Letters had only passed at rare intervals between him and his brothers, but the fraternal bond was never loosened, and latterly the adoption of the little Augustus had made an additional tie between him and his widowed sister-in-law. His health, which had long been failing, had received a severe shock in the death of his mother's last surviving sister, Mrs. Louisa Shipley; and a still greater one in the loss of his kind and most generous cousin Anna, already frequently mentioned in these Memorials, and at that time married to the Rev. George Chetwode. The will of Mrs. Shipley, who left almost all her property away from her nephews to a distant relation, also embittered the last years of his life, and caused much anxiety as to the future of his family. He expired on the 11th of January, in the presence of his wife, her sister, his three elder children, and his faithful friend, the Duke of Sierra di Falco.

Francis Hare was buried in the Protestant burial-ground at Palermo, and was believed to have died in the Protestant religion; but, after their own conversion to Romanism, his widow and daughter always maintained that he was in heart a Roman Catholic, and even that they had evidence of his having been baptized in his childhood at Bologna by

Mezzofanti. Madame Victoire Akermann, for upwards of forty years the faithful friend and servant of the family, never heard him speak of religion except once. It was either at Rome or Naples: he said, "Il y a bien des choses qui m'empêchent de quitter la religion où je suis, mais au fond du cœur je suis Catholique."

JULIUS HARE *to* MRS. HARE.

"*Hurstmonceaux, Feb.* 4, 1842.—Most grievous and unforeseen were the tidings that your sister's letter brought me, that I should never see my beloved brother again. Mrs. Hare-Naylor, a short time since, heard what seemed so good a report; and now, without notice, he is suddenly snatched away from us. Oh how much do I owe him from my earliest childhood! He was the loving teacher of my boyhood, the kind, generous, unvarying friend and benefactor of my whole life. I owe him this house itself, and my happiness here at Hurstmonceaux. And never, that I can remember, have I had a single unkind, a single harsh or angry word from him. Alas! alas! how ill have I requited all his kindness. How negligent have I been towards him. At this moment I have an unfinished letter to him lying in my drawer. We were hoping that he would at last come to England, and live amongst us and with us, and now we learn that we shall never see him again. Let me hope that I may be enabled to repay a little of the kindness, which I owe to my most kind brother, by doing what I can for his widow and his dear children. I am very glad you have Mr. Gaebler with you, a person so kind and so judicious. May God support and comfort you."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend, March* 11, 1842.—This will welcome you home, I hope. You know how I always *get home* with you,

and rejoice; and to have left the dear old Father so well as I hear he is; and then comes your darling's birthday, which being so close to our T.'s, I always seem to keep along with his."

"*March* 28, 1842.—Our beloved Mary Grey* has entered into her Rest, on the evening of yesterday, Easter Sunday, the same day *our* mother† entered into hers; at six o'clock she fell asleep. All she had so dreaded of the struggle between soul and body was spared her; there was no struggle, she slept most of the day, all pulsation seemed to cease at four, and she breathed her last sigh two hours after, so peacefully, they scarcely knew when she was gone. For her brother alone, in such a departure, is there a thought of sadness; but oh, for *her* the battle is fought, the victory won, and she has joined the 'Company of Heaven,' with whom yesterday at that blessed Communion we were feebly offering up our praises. We had heard on Saturday she was so much better, we did not think how near she was—that the gate of Everlasting Life was opening for her, and that in a few hours she was to be with the Lord. The last time I saw her I felt I should not see her again, and there was something so sad yet soothing in looking at her little garden and beds, while waiting for the door to be opened—the bulbs all springing up, all so cheerful, so springy, the season she so loved, and certainly it is as easy to conceive a glorified, beautiful, deathless body springing up from our poor corrupt ones, as it is to believe that narcissuses, and crocuses, and daffodils all spring from a dry, brown, ugly bulbous root. This last week has been to me a very blessed one; and though I have done nothing but groan inwardly

* A first cousin of my mother's. Her mother was Susannah Leycester, who married the Hon. John Grey, brother of the fourth Earl of Stamford.

† Georgiana, Mrs. Hare-Naylor.

over my coldness, and difficulty of keeping my thoughts above the little things of life, still I have been enabled to feel *near* to my Saviour, and moment's glimpses, as it were, of a brighter world and sinless happiness have darted across my view, and placed this life in its right position. Then yesterday I was permitted once again to kneel with my dear husband in church. There is no power of expressing all one wants to feel. 'Oh, for a heart to praise my God—a heart from sin set free.' The happier one is in love and gratitude to Him, who has so loved us, the more *un*happy one is shut up in such a body of sin and infirmity. What a blessed state it will be when to enjoy heavenly and spiritual things will be as natural as it is now to enjoy earthly blessings."

"I hope much for Marcus from the change of air to Hurstmonceaux—that fine high dry hill, that large green field. I often laugh to think now how ugly I thought it the first time I saw it, and now Hurstmonceaux always comes into my mind's eye as one of the most delightful, enjoyable places I know."

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Easter Day, March* 27, 1842.—It is one Church-year since I have entered anything in this book, and now once more is Easter returned with all its holy comfort and blessed promises, and it has found me in the possession of like mercies with last Easter. May I not hope, in the gain of a deeper faith, of a more steadfast footing on the Rock of Ages? For many months cannot roll by and leave no trace behind, some features of the mind must be changed, some lines weakened and some strengthened. Oh, that the image of Christ may be more visibly stamped within, so that it may by degrees cover and wholly obliterate the image of Adam, which was originally painted there. But

alas! the heavenly has not yet taken the place of the earthly; the strife is going on, and many a temptation has yet to be overcome before the victory is won, and it can be a living perfect truth, that as Christ lived by the Father, so I, His unworthy disciple, live by Him. But, far off as this consummation still remains, though many a mountain-top has to be gained, yet it is ever before my eyes. I am not conscious of any falling back in the earnest longing to be indeed Christ's now and ever, and to press on to the prize of this high calling, in His name and through His strength. Blessed be He who alone giveth us either the will or the power to serve Him.

"This Lent has been so blessed a season to me that I almost grieve to part with it. . . . . I have been taught something of late through trying and humbling lessons. Oh, that this knowledge may lead me to a deeper acquaintance with Him whose perfect love and meekness can overcome my want of it, that I may lose myself in Him. The outward reality of His holy life and death on earth has been brought home vividly the last week. May I experience the *power* of His resurrection, and when I am lifted up, draw others with me! Holy and blessed Jesus! do Thou graciously grant my petitions this day for myself, my child, my Jule, and all who are dear to me, in such wise as may best fit us to glorify Thee, and in Thine own time make us meet for the inheritance Thou hast purchased for us. And when we have indeed overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, through the might of the Spirit, let us cast down our crowns before Thee, for Thou alone art worthy to receive honour, praise, and glory, now and for ever."

"*August* 21.—How precious to me are a few hours of solitude and silence! Surely when one does feel so strongly that even the society of those nearest and dearest is insufficient to satisfy one's heart, and that the want of more intimate

communion with God is a deep feeling of the soul, it must be a token that weak as is one's faith and love, one's chief desire and yearning is after the Eternal—the Invisible One. Many can find in the society of others and in their secret retirements all that is needful for their comfort; but I am so at the mercy of outward things, so acted upon by others, that I find an essential difference in my spiritual life when called upon to live as others do, and when alone in my own home. Doubtless I am able to learn many a lesson of practical wisdom and love when sharing my daily life with those so dear to me, so fitted to teach and help me. But not the less do I prize the privilege of being once more *alone* with my God. Oh how deep cause have I for humiliation before Him, that in all the mercies of the past months I have glorified Him so little, done so little for His honour, and sought so coldly for His love and grace. It seems so difficult to draw near and commune with Him myself, that all desire for the good of others and attempt to win their hearts to Christ is dead within me. When I speak of Him my heart reproaches me; it is as idle words void of life and meaning. Oh quicken me, Lord, by Thy Spirit, and refresh and soften by the showers of Thy grace my parched ground, that the fruits may be more abundant. Oftentimes when all around is so full of love, so overflowing with blessing, I feel so cold and thankless I could hate myself for my sin. And yet let others withhold from me but the smallest particle of that esteem and love I imagine to be my due, how mortified is my pride and self-love, how hard it seems to bear! Lord, when will self die within me! When shall I seek for rest and joy in Thee alone!

"Much reading, much talking—these things sadly hinder the free course of the spirit, and I pine after the still peace of soul in which God's voice is to be heard. The 'Life hid with Christ in God'—this is what I earnestly crave after, a

life which in the midst of outward change can remain immovable, ever strengthening, enlarging, and deepening—a life which may not be affected by the things of the body, but which may gradually mould and fashion all things to itself. It is in fact the beginning of that transformation by which the mortal is to be clothed with immortality. But our impatient spirits are ever pressing on to lay hold of that which God has reserved for His heavenly kingdom. As subjects of His earthly dominion we are to fight on still, sometimes called upon 'to stand and wait,' not appearing to make any advance against the enemy, sometimes even seeming to lose ground and let him gain upon us, but still under the banner of our Great King, who goes forth to conquer in His own way and not ours, and who knows best in what part of the battle-field His soldiers can most truly serve Him. Oh for more faith to trust to His guiding wisdom to order the place and mode of our warfare!—for more patience to wait till the day of toil is over, till the rest cometh, when the presence of the Lord will be the joy of His people for ever—in brightness unspeakable, in ever growing love and glory—when the conflict is ended, the victory won!"

In the summer of 1842, while the whole family were collected at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, the news of Dr. Arnold's sudden death came with an inexpressible shock—"seeming," said one of the circle, "as if it were almost a law of Providence that when to all human eyes the greatest good is to be done, the person is taken away—bringing home the vainness of all human speculation, the crushing of human judgment, and how we call evil good, and good evil." Sympathy with Mrs. Arnold, however, overpowered every other sensation, and the first relief came from the thought

of her at Foxhow, surrounded with the remembrance of him, together with those who loved and valued him.

"In an idolatrous age," wrote Julius Hare, "one of the men we most need is an idoloclast, to use the word which Coleridge, in his 'Tombless Epitaph,' applies to his ideal self. Such indeed there ever will be, some frivolous, some reckless; but the idoloclasts whom we need, and who alone will do their work effectually and beneficially, are such as are at once zealous and fearless in demolishing the reigning idols, and at the same time animated with a reverent love for the ideas which those idols carnalize and stifle. Such an idoloclast we had in Dr. Arnold, a dauntless lover of truth, in the midst of an age when few seek or care for any truth, except such as seems to pamper their already bloated predilections and prepossessions. From his unshakable trust in the God of Truth, under the assurance that God is Truth, and that Truth can never be against God, he boldly pursued it at all risks, in the spirit of the sublime prayer, ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον. For he knew that, though he might perish, God would live; though he might fall, God would triumph; and he felt confident that every time Truth is purged with a careful and loving hand from the defilements wherewith the exhalations of the world are continually crusting her over, her form and features will come out in greater beauty and glory. . . . I do not mean to profess an entire agreement with all his opinions: on many points we differed, more or less; but whether differing or agreeing, when I turn from the ordinary theological or religious writers of the day to one of his volumes, there is a feeling, as it were, of breathing the fresh mountain air, after having been shut up in the morbid atmosphere of a sick-room, or in the fumigated vapours of an Italian church. He did indeed yearn after truth and righteousness, with yearnings

that could hardly be uttered; and to hear of falsehood, to hear of injustice, pained him like a blow. Therefore is his death felt almost like a personal, as well as national loss, from one end of England to the other. His yearnings now, we may trust, through the Saviour whom he delighted to glorify, are stilled with the contemplation of perfect Truth and perfect Righteousness. Oh that his example and his teaching may arouse others to a like zeal in the same most holy cause!" *

M. H. *to* MRS. PILE.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, August* 20, 1842.—Marcus and Lucy, and their three children, have been here since June 1st, and we have had many other friends in addition, so that my time has been most fully occupied. With my darling sister Lucy, and my dear friend Esther Maurice, I have had much sweet communion for which to be truly thankful."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, Sept.* 11.— . . . . It is so lovely to-day. My boy is gone to school for the day, and I have been sitting at the little room window gazing on the 'body of heavens in its clearness,' and the bright, glowing flowers below, and breathing in the sweet freshness of the early morning, till my whole soul seems filled with that unutterable delight, which all this could never give in itself but only as a shadow of that everlasting home where the Lamb is the light thereof!

> "If this our earthly home is fair,
> How *glorious* must the mansion be
> Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee?"

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* J. C. Hare's preface to vol. iii. of Arnold's "History of Rome."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend, Oct.* 24, 1844.—On Friday we went to see our new farm, which is six miles off. The road to Abbots-Kerswell was through true Devonshire lanes, and the foliage almost as green as summer. The farm is a very old house, like a manor-house, four or five hundred years old. It is close to the church, and there is a little door which opens into the chancel for the possessors of the farm to use when they go. Julius would delight in the beautiful screen that separates the chancel from the rest of the church. The churchyard is entirely surrounded by our orchards, which are most thriving, and there are ninety-two acres of land, fields commanding a perfect Devonshire view of hill and glen, and distant blue heights, altogether the most exquisite country parish scene I ever saw—so quiet and retired, and full of small white labourers' cottages, just what one should delight in, and so misses here. As I sate in the middle of a high field looking over the peaceful church and village, and on the beautiful scenery all round, I did long for you to be with me."

"*May* 5, 1843.—All is enjoyment at our farm; it is such a delightful change of air and scene. Every time we go I think it more lovely. There is one spot which seems to call for a cottage to be built, close to a wild coppice blue with bluebells, sloping down to the wood. If ever I am left alone, *that* will be my home; and as I sate on my camp-stool in the wood the other day, with the clear brook rippling before me, the happy children setting their little water-mills, and making stepping-stones for the sake of stepping *in*, I thought that perhaps there you and I should live in our old age, and how peacefully and thankfully we should look back and feel how goodness and mercy had followed us all our days, and how soon we should join those beloved ones who were gone before. I often feel

as if you and I should survive all we love, but how different it may be.

"At Abbots-Kerswell there is just all one misses here,—the poor people, the wild flowers and coppices, and perfect retirement of the country, yet within a beautiful short drive of the bays, and coves, and sea. The blessed old church tower, with its calm voice telling the hours, and its venerable look, instead of the gaping bare Torquay church, with its unmeaning, discordant, tinkling bell. Not that I mean to disparage this beloved home of Rockend. I love it more than I can tell, and its open sea, which gives peace and gladness at all seasons, but Abbots-Kerswell would be the home for the widow. The poor alone would make it so, and the power of being useful. Griffiths and the children and I wandered over the churchyard, which is more retired and peaceful than most village churchyards, and as there is no path through it leading anywhere, it is entirely surrounded by orchards, now one field of blossoms. There is the long stone bench near the entrance, where the people have year after year sate to await their minister's approach, and a few starlings and jackdaws perched on the old tower; there is also a very old yew-tree, quite dead. . . . . In that churchyard, not in the crowded, over-peopled Tor churchyard, I hope we shall be buried, and many, many a peaceful heaven-comforted hour do I look forward to spending there. It is a delightful air, and on one side is a wide, heathy down, stretching far away, giving all the advantage of rich verdure and wooded lanes, with the bracing air of the downs. Such hedges, except in Devonshire, I never saw. You have nothing like them. You can see nothing here but primroses and bluebells, but then you will say you have nightingales. Here we have only sky-larks, but they abound, and are such joyous birds, chanting in so blithe a tone."

"*June* 2, 1843.—Can I ever forget the 2nd of June! Oh!

how little you knew on the day that joined you to your own Augustus, that you were preparing also for me a life of blessings. . . . . You know so well what the anxiety of Marcus's illness this winter has been to me, and though he is better now, I dare not hope the disease will ever be subdued. . . . . You will go to your dear room, where the large Bible is, and you will pray that we may keep our hearts fixed on Him, who is ordering all things for us with a tenderer love than I feel for my own husband when I see him so low and weak. The sadder the earthly future looks, the brighter grows the sunshine that illumines the mountains round the heavenly Jerusalem. *That* is our home, and there may our hearts be fixed. Soon I, like you, dearest, shall have tasted the bitterness of death, and oh, may I be comforted with the same comfort."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, July* 19, 1843.—We are just come back from the Charge at Hastings. You know what the interest of it is, and how manfully and at the same time lovingly Jule speaks to his brethren and exhorts them. All he said about the divisions in the Church was most useful and *healing*. After detailing the sin and misery and the destitution in England of the manufacturing places, he said: 'If a messenger from heaven should come down and ask what we are doing here in England in the year of our Lord 1843, what would be the answer? Quarrelling whether we should preach in a black gown or a white!'"

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, Nov.*, 1843.—Poor Jule looks so lonely without his companion since you went to Stoke, but he comforts himself by walking under the oak-trees, and setting Elphick to work at the new plantation I need not

repeat how I have longed for you, for it seems as if half the elasticity and enjoyment was gone. . . . . On their papa's birthday all the children breakfasted with us, crowned with garlands of ivy and chrysanthemums. . . . . Don't you hear us longing for our fourth, as we look on the brilliant white line of sea, and the fleecy clouds rolling away over the downs. The sun shining on the yellow beech leaves has more an autumnal than a wintry look. The children are driving their hoops, having each received a kiss from Auntie through uncle Jule. In the evening Jule reads to us Coleridge, or old Speeches. Yesterday Strafford was cut short by a hunt through Shakespeare for the words—'Something I would have said'—and when once Jule opened Shakespeare, you can see him going into ecstasies over him, and not putting him down till the time for reading was over."

"*Dec.* 17.—Oh the joy of this Christmas! Shall we be indeed together, to hear the glad tidings go forth, and to pray that as little children we may learn from the cradled Saviour? . . . . and from our own little children may we learn something, when we see their confiding faith and love, and absence of all care for the morrow, or for their provision."

In these years of 1841 to 1843 my mother constantly committed her meditations to paper. Extracts from these may not perhaps be superfluous, as assisting to give a picture of her mind at this time.

"*Jan.* 12, 1841.—I suspect it is a mistake to suppose that the *Parables* are an easy form of conveying divine truth, and suited to beginners in religious knowledge. Our Lord himself seems to assign as a reason for using them that the meaning was to be hidden from the multitude, and only re-

vealed to His chosen few whose hearts had been prepared for receiving this seed, and to whom He could therefore develop its full fruit. And experience seems to confirm the truth of His practice. To children and to the poor I doubt whether the Parables afford much of interest. The outward form is not of sufficient interest in itself to excite much lively feeling, and it is only when that which it represents is present to the mind that it assumes importance. This as a living self-apprehending truth can only be to those who are in some measure advanced in spiritual discernment. To the natural mind anything of personal character or historical narration has much more power of laying hold of the mind and becoming a guide to the knowledge of God's will. And when we see the exceeding tendency of the young to imitation, example is pointed out as the chief and most efficient mode of instruction before abstract truths can be brought home to their comprehension."

"*Feb.* 20, 1841.—When we are fullest of heavenly love we are best fitted to bear with human infirmity, to live above it and forget its burden. It is the absence of love to Christ, not its fulness, that makes us so impatient of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of our Christian brethren. Then when Christ is all our portion, when He dwells with us and in us we have so satisfying an enjoyment of His perfection, that the imperfection of others is as it were swallowed up, and the sense of our own nothingness makes us insensible to that which is irritating to individual feelings and habits.

"So too it is with human affection. When it is at its height we can bear with the absence of the person beloved best, whereas in proportion as self mingles its depreciating quality in the love bestowed on another, we are fretted by the want

of the object and feel the pressure of the separation the most severely."

"*April* 23, 1841.—When through the medium of old letters or any other means, a picture is placed before one of one's former self, there is a strange mixture of feeling, the identity being still preserved, while there is so much of change and difference as to make it seem almost another person: so, only in a far greater degree, may we suppose that hereafter when we look back on our existence here, we shall see our past and present self as being one and yet separate. If a few years can so transform the character as to give it new features and teach us to see the old ones in their true light, and judge of them as if they belonged to another, what will be the change when not Time alone helps us to this clear vision, but when a complete alteration of state, an entrance into regions of perfect light, gives us power to see with new eyes and discern things now hidden from our consciousness? When in God's light we see light, when this body of sin is cast off, and our *self* is swallowed up in Christ, our earthly garments exchanged for His righteousness, then shall we look on our past life, and learn to give glory to God for all His wonderful works to the children of men."

"The praises of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be."

"Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source is oftener mortified pride."

"The bulk of mankind feel the reality of this world, but have little or no feeling for the reality of the next world. They who, through affliction or some other special cause, have had their hearts withdrawn from the world for awhile, and been living in closer communion with God, will sometimes almost cease to feel the reality of this world, and will live mainly in the next. The grand difficulty is to feel the reality of both, so as to give each its due place in our thoughts and feelings, to keep our mind's eye and our heart's eye ever fixed on the Land of Promise, without looking away from the road along which we are to travel towards it."

"How hard it seems to be to human nature in religious worship to preserve a due reverence for forms and not to turn it into formality; in other words, to value the means God gives as a help to our weakness, without falling down and worshipping them. Idolatry is still as ever the ruling tendency of the mind, and when the idol is dressed up in a semblance of truth, its worshippers are not easily undeceived, and fancy their worship has the perfection that all others lack.

"Christ says, 'He that is not against us is for us.' In these days there is another doctrine taught — 'He that follows not with *us*—with all that *we* hold as necessary—with all that *we* think expedient, he must be *against* us.' The middle wall of partition is, alas! not done away. It still separates Christian from Christian, even those who have been taught through the same Spirit to find access unto the Father."

"To judge of Christianity from the lives of ordinary, nominal Christians, is about as just as it would be to judge

of tropical fruits and flowers from the produce which the same plants might bring forth in Iceland."

"It is very common to mistake emotion for feeling, excitement caused by outward things for inward devotion. If the power of the Spirit were within the heart to move and touch it, there would be less need of external means to affect the senses and imagination. Are we not then to have recourse to outward helps? Yes, but only in such a degree as to keep in subordination the natural love of what is visible and sensual, and so as not to lose the consciousness of our need of internal impulses to be kindled by the Spirit of God. It is neither images, pictures, nor churches, but it is 'the Spirit that helpeth our infirmities' and 'teaches us how to pray.'"

"I saw two oaks standing side by side. The one was already clothed in tender green leaves; the other was still in its wintry bareness, showing few signs of reviving life. Whence arose this? The influences of sun and air and sky must have been the same on both trees; their nearness seemed to bespeak a like soil; no outward cause was apparent to account for the difference. It must therefore have been something within, something in their internal structure and organization. But wait awhile: in a month or two both the trees will perhaps be equally rich in their summer foliage; nay, that which is slowest in unfolding its leaves, may then be the most vigorous and luxuriant.

"So it is often with children in the same family, brought up under the same influences: while one grows and advances daily under them, another may seem to stand still. But after a time there is a change; and he that was last may even become first, and the first last.

"So too it is with God's spiritual children. Not accord-

ing to outward calculations, but after the working of His grace, is their outward life manifested: often the hidden growth is unseen till the season is far advanced, and then it bursts forth in double beauty and power."

"When the love of God has taken possession of the soul, and the whole man is consecrated to His service, life loses its fragmentary character, and one guiding stream seems to run through it. Then all varying and apparently disjointed circumstances and duties find a fixed and appointed place, and though, through the weakness of the flesh, the surface of things may seem to be ruffled, there is a strong undercurrent that cannot be diverted from its object, but is ever flowing on to its one point, widening and strengthening as it goes, and so mastering all that opposes its progress. Many a little rock or eddy that early in its course would turn it aside, are, as it becomes more powerful, swept away or passed over. And still more perhaps are the very hindrances that thwarted, turned into ministers to help its course. The stronger and more fixedly the soul is set upon one object, so much the more does it find power to overcome all difficulties, and despise all that may be only outward or accidental. So doth it gain the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil."

"Epithets are for the most part the comment which we put on facts related. They furnish our view of the matter, or our opinion of the person concerned.

"A preacher ought to give us not merely a statement of Truth, but his own testimony that it is Truth. Herein a sermon differs from a book—that we have the living voice bearing witness to that which we are taught to believe, and setting His seal that it is true."

"In proportion to the earnestness and force with which the Spirit impresses the truth upon the heart of the preacher, will his words produce an effect upon his hearers, for in such proportion will he speak with power and truth."

"Prejudice magnifies faults: love magnifies virtues."

"What is bigotry? What is prejudice?

"That is commonly so called which opposes our opinion —that view of things which is contrary to our own. May it not be more truly described as that which sees nothing but good in *our* thoughts of persons and things, and that which judges harshly of the thoughts of others? He is a bigot, who can descry no good in any mode of life or of thought but his own. He is prejudiced, who judges of things or people not by what they really are, but by some preconception, formed without real knowledge of the true facts. So delusive and blinding is this feeling, that let there be any amount of kindness shown, or wisdom spoken, it falls dead upon the mind that is prejudiced. No entrance is possible when the ground is already occupied by a prejudice of long standing, although it may have first taken possession of the mind from hasty and insufficient causes, generally from some injury to self-love or self-will. Freedom from self and the love of truth are the elements of a candid spirit."

"So closely does self-love cling to us, that when through God's mercy the inward eye is opened to discern the ugliness within, we are still continually tempted to look through a false medium and see ourselves with the partial eyes of

others—this being one of the rare cases in which we are willing to esteem their judgment superior to our own."

"Slow as we are to worship God in any way, prayer is ever a more ready offering than praise. Is there not often in the heart a secret feeling that offering of thanks is a *waste of time*—there is nothing to be *gained* by it? So prone is Mammon to put forth his claims even in our spiritual concerns."

"*August* 30, 1841.—When we look down from a great height, all unevennesses in the surface below seem to be lost, all appears smooth. The little boat rides in the still sea, there is no perceptible movement save that by which it ever draws near to the haven whither it is going, although to those within that boat, it may be there is a continual rolling motion, as wave after wave is passed over. So will it doubtless be, when from a far higher elevation we look down on the troubled waves of life that we have passed through. No trace will be left of the course through the waters, whether it has been smooth or rough; if that course has led our little vessel safe to its harbour in the breast of Jesus, all will be forgotten but the blessedness of a way that could lead to such perfect rest. And is it a visionary thought, that now, while we are still tossing to and fro, in the ever-changing waves of human life, it is still possible that we might mount up on eagles' wings to a blue sky above the earth, and from thence look down as it were on ourselves and all our trials here below, and lift up our hearts into a region of such calm and heavenly serenity, that from thence all things would seem to us as light compared with the weight of glory around us? Oh, if we could dwell con-

tinually in such a high and lofty atmosphere, our short-sighted fears and doubts would flee away, we should in light see light, and darkness would be swallowed up in its fulness. But we are bound to earth so fast that though our prayers *rise* heavenward, our views are still directed towards earth, and fenced in by many a thorny hedge or entangled wood, and we cannot see clearly because we look on all around from the place we now fill, instead of rising up ourselves into heavenly places, and from thence looking down on all things passing around us. If our life were indeed hid with Christ in God—if we could realise anything of the height and depth of that mysterious life, we should be kept in peace, even though the sea should roar and all its fulness. The Lord on High is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, and in His strength we too should be strong, our vision would be like His, eternal; we should see and behold—all things are good!"

"*Oct.* 27, 1841.—It is one of the hardest things in the world to be *true to one's self* in one's intercourse with others. There is scarcely anything that requires more real courage. The nearest approach to it is with a bosom friend, when heart meets heart, and when the love that covers all sins makes disguise needless, and all the inmost thoughts and feelings are laid bare without fear or restraint. In proportion as we are more and more removed from this oneness of mind with others are we tempted to be untrue to ourselves. Sometimes the fear of giving offence may be the cause, oftentimes the dislike of seeming to be better than others; in persons of a nervous temperament there is a sensitiveness to the influence of those around them, leading them from their own real feelings to an agreement with the opinion

of others for the time. When placed in any new or uncommon situation, there is an effort attending it which draws away from the simple and natural expression of ourselves by manner or words. When persons begin teaching others, there is almost always an artificial manner created, and when strangers first become acquainted, how little is there of true freedom from all put-on conversation and manner. The more truly Christian is our spirit, the more we shall rise out of this bondage which is of the earth earthly, to preserve our truth and uprightness of character, and to be in all places, and at all times, and with all people, one and the same—not equally open or equally communicative, but equally free from what is artificial and constrained, and steadfast in keeping fast hold of those principles and feelings which we know to be according to God's will and law—equally free from all pretence of knowing more than we do know, or of feeling more than we do feel, while we are not ashamed to confess those things which we do believe and feel in our inmost selves."

"*August* 30, 1842.—Marriage is a type of the union between Christ and His Church, as being the closest and most enduring of all those relations which God has appointed here below. But it is chiefly so in showing forth the reality of a tie which is deeper and stronger than that of flesh and blood in the natural family feelings of affection. It is the knitting into one of two separate and distinct persons, who have not been tied to each other by the outward circumstances of God's Providence, as is the case in all other natural relationships, but who, through their own free choice, from affinity of character or dispositions, are drawn to each other in a mysterious and inward manner, and who, through this instinctive preference of each other, yearn to be one.

So it is with the union of Christ and His body the Church. It must not be an outward tie, growing out of the circumstances of our birth, our country, our opportunities: it must be an inward and spiritual longing to be one, because we are of one mind and one heart, because we desire what He desires, because we love what He loves. It must not be a matter of duty, as our duty to parents, nor of love, as our love to our brethren is; it must be higher and deeper, a free gift—the gift of our whole heart, and soul, and mind, and body."

Of the many months of each year which up to this time my mother had passed at Stoke Rectory with her father and step-mother, few memorials remain, as the daily and minute correspondence which then took place between her and her brother Julius was afterwards destroyed by his widow. My mother found her time at Stoke fully occupied in ministering to the many small wants of her aged parents, and in assisting them in their parish cares. To her child, Stoke Rectory, with its beautiful garden, and its snowdrop-covered islets in the windings of the little river Terne, was always a place of enchantment, and many were the happy little excursions the mother and child enjoyed together, on Hodnet and Stoke heaths, wild tracts of land long since enclosed, or to Helshore, where, on a wooded promontory, surrounded on two sides by the river, many crocuses and other floral treasures, appearing with the spring amid the grass, marked the site of the ancient garden of a ruined farm-house. Mr. Leycester, with his snow-white hair, his beautiful complexion, and genial smile, was the picture of

happy old age. Up to his ninety-first year he continued to take part in the services of his church, reading the Communion Service with a touching reality of thanksgiving characteristic of his whole character, which seemed as if he found it impossible to show sufficient love and gratitude, not only to God, but to all around him, and which made his daughters apply to him the line in Wordsworth's "Excursion," 'His mind was a thanksgiving to God who made him.' One or other of his children was constantly with him, always welcomed with the same unspeakable tenderness, always leaving him with the sad foreboding, which his great age could not but cause, that they might be seeing him for the last time. Frequently, too, Stoke became a meeting-place for the brother and sisters, when, each being isolated from their own circles, their thoughts, cares, and anxieties centred on the dear father, felt the revival of the tie of brotherhood which separate interests and occupations had never weakened, but relaxed. Up to the last year of his life, Mr. Leycester retained all his powers of mind unimpaired, rejoiced in the Latin, French, and Italian authors which had delighted his youth, would describe his foreign travels, and finish up his old sketches with unfailing interest. He continued like the golden leaves upon his own beech-trees, ready to fall, waiting for the first breath of wind to waft them away, but retaining all their mellow brightness to the last. In Mrs. Oswald Leycester, his unwearied nurse and constant companion, his three children, but especially the youngest, ever found the affectionate sympathy and interest of a real mother, which they gratefully and cordially returned.

In the summer of 1843 my mother and I were separated for the first time, by my being sent at nine years old to Mr. Kilvert's school, at Harnish, near Chippenham.

M. H. *to* AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Stoke Rectory, August* 2, 1843.—My own darling child, how strange it seems to me having to write to you, instead of talking to you; but you will long to hear that I am safely brought to the end of my journey, and have found dear grandpapa well. . . . . Often, as we passed along by the different stations, did I think of you, darling, and long for you to see the flowers by the wayside. And at Stafford, especially, I seemed to see you take out your pencil and draw the castle. . . . . The heath was so beautiful at Whitmore, quite a carpet of purple tufts. I found grandpapa and grannie in the drawing-room, sitting by a fire, but soon they went out with me into the garden to look at the flowers. They are even more beautiful than I expected to see them, and the number of baskets of different kinds, filled with flowers, all over the lawn, make it look almost like fairy-land. The handles are covered with creepers, and the little ivy-baskets, that you remember with crocuses and snowdrops, are now filled with geraniums and other flowers, and look very gay, and you would scarcely know the place in its summer dress. After dinner, grandpapa walked with me round the field, and then to the Rope Walk, which has a broad border of flowers. . . . . Dear child, have you missed us very much? I dare say you have; but dear good Mrs. Pile, while she is at Harnish, would do all she could to comfort you, and soon you will get acquainted with your master, and make friends with your playfellows. You must try to please them and bear patiently anything you do not like, for you must expect that their way will not always be

your way, but by loving them you will find it much pleasanter than having no one to think of but yourself. You must tell me all you do, and all you think and feel, just as if you were talking to me, and then we shall not feel so much separated from each other; and do try, darling, to take pains with all you do, and attend carefully to your lessons. This will be the greatest comfort I can have in parting from you."

"*August* 5.—Now you must come up-stairs with me to grannie's room, and look out on the balcony, and there you will see beautiful flowers in the boxes, and creepers covering the iron railings, making such a pretty frame to the picture of the church seen underneath. I wish I could paint it for you as Aunt K. would, but I have tried to draw it in your little book. . . . . I love to hear all that my dear little boy is doing, and hope every day you will be happier, as you feel more at home with all around you. And then if you work hard at your lessons, and play heartily with your playfellows, you will best do the will of God where He has placed you."

"*August* 26.—This is my dear child's Hurstmonceaux birthday. It is now nine years since, on this day, Mrs. Gayford brought you to the Rectory, and I received you first into my arms, to nourish and train you up for God. You have passed through babyhood, and are now going on through boyhood, and I have no longer the sole care of you. But you know that my heart is always with my beloved child, and it rejoices me to think you are every day learning more to give up your own will, and desire to do God's will."

"*Lime, Sept.* 22.—On Saturday last, Lina Deimling* was

* Caroline, daughter of the Rev. Ludwig Deimling, chancellor of the Grand Duke of Baden.

released from her suffering body, and God took her to Himself. I went to Hurstmonceaux Place in the afternoon, and Mrs. Bunsen took me up to her room, where she lay in the still sleep of death. She looked so beautiful and happy, I should much have liked you to have been with me and to have seen her. She looked exactly as if she was asleep, so peaceful; and it made one feel very near to God to look on her body, and know that the spirit which had dwelt in it was now gone to live with Jesus for ever. She was dressed in white, with roses on her head and in her hands, and a wreath of laurel was all round the bed. She had so won all hearts by her meek patience and thankful loving spirit, that all are grieving for her as for a sister. Yesterday, at four o'clock, was the funeral. Uncle Jule chose the spot, close under the great yew-tree; the sides of the grave were covered with flowers, and we all knelt round it as Uncle Jule read the beautiful words which speak of the joy and happiness into which the soul enters that has died in the love of Christ. In just such a narrow bed, dearest child, shall we some day be laid, and then whether it is a happy rest or a state of misery must depend on whether we have lived in this life for our own pleasure, or to please and obey God. When you come home I will show you the place where dear sweet Lina lies; and I will pray with you that Jesus will fill our hearts with faith and love to Him such as she was given to feel by His blessed Spirit, that when we too are called into His presence, it may be with joy, and not with grief."

The sermon which my uncle preached after the death of Lina Deimling ("Harvest Parables") is, perhaps, the most remarkable of those which are associated with Hurstmonceaux, especially as to its closing passage:

"In the works of man there are ever the marks of effort, of strife, of resistance, of confusion, of difficulties only half overcome, of purposes only half fulfilled; they are always trying to be something more than they are. But in the vegetable world we are delighted with the sight of perfect harmony and peace. There is no striving, no struggling in it. When Spring and Summer build up their temples through the earth and sky to the glory of God, these also, like the temple of Solomon, are built in silence. You hear not the sound of their coming; you see not their motion, but there they stand in perfect beauty. So, too, is it with the lilies of God's spiritual garden, with those meek, gentle, peaceful souls, whom Christ arrays in the robes of His righteousness. They, too, grow up in silence; and yet, my brethren, I say to you, that Solomon, in all his wisdom and might, was not arrayed like one of these. It is not by the toil of their own hands that the lilies are arrayed in a glory surpassing that of Solomon. Their pure, white garment, is not of their own spinning. It is the free gift of God's bounty. Nor have the souls, which are arrayed in a purity like that of the lily, wrought that purity for themselves. Our own hands cannot clothe us in it; our own deeds cannot win it for us. All the wisdom, and all the strength, and all the courage that have ever been found among the children of men, would never attain to a single thread in that robe of righteousness. If any are indeed clothed in this purity, like the lilies of the field, it can only be through God's infinite mercy and love. It can only be through their having their souls washed in the blood, and arrayed in the white robes of the Lamb.

"It was my office on Thursday last to lay a sister in her grave beneath our yew-tree, who, I trust in a merciful God was indeed one of these heavenly lilies; and therefore, although I could not but share in the natural sorrow which

her friends felt at the passing away of one so lovely, and so much beloved, in the very prime of her youth, I also felt that unspeakable comfort and joy, which God's ministers are allowed to feel, when they can cherish a confident hope that the seed which they are sowing in the grave is sown there unto everlasting life. . . . . Few of you knew this our sister. For her health, since she has been in our parish, has been too feeble to allow of her going out amongst you, as she otherwise would have done. But you have joined with her in the worship of God in this church. Many of you have been united to her by that closest and holiest of bonds, when the faithful become one by partaking together of the body of Christ; and all of you will remember how you have been invited, Sunday after Sunday, for several months, to beseech God that He would give her patience under her sufferings, and a happy issue out of all her afflictions. My brethren, God heard our prayer, and granted it; He granted it, I hope and trust, fully in all its parts. He did give her patience under all her sufferings. Her sufferings were great; but He gave her patience under them, a patience so meek and gentle and submissive, that it won the hearts of all who came near her, so that even those whose hearts had not been won by her before, those who merely came to wait on her in her sickness, grew to love her as a sister. They could not help it. Even the beauty of the earthly lily we cannot look on without pleasure; the loveliness of the heavenly lily must fill our hearts with love. God heard our prayers, I said, and granted them, I hope and trust, in both their parts. He gave our sister patience under her sufferings; and He has also, I hope and trust, given her a happy issue out of all her afflictions. This issue has indeed come too soon for the wishes of those who loved her, and who would fain have kept one so dear longer amongst them. But I trust it has not come too soon for her who is gone, not

before her soul was purified from its earthly alloy, and fitted to become one of the lilies in God's heavenly garden. And if the beauty of the earthly lily, which lives for a day, is such that our Lord declares that Solomon in all his glory is not to be compared with it, what must be the beauty and the glory and the blessedness of those heavenly lilies, which never decay or fade, but bloom for endless ages in perfect purity, and are knit together in an everlasting crown for Him by whom they were purified!"

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, March* 26, 1843.—As I was sitting last Sunday afternoon in the wood, and reading there the evening lesson, it seemed as if God was so near, as if I was dwelling in the fulness of His presence. And if at all times this consciousness could be ours, I think it would more than anything tend to deliver us from the bondage of self, and help us to live in that 'Jerusalem which is *free*,' to become citizens even now of that heavenly city where liberty of heart and mind and body is the privileged portion of all.

"I remember once, in the full consciousness of being beloved, and when my own heart was filled with love, I was so possessed by an inward joy that all things seemed clothed with light, and even the presence of those utterly uncongenial, and whose society at another time would have wearied and pained me, was redeemed from all annoyance, and I could feel nothing but gladness. If such fruits could grow from the satisfaction of human affection, how would the far more satisfying fulness of Divine love, of the love of Christ, help us to bear with the ills of life, the infirmities of others, the crosses of all kinds that beset us, if it were indeed as truly a part of our being as the love I felt to be so powerful!"

"*Hurstmonceaux, Sept.* 10.—In the peaceful quiet of my home how ought the presence of the Invisible One to be felt, yet even here the distractions of the inner man prevail and keep me from the communion which I desire. In the still, solemn moonlight all seems to be hushed without and within, and God truly to reign, and I have in the last few lovely nights felt as if He indeed was very near in the beauty of that night calm and repose. But then comes the crushing sense of one's own littleness and vileness—of the impossibility of venturing into His awful presence, but under the shelter of Christ's name, of His all-perfect holiness. O Lord, Thou who knowest how Thou hast blest me and given me the riches of time and eternity in the love of human friends and the knowledge of my Heavenly One, oh bear with me yet awhile and cast me not away because I am so unfruitful, so full of self and sin, so wanting in all those fruits of righteousness and holiness which should have sprung up from the root of faith, grafted in me by Thy love! Let me struggle on through the darkness till the true light prevails over it. Let me be made conqueror here a little, and there a little, till every thought and feeling is subdued unto Thee, till I can feel that Thou art indeed my portion, my inheritance. So long as I am in the body of this death I must groan being burdened, unable to soar up into Thy heavenly mansions; but if I keep looking up and longing to be free, wilt Thou not, gracious Lord, make my wings to grow daily more strong and at length help me to mount unto Thee, even as the eagle that is not dazzled by the bright rays of the sun but finds therein its joy and delight. Not as I am in the sight of others, but as I am in Thy sight. O Lord, that is my true state—let me not shrink from this consciousness, but press on till Thine image, Holy Jesus, is reflected in me, feature for feature, grace for grace, till Thy seal is upon me and I am Thine for ever.

"For some years past, since I have been led to know more of the principles of *Church Life*, as they are called, of those which concern us as members of a Church constituted in this land for the special need of Christian people, I have had much ignorance removed, and many useful thoughts opened to me that before I was dead to. And the feeling conscious that I had neglected and overlooked much that was of benefit, has seemed to make me afraid of esteeming things wrong because contrary to previous impressions; but I think in the last year since these Church opinions are become less strange to me, I have felt more and more how unsatisfying they are, and that the Catholic doctrines they are grounded on are secondary and subordinate to the Evangelical ones that are built on the word of God. I strive and desire in love and meekness to refrain from all judgment of persons who hold such opinions, but I do return I confess to writers of simpler and more scriptural character, to those who have more insight into the depths of spiritual experience, with the feeling as if I were landed again on solid ground after floating in a misty cloud. And though in practical things I find much that is good in the Catholic school, there is so great a want of *motive* and principle of love in them to stir one up to do the good works. It is so exclusively for *self* that they urge us, that *we* may be holy, not that God may be glorified, that I feel more and more that the true spirit of apostles and martyrs is not there, that according to them it is not of grace that we are to be saved but of holy deeds; not by the merits of Jesus, but by our own self-denial, our obedience, and patience."

"*Stoke, Nov.* 22, 1843.—Once more do I spend this birthday at my father's house, my former home. Five and forty years of life have passed by, and here I am. But what am I? that is the question: what has been done for God's

glory? what has been sacrificed for others? how have I been likened to Christ in this portion of my life? To answer all these questions would take a long and close scrutiny, and after all is done in this way, how much remains behind, known only to Him who 'seeth in secret?' When I have confessed every known sin, every conscious transgression and shortcoming, I must still cry out for pardon for the infinitely greater amount of selfishness and sin that is as yet hidden from my view.

"Oh, my God, pardon my secret and presumptuous sins of all these five and forty years past, and blot them out of the book of Thy remembrance, that they may not appear against me in the day when Thou shalt judge the secrets of men. And let the knowledge of myself be deepened that more true humility may be wrought in me, that I may with more fervour and earnestness flee unto Thee, my Saviour and my God, to hide me in Thy shadow, to clothe me in Thy righteousness. I desire to profit by all the means of grace and holiness, while I am preserved from idolising them, and to keep firm hold of the true doctrine of the cross, the cross of Jesus, while I strive more and more to be conformed to His image in all self-denial and true holiness. Oh that I might attain a more heavenly mind, to feel that my daily meat and drink is to do the will of my Father in heaven, not thinking of what is pleasing to myself, nor for my own gain even in holiness; and to find my joy in His presence, His continual nearness, so that in all places, times, and circumstances I might truly live and move in Him. 'All my fresh streams are in Thee, O Lord,' pour out on me abundantly from Thy rivers of water, that my garden may bring forth its fruits for Thee, O Holy Jesus!"

"*Lime, Feb.* 11, 1844.—For the first time is it granted me to spend this solemn month at Hurstmonceaux

All others years I have been alone, separated from all who could live in the past and share the feelings of this time when our beloved Augustus passed through the shadows of the valley of death, till he came into its reality, and through the gulf landed on the shores of the heavenly land. With those who are so one with him I feel now less separated from him, and know not how enough to praise God who gives me such daily cause of joy and comfort in the love of those around me. Ten years have passed away of our separation—how quickly do they seem to have gone! and so we may hope the remaining years will pass, although it can hardly be expected that they can be preserved from sorrow and trouble so singularly as these past years have been. I trust that it is with no unthankful feelings that I still look upon the close of life as a thing to be desired. I am indeed girt about with blessings, full and manifold, but what are they to the fulness of joy at the right hand of God! In this world sin is ever within and around us to cloud our highest hopes, while suffering or infirmity either in ourselves or in others is continually pressing us down and keeping us from a consciousness of our heavenly inheritance. In humble patience to wait for His time who knows how long we may best accomplish His will on earth, looking on to the day when we shall be clothed as with a better and more enduring tabernacle, cannot be amiss, and the strong link to earth, which will ever tie us to so many beloved ones here, will help us to rejoice so long as to them we may be permitted to administer comfort and peace. And then, when the end is come, the appointed time fulfilled, how blessed will it be to mount up above this sorrowful, sinful world, and dwell in that pure and holy place where there is no darkness at all—there to enjoy perfect love without taint of selfishness, perfect wisdom without shade of error! My beloved Augustus, how has your heavenly spirit been drink-

ing in of the Fount of Light and Love since we parted on earth. May I, too, grow yearly more like unto your Saviour and mine, that partaking of His holy life on earth, I may be meetened to share your glory and His in the kingdom of the Father!"

"*Feb.* 18, 1844.—On this blessed day was my Augustus translated from the earthly tabernacle of forty years to the heavenly rest. And oh, how joyful and glorious a freedom must that have been, and how truly does this thought of it make the day one, not of sorrow, but rejoicing—a holy saint's day of thankful love to Him who has thus given victory over death and the grave. When I return in spirit to the scenes of that still chamber of death at Rome, and think how then all earthly things seemed hidden from my eyes, and how in the change that had passed over him who was dearer than life, I seemed for awhile to have left all things here below with him, it seems strange to see how time closes up those wounds, and opens again new sources of interest and happiness, such as one could not dream of in the hours of deepest sorrow. Yet it is a blessed provision that thus it should be, and that while we live here on earth, fresh springs should be given to carry us on with hope till the end comes and our course too is finished. But it is an awful question, one which some day will present itself with still greater force than now: have I profited rightly by this heart-searching grief—have I yielded those fruits which this chastening purposed to ripen in me, so that God might be glorified thereby? Alas! let me not be tempted to answer the question by the judgments of partial friends who see but the outside, and whose tender love blinds their eyes to all that is not good to look upon. Let me rather in the mirror of God's word and truth judge myself, and condemn myself, seeing in my heart so few of those features of heavenly Charity which on this day are brought before me

in such perfect beauty. . . . . He who now knows even as he is known, my Augustus, now sees no longer through a glass darkly but face to face; and what would be the riches, the glories of Love that he would reveal to me, could he now speak from his heavenly dwelling-place, and open all that passes there to my view—the love of the holy Three in One, Father, Son, and Spirit, in their eternal and glorious fellowship; the love of all the spirits of the Just, perfected from all that hindered the fulness of that love on earth; his own love, exalted and purified—what perfect and complete blessedness would this one vision of eternity present, to win us from the poor idolatry of human perfection, and make us yearn for such a participation of heavenly joy. . . . ."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, Easter Monday.*—Easter is come, and with it spring seems to be coming. Yesterday we had a very rainy Easter Sunday, but to-day the sun has come forth 'like a bridegroom out of his chamber,' and is calling to the primroses to open their buds to him, and to the dead trees to come to life again. It is quite a Resurrection day, and all things look bright and happy. I hope that your snow is gone away like ours, and that you have the same bright sunshine. If you have read all the history of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus in the last week, you will know the better how to rejoice in the angel's glad tidings—'the Lord is risen indeed'—and will be able to understand how the disciples who thought their dear Master was dead, were filled with joy at seeing Him come to life again. And not they only, but we too must be joyful, when we think that such a victory has been gained over death and the grave. We must die. Yes, my Augustus, you and I must die; but as surely as Jesus rose from the dead, so shall we rise from

our graves, and have new and glorious bodies given to us, that will never be sick or die any more, but live for ever in the presence of God."

"*April* 10, 1844.—We have some pinks blown and many red roses against the trellis, the nightingales sing more loudly than I ever heard them, and the copse is full of wild flowers, but I have no dear little boy to entice me into it, and have not once been into 'Butterflies' Wood.'"

"*May* 1.—Do you remember the garlands you liked so much to see on May Day? This year I thought the children would have more enjoyment in dancing round a May-pole. So one was put up in front of Mrs. Piper's school, crowned with flowers, with a blue flag at the top and a great bunch of gorse. Inside the schoolroom the beams and walls were hung with evergreens, and from these were suspended many beautiful garlands of flowers. At the end of the room was a sort of bower, with a doll dressed as Queen of the May, and on the tables and desk, jars filled with flowers, and moss and nosegays tied up in bunches. At three oclock all the children of Mrs. Piper's and Mrs. Coleman's school, sixty-eight in number, sate down on the benches, and had tea and bread-and-butter and large buns—Lea, Anne, and Susan waiting on them. The children had wished to crown Mrs. Piper as Queen of the May, but she took the garland and put it on Emily Elphick, and wanted her to wear it for ever. But the poor little girl was so distressed in the thought that she had any honour above the other girls, and the fear that they might be pained by it, that she cried bitterly, and would not be satisfied till she had made a crown for each of her own class as pretty as her own. When the tea was over, they sang a May-song which I had made for them. Then they all went into the little court, and danced round the May-pole, and played at their games, and were, I think, very happy.

"It could not have been a more beautiful May Day. The nightingales are singing so joyously in the copse, and it is covered now with bluebells and orchises. Your garden has a beautiful periwinkle in it, and the great horse-chestnut is full of flower, and like the middle of summer with its leaves."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, May* 7, 1844.—How I wish you could see the loveliness of Hurstmonceaux at this time. One always fancies every spring it is more beautiful than before, but surely it *is* so this year. The profusion of flowers! the birds and nightingales! The oaks are quite out in leaf and the copses the richest green. My life is one of clock-work—school in the morning, poor people in the afternoon, and Jule coming at six o'clock and going home at eight. It leaves time for much of solemn meditation and reading, which one seldom has elsewhere, and now I shall be for three weeks quite alone. Sometimes sad thoughts will oppress one, and make one feel the blank of that human fellowship which once cheered one's home, and then one feels how an evil heart of unbelief prevents one's entering into the fellowship of Him who is able to satisfy all who come to Him, abundantly above all human love. Mary said this morning the trees near the pond grew so much larger than the others because nearer the water. How truly one feels that the only way to grow and thrive is to keep near the river of God and be watered by its streams."

"*Lime, May* 14, 1844.—To-day is perfectly lovely. Alone, here in this peaceful nook, with the cloudless vault of heaven above, and the sweet, new-mown grass withering at one's feet, and the thousand birds warbling in one's ears, and bright flowers around, there seems nothing to separate one from God but one's poor body that clogs and fetters

the bound of one's soul upwards. He does seem so near; and when one can *lay hold* of one fixed thought of Him, and really feel this outward world lovely and beautiful as it is to be but the shadow of Him in whom is perfect light and never-dying life, oh! how it does fill one's heart with joy and love while it lasts. But then comes the needful work of the day, and its consequent fatigue, and—'where is that mighty joy that just now took up all my heart?' is often one's question. Poor mortals that we are. Well, the time will come when this mortal will put on immortality, and the joy will be full and unchanging—face to face and eye to eye with Him at whose right-hand are pleasures for evermore."

During the spring of 1844, the intimacy between my mother and her friend Esther Maurice had greatly increased, and the latter had passed some time at Hurstmonceaux, where the Marcus Hares were also staying.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Bath*, *May* 18, 1844.—When we reached Reading, we looked out, and there was the sweet face of course. Esther got into the carriage, and gave me one of her dear kisses. I never feel as if I could say a word in that minute, only look and love. She said she thought she really should go to the Lakes with you, but that it seems too much happiness for her. She left with me the most lovely moss-rose and geraniums. Where does she get such flowers; do they spring up whenever she opens her mouth, like the princess who dropped diamonds and pearls?"

In July we went to the Lakes, my Uncle Julius and Esther Maurice accompanying us, and the intimacy thus

engendered led to their engagement, and to their marriage in the following November.

M. H. *to* Rev. O. Leycester.

"*Foxhow, July* 18, 1844.—We are safely at the end of our journey, and at this most lovely spot. It was about half-past five when we got here, when we received a hearty welcome from Mrs. Arnold and all the family. Well indeed does this place deserve the praise bestowed on it by Dr. Arnold. The room in which I sit looks out on a fine range of mountains closing in a beautiful green valley, of which the flower-garden belonging to this house makes the foreground; and at the foot of the garden the clear river Rotha sparkles and bubbles along, dividing the pleasure-ground from the meadows.

"This place is perfect for Mrs. Arnold, associated as it is with him she has lost; and this beautiful scenery must be soothing to her mind when she looks around and sees God's hand so visible in these His works. We have had the Wordsworths here, and this evening go to them. He is most kind-hearted, with all the simplicity and love of nature that his poetry bespeaks, and he and Julius have much pleasant conversation together, to which we listen. We make this our head-quarters till the Stanleys come to fill our places, and with the beauty of the scenery and this happy family party, we thoroughly enjoy our visit."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Foxhow, July* 19.—We have been this afternoon to Rydal Falls, which were quite beautiful, and the gleams of sunshine playing through the trees and deep gloom of the chasm were most picturesque. Afterwards we went to the Mount. The poet is a good deal older than my impression,

which was from the bust, but in plainness and simplicity of manner quite what I expected. I was most, however, attracted by the sweet old face of Mrs. Wordsworth. There was general conversation for a little while, and then Mrs. Arnold asked for me to see the terrace, and Mr. Words worth (how odd Mr. sounds to his name) took me by the arm and led me to the Mount and along his garden walks to the terrace looking on Rydal water, expatiating as he went along on the different objects and on the changes that had taken place, with those nice touches in the perception of beauty which one sees in his poetry."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*August* 27, 1844.—I am too much overpowered by the most unexpected tidings of Jule's engagement to say much, only the Mia knows me so well she will know what deep thankfulness and fervent prayers are filling my soul. I had so much considered him and Esther in the light of father and daughter that I can scarcely take it in, and yet there is no one I should so love to think of as the sister of the Mia, the wife of Julius. Dear Esther, it rejoices my very heart to think of her patience and holy diligence in that too often thankless task of teaching, being even now rewarded by such happiness as I trust is in store for her at Hurstmonceaux.

"I have so enjoyed the last few evenings. When near dark, after the children were gone to bed, I have come up to the terrace and sat till eight or after, watching the twilight gradually darken every object; and now the crescent moon shines out from the dark clouds, so that every evening will be lovelier. How I do delight in this sea view; it is more and more to me every day—that vast expanse of sea —the ever-varying lights and shades—the calm soothing

sound of the waves—the still small voice that says, 'Peace, be still,' when anxious thoughts thrust themselves in."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*August* 17, 1844. — I daresay Mr. Kilvert is to-day giving you some useful lessons to learn from the harvest-fields around you, as he did last year when I was at Harnish. I hope sometimes it may come into my dear boy's mind, when he looks on all the sheaves of corn, that Jesus tells us we shall all in like manner be gathered into His barn. If we look on to that great harvest-day at the end of the world, it will make it seem of so little consequence what happens to us now, if we are only made ripe, as the corn is, for our heavenly home. You are only now like the blade springing up, but if God waters you with His Holy Spirit, and you are careful to profit by all you learn, you also will grow in love to Him, till you are fully ripe and ready to go to Him. May He help you to do so, and make both of us like our Lord Jesus, and then we shall be together there, where there is no parting."

"*Lime, August* 22, 1844.—You know the large corn-field going down to the old parsonage-fields. Well, the other day I turned out of it, at the large gate on the right-hand, into another very large corn-field, and went up to the top of it. There I came upon such a fine view of the Downs and Hailsham, and the morning sun lit up every house and tree, so that it looked quite beautiful. Just below me was the sheep-field, on the top of which stands the Rectory. It was about ten o'clock, and so I looked, and by-and-by I saw a black figure moving to and fro among the trees and crossing the lawn. This was Uncle Jule taking his walk after breakfast. Had he been looking that way, he might have seen me, for I stood on the ridge, above which the Lime abeles are to be seen from the rectory garden. I thought if we

wanted a telegraph it might be put up there, and we could talk very easily together. I wonder if you understand my picture?"

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, Sept.* 24, 1844.—As I write this date, it reminds me of how blessed a day this is to you, my own Luce, and how much you are feeling to-day in the thought of the eleven years that have passed since you and your dearest Marcus were one. . . . . But our thoughts this morning have been engaged not in marriage thoughts, but in those of death and resurrection. I went up to breakfast at the rectory, and at half-past nine dear Jule read the Burial Service, which at that hour was to be read over the remains of dear, dear Sterling! On Friday morning, at Guys, arrived the sad tidings that his noble spirit had departed. Immediately they decided, Frederick Maurice, Julius, and Esther, to go to Ventnor to have one last look. They reached it at nine o'clock at night, and there, by the death-bed of him who had first united them in his own mind, did our two dear ones kneel and pray together—a solemn bridal. . . . . Julius said he had such a beautiful smile on his face, and looked as if asleep. When the end was drawing near, no one knew how near, he asked Annie Maurice for his Hurstmonceaux Bible, the one he used in the cottages, and talked of visiting the poor here, and how he should devote himself to the poor in the worst parts of London if he had health and strength again. A few hours after he had breathed his last.

"For Julius and Esther it will be a time never to pass away; and if they had needed any warning to remind them that 'here is not our abiding city,' and that their earthly continuance together could not be for ever, here they had it brought home with power. But I feel as if I had been there with them: I cannot speak of it calmly."

M. H. *to* Miss Clinton.

"*Hurstmonceaux Rectory, Jan.* 11, 1845. — I have not written to you since I came to stay at the Rectory, and Julius, Esther, and I, began our threefold life. . . . . You may think how pleasant it is to me to see my two dear ones together, and to share their happiness. Every morning after breakfast we have a reading together of Isaiah: Esther with her Hebrew Bible, Jule with his German Commentary. Then I go to Augustus and his lessons, and they set to their writing, in which she is sometimes able to help him in transcribing, but much more by keeping him to his work, and taking off all the hindrances that arise."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Easter Day, April* 7, 1844.—When can a new record of life begin more suitably than on this blessed day when we seem to rise afresh to the consciousness of that eternal life and inheritance assured to us by the Lord Jesus in His glorious resurrection? Old things must pass away. We must put off the old man, purge out the old leaven, and at this time enter anew into the freedom of the children of God from all that can thwart the hidden life with Christ in God to which we are called and chosen. And truly all outward things this day help the inward man to realise the glory revealed. A cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine is overhead, and all nature is putting on her new life and opening to the influence of the sun and air, showing forth the power of Him who, out of that which seemeth dead, can awaken life and growth, and transform the face of the earth again into its spring and summer beauty. And shall it be so in trees, and plants, and flowers, and will not the dry bones of Christian souls find too new vigour and life infused, if they seek it from the Sun of Righteousness? . . . ."

"*Lime, Whit Sunday, May* 26.—Another 'high day' has come! a day in which to welcome the coming of Him whose office is to take of the things of Christ and show them to us; without whom all the blessed work of Christ would be in vain. Jesus would have lived, and died, and risen again, His precious blood would have been shed, His gracious love shown forth, His mighty power exerted over death, and yet had not this crowning mercy of our God been extended to us in the gift of His Holy Ghost, we should still have been in the darkness of sin and misery. And yet while the soul convinced of sin can feel some little thankfulness for the blessings of Christ's atoning mercy, it is slow to feel or express a joyful thanks to God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. I, at least, feel it far more difficult to arouse such feelings on this day than on Easter-day, when in all His life and glory, the risen Jesus seems to constrain one's heart and mouth to utter praise to God. Is this from unbelief? from want of sufficient distinctness in the impression of the third person in the Trinity? I imagine it must be so, and that a vague and undefined feeling rests on my mind concerning the Holy Ghost as distinct from the Father and the Son, and so hinders the full tide of thanksgiving which should meet the coming of this holy day no less gladly than the former ones in which Christ Himself is brought before one. I feel it so much more a day of prayer than of praise. And yet to this Holy One how much do I owe? How has he awakened mine ear to hear, my heart to understand the truths of His word? How has he opened mine eyes to see the sin within, and torn away the veil of self-deception which so long had kept me from a true and right knowledge of myself? How has He revealed to me the love of Christ, and the glories of Heaven? Poor indeed and limited are my views of these things, and still more slow have I been in yielding to His teaching in

subduing the natural corruption of my heart, and in bringing forth fruits of holiness to His praise, and therefore is it that prayer for a large increase of His grace, an outpouring of His Spirit, seems more to befit my need than any other exercise of devout feeling at this season. Oh that the Spirit of Truth would indeed move my mind in guiding it to perceive and discern what is truth, that it would keep me in the simplicity of the Truth as it is in Jesus, that it would preserve me from error and teach me good judgment and knowledge in all things, and that the Spirit of Love would empty me of self, and fill me with true, self-denying, self-forgetting love, seeking not my own things but those of others, keen to detect the faults at home and blind to those abroad. May He whose office it is alike to comfort and to sanctify, come and dwell in my heart, that being truly the 'Temple of the Holy Ghost,' it may be a house of prayer, and the spirit of grace and supplication be abundantly poured forth to lead me continually for fresh supplies of light and life to the fountain of living waters. Oh, gracious Saviour, dearest Lord, be not weary of my slothfulness in serving Thee, but help me by the in-dwelling of Thy Spirit to struggle on through every hindrance to the perfect day, overcoming as Thou mayst see best every temptation which keeps me apart from Thee, and in the end giving me that blessed freedom which is the portion of thy children, freedom from self and sin, and the enjoyment of that communion with Thee which is the end of all sanctification, that I may be one with Thee even as Thou art one with the Father. Shall I ask only for myself? Shall my prayers be limited to my own needs, many and urgent as they are? Oh no, pour down, Lord, the fulness of Thy grace on all I love, shed abroad Thy love into the hearts of those dearest to me, and draw them near unto Thyself, that every high thing may be cast down, every imagination brought low, and

the full beauty and truth that is in Thee revealed to those who know Thee but in part. So shall Thy name be glorified, and Thy love perfected in them, and Thy poor unworthy servant shall praise Thy mercy for ever."

"*Trinity Sunday, June* 2.—We seem to be arrived at the highest step in the ladder now that the full completion of the Godhead, the Holy Three in One, is become the object of contemplation. And great and marvellous is the mystery which on this day we are called to gaze upon and adore —not the office of the Father alone as electing or foreknowing His children, not that of the Son as atoning for them to the Father, not that of the Holy Spirit sanctifying and renewing them after His image, but all combined in one, as each sharing in the work of the other and completing it; as distinct in their operations and yet one; as separate in persons, one in substance; with all the blessedness of communion and fulness; rich in variety, yet in perfect unity; one Lord God, which wert and art and art to be, holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity! We now know Thee, can apprehend Thee but in part; we see through a glass darkly, and that glass reveals to us only so much as our poor weak minds can endure; for if the full glory of Thy majesty were to burst upon us, we could not bear the sight, and must die. But if we would have our hearts lifted above earth, and behold the perishableness and worthlessness of all that is best here below, we must look up to Him who sitteth upon His throne of glory, and worship Him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast our crowns at His feet, even all that His grace has wrought in us, for He alone is worthy to receive glory, and honour, and power, and He must reign till all things are subject unto Him! To Him, then, the most high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy, to Him let me commend my body, soul, and spirit, that He may take the full possession of me, and seal me for

His own. And may the vision of His glory bring me low in my own esteem, and work in me contrition of heart and spirit, that I may be emptied of self, and filled with Christ."

"*Oct.* 24, 1844.—Again and again am I forced to take refuge in the will of God as the one only means of bringing my spirit into a due subordination. When I set this before me, and put aside all those circumstances, which, clear as they appear at times, when one's eyesight is not dimmed by tears of sorrow, do cause idle questionings and doubts under the pressure of crucified affections; when, putting aside all these, I look straight to God and recognise *His will*, I am at once calmed, and feel 'It is well.' To unite myself with Him in heart, to desire what He desires, to renounce what He forbids, this is the surest way of arriving at an obedient will. Yet how slow progress do I seem to make in attaining this settled persuasion of heart and mind, so as to abide patiently in Him!

"But I must not be impatient with the *suffering* of my impatience, if I do not consent to the sin of it; while I strive to yield my will more entirely to God's, let me bear for awhile the pain this costs. For is not this the very cross which will purge and root out the evil within? Were it easy at once to give up without effort or pain what is dear to one, where were the sacrifice? And where it is one so entwined with one's being that every new day and event draws out some new form of its connection with one's life, it must be a long and tedious process, here a little, and there a little, by which the mortification of will can be completed and all be at peace. Death to self, what is it? As I looked on the lifeless form of old W. C., I thought here I see what it is to be dead, without motion, speech, sight, voice, hearing, feeling, knowledge, thought. But how many struggles, painful and long, had to be passed through before this end came! Then all was stillness, all was peace and

calm. So must it be with the soul, only that in this life we can never hope for a perfect realisation of death to sin, the old man will not yield up the ghost till the body in which it dwells is also lifeless. . . . .

"Thou, Lord, art now drawing me nearer to Thee through sorrow of a peculiar kind, let me nestle in Thy bosom. Let Thy grace be perfected in my weakness, and so draw my heart after Thee, that the tide of love which is checked in its earthly course, may flow forth to Thee, and find its most satisfying rest in Thy all perfect wisdom."

"*Hurstmonceaux, Dec.* 29, 1844.—How much cause I have for praise to Him who in the last two months has strengthened me under the pressure of much that has been trying, to realise something of that hidden life in Christ which is life and peace. And shall I not take courage from what is past to go on in the strength of the Lord for the time to come? There is nothing that seems to me more real and true than the certainty that whatsoever God calls us to do, or to give up, we shall be able to accomplish be it ever so difficult. He provides the means, no less than He gives the command, and though it may be through much suffering, even this must be a blessing, for every suffering for Christ's sake is a means of likening us to our Lord, and we must not shrink from learning obedience by the same process that was passed through by the Son of God Himself.

"This year draws to its close. Oh, what a year it has been of proving, I may and ought to say, of blessing to my soul! Never was there a more clear answer to prayer than God has given me in all that has come to pass, and I know that hereafter I shall most heartily give Him thanks for every pang. A new life opens before me. Sometimes my heart faints at the thought of what it may bring with it, till this selfish, narrow heart is enlarged and freed from its chains. But I must not fear when the mighty One is my helper.

The Lord Jehovah is my everlasting comforter, my sure rock of refuge. In the daily little things of life no less than in the great ones I wish to recognise His will, and to bend mine to be wholly one with His, so shall my heart be stayed in peace on Him, who is ever the same, ever near, and who when He sees the fit time come will lessen the suffering, and make all things appear to me in their true light."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, Feb.* 6—I must write to you from the dear home, which looks very sunny and bright, though inside the house there is no little merry face to greet me; and so, as I am too old to be contented with the companionship of kittens and rabbits, I am better pleased to stay generally at the Rectory with Uncle Jule and Aunt Esther. The little robin is now hopping about on the grass, having made its breakfast on the crumbs I scattered for it outside the window. The sea is gleaming like silver in the bright morning sunshine, and the pond is frozen over so evenly, it is like a sheet of glass."

M. H.'s Parish Journal.

"*Feb.* 20, 1845.—I visited Mrs. Lade, a young woman lately come into the parish. She seemed ill and suffering and in great weakness, but in a most happy frame of mind, full of thankfulness for all the kindness she received, and persuaded of the love of God in afflicting her, finding the presence of Jesus more worth than all else in the world. I had no need to talk or teach, only to listen and learn; and a sweet feeling of love and peace did she leave with me for the day, one that recalled past feelings which are but rarely my full comfort, so oppressed am I by present infirmity. The brightness of to-day, however, has seemed to

lift me above the earth into the pure joys of heaven, and this young believer helped to make me feel the *reality* of the love of Christ."

"*Feb.* 21.—Went with Julius to Gingers Green. There could scarcely be a greater contrast than the two cottages there presented. Ann Dann sate with her dear little children round her, the picture of peaceful happiness and quiet contentment. She was herself neat and clean, full of affection and pleasure in all I could read or say, and seeming truly to feel that 'to love and serve God with all one's heart' is the great object of life.

"How different a sight was that of poor Pellett's cottage only a few steps across the way! The mother sate crying over her pains and ailments, with five little children cowering over the fire, as close together as their heads could be, all looking as squalid and ragged as the inmates of an Irish cabin, while the eldest boy and girl stood in another part of the room. The history of her own sicknesses took up most of the time, and there was no expression of pleasure or gratitude in any offer of food to relieve her weakness. She seemed too oppressed to be lifted out of it; and even when after having in vain tried to have a good thought, she at last used the Publican's Prayer, it failed to give the comfort it might have done in other cases, so long does she seem to have sought in vain for help. Smoky, dirty, poverty-stricken, and helpless this family are at all times, and I fear must continue. How glorious a change it was into the outer air, where on one side the sun was setting behind the downs in the fulness of its glory and beauty, glowing with radiance, while on the other the large full moon was just risen, and making its way through the vapours around it with the majesty of its silvery brightness. The stillness of the evening hour gave a calmness to the scene, and one could not help looking on to the day when

'the sun would no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be our everlasting light.' Then will the days of mourning be ended, and sin and sorrow be changed into righteousness and joy for evermore."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Feb.* 18, 1845.—Time is short. How quickly the eleven years have flown by since your Aug. passed from our sight. Your child is the little plant by whose growth we can mark the time; *there* was the first happy fruit of his uncle's translation into the heavenly world. You are still happiest of the three brothers' wives. We cannot love those who are gone too well; every thought, every feeling connected with them is also mingled with love and thanksgiving to Him in whose presence they are now rejoicing. What could we do without you? There may—there must be—fightings within while you are in the body; but whenever I think of you it is perfect peace and joy—my 'Aug.'s Mia,' from whose union has sprung up all the happiness enjoyed by Jule and Esther, by Marcus and Luce."

"*Rockend, March.* (*During an alarming illness of Marcus.*)—I have scarcely felt cast down at all; the clouds have looked very dark all round the earthly horizon, whichever way I turn, but it has only made the line brighter *beyond* that tells of the land not very far off, where the Lord Himself shall be our everlasting light, and the days of mourning shall be ended. The sea, the broad open sea is such a comforter, whether calm or covered with waves; and if ever there was a home fitted by its natural beauties to soothe and strengthen, it is this dear rocky nest."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, March* 26, 1845.— . . . . I need not say how near I am at this Easter time to you, my Luce. It is

indeed of all others the season when the inward feeling seems to overcome the outward one, and life and hope to be given even when the outer things seem passing away. . . . . Dear Annie Maurice is dying at Hastings, perhaps is already gone. Frederick writes calmly, and says they have looked it in the face, that it has lost part of its sting, and that they can give all up to the will of God. Oh! what depths of sorrow have His children to pass through in the process of leaving earthly affections to rest upon heavenly treasures that fade not away. The time must come, sooner or later, when Christ must be all—all in time and in eternity. Why are we so unwilling to receive this favour, so slow to part with anything, to sacrifice our Isaacs for His sake and at His word who gave His own life for us? But it is the blow hanging over the head that makes the heart beat and fear arise. When it is clear what God's will is, then all is stilled—the mouth is dumb, for He hath done it. So I am sure will it be with this poor mourner. So will it be with you, my own sister, whenever the decree does go forth, and your beloved one is called to his heavenly portion. May it be delayed yet awhile, one's fond heart cries out; but even as it seemeth good to our Father, so may it be to us.

"Our Easter sunshine did not come till Monday, when the rain and vapours cleared away, and it was as with you like summer. It was too hot for me to walk much, and I sate down under the Rectory drawing-room window, watching the lambs that had stolen through the wicket, unable to resist the tempting green of the lawn, while Jule and Esther walked about enjoying the brightness, and then he came and read 'The first mild day of March,' which was so true a description of this day. You know how I share all your Easter feelings, and how our daily service here through last week's solemn recollections prepares one for the joy. I

thought also much of last Easter Monday, when I took my dear children to the park and castle, and they sported in the wood and gathered flowers.

"Julius and Esther went to Mrs. Wisham after the service, and gave her the Communion. A little while before I had had a sweet visit to the dear old woman. I found her so low and cast down (I think quite from weakness), fearing she was a hypocrite, she could not drive away the evil thoughts that possessed her; and if after all she should be a castaway; she was so afraid that when she had talked to us she might have gone beyond the truth. After talking a little while she became calmer and comforted, and then shut her eyes and began praying as if no one was by, 'My dearest Lord, my lips are not worthy to speak unto Thee, but do hear me, and forgive me all my sins,' &c.; and then she went on in the most touching way, praying for us all, and as she held one hand fast, it was for me indeed a blessing to hear her. Then she opened her eyes and asked me to pray. Her old husband meanwhile had come in and stood behind the curtain; and when I had done he came forward, wiping his eyes and looking more softened than I have ever seen him. Her whole heart is now yearning over him; she can hardly bear him to be away from her, and he brings up his tea to drink with her, and does numberless little kind offices for her. One does long for her to have that *sight of Jesus*, that sure hope in Him which would brighten her suffering bed, but doubtless this discipline is needed to prove her faith, and if good it will be given to her, and ere long she will enter where no doubt or fear can again harass her soul.

"After service came the old people's dinner at the Rectory, so it was a day of true feasting, such as belongs to Christian pilgrims.

"I feel fearful of letting go the impressions of the past

week, and the feelings connected with the Resurrection are so specially blessed. There is a tenderness inexpressible which I feel in the *nearness* of Jesus to His disciples at that time, as related to us, and it seems to bring Him so into the midst of one's home and heart to read of it; and then how one feels that it is in this world of care and sorrow one's only true peace to enjoy the hidden life with Christ in God, and to hear the voice of our Shepherd saying, 'Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Illness, and suffering, and anxiety have of late been so present with us that even when all without looks sunny and bright, one feels it is only as a type of the peace and blessedness that passes not away that one can truly enjoy it. I often think how unlike Julius and Esther's newly married life is to that of most people, even to what mine was—it is so chastened and so solemn."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*April* 2.—Dear Annie Maurice was laid to rest on Monday in this churchyard. Eighteen men in white smock-frocks carried the coffin from the Rectory to the church, in relays of six at a time. It was very solemn and sad as we passed through the lane to see the hedges lined with primroses speaking of new life and spring, and before us the mournful procession winding along the road and up the hill to the church, which stood shining in the bright sunshine, as if to remind us that all is light in the heaven to which we believe that our dear Annie has gone.

"The grave was close under the great yew-tree, near Lina's, and with the setting sun full upon it. There we saw the coffin let deep into the earth, and heard the blessed words of prayer, by which we asked to be joined with those who are gone, that by believing in Jesus we may rest in hope, as Annie does, of the great resurrection, when her body will rise again to life."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*April* 6.—Again has it been permitted to me this day to approach the holy table of the Lord and to partake of the heavenly food provided there, together with the mourners who have been so deeply chastened. It is but a few days since we joined together in committing to the grave the earthly shell of our dear friend. May he who then buried his greatest earthly treasure be strengthened and comforted to feel that though apart in the body they are present in the Lord, and in that heavenly kingdom of which we see so small a portion, while she who has entered within the veil is permitted so much fuller a view. As I beheld the deep pit into which her narrow house was lowered, it seemed to say, it is not enough that we must *die*—not enough that self should cease to act, it must be buried, deep out of sight, hidden from all human consciousness. We are apt to conceive of the two acts as one, yet there is a great difference between them. The dead, those who sleep in Jesus, while they remain with us, are still like what they were in outward form and feature, we can scarcely believe life has departed from the cold and silent clay; but when they are buried, the dust returns to dust, the earth surrounds and covers them, all the particles of the body so much loved are dissolved, and no trace left of it, till the word goes forth to restore and bring it forth to new life in the great day of the Resurrection.

"And is it possible, I ask myself, that my warm and breathing body, this strong current of life which animates me now, shall in like manner cease to be, that I shall be still, and motionless, and senseless as the corpse on which my eyes have gazed with such intentness of late, as if to read in it some new discovery of God's wondrous works? No, it seems not possible; the feeling of personal identity

is too strong. I myself cannot die. I live in Christ; and though at His call I may enter on a new and untried state of being, I shall but part with my earthly tenement, 'as a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler,' to rejoice in my deliverance from a cumbrous body that clogs the free and full exercise of all my powers. As the husk of the chrysalis I shall cast it aside, and rise out of it to soar above the dark clouds and mists of earth, into the pure and serene atmosphere of heaven, where dwell only those who are holy and heavenly—the perfected spirits of the redeemed.

"But stay my soul—yet awhile must I linger on, oppressed by this mortal which hides from me the glory I could not bear to look at, and am not worthy to behold. For a season longer I must be content to walk this earth as a stranger and a pilgrim, far from home, though ever advancing towards it; and there is so much work yet to be done by me and in me, that I must not wonder if it be a long time before the welcome call is given to enter into the joy of my Lord. Oh! to be increasingly taught how to separate myself from all but God, to know more of the hidden life of Christ in Him, and to die and be buried to all human affections and earthly pleasures. There is even now a resurrection life open to me, if I have but the courage to enter into it—a life which is without any personal enjoyments, except such as belong to the angels, who find their joy in doing the will of God, and acting as ministers to do His pleasure. Such would I desire to be—His angel—to accomplish His purposes, to minister to all around, and daily to find food and strength and joy in Him.

"In family life more especially it seems to be difficult to maintain an exalted standard, and to preserve a holy and serious demeanour, unmoved by the daily petty changes around us, judging by the light of the Spirit and the Word of God, while we show the greatest love and sympathy with

all the infirmities and troubles of others. But why should I marvel that I find it difficult? Is it not because I count on myself as having apprehended something of the divine life, when as yet I have all to learn and unlearn, and ought rather to sit down on the lowest step of the Temple, and with the babes learn to cry Hosanna? It is so easy to talk, to write, to use good words, to frame beautiful sentences, to imagine lovely thoughts—so hard to come down from the high pinnacles of self-conceit and *feel* that we know nothing, and have practised little as yet of the meekness and love of Christ. But let me not be discouraged, self cannot die at once, it must be a slow gradual decay, only let me keep steadfastly in face of the enemy, not turning aside because he looks so formidable, but resolutely resisting every temptation by which he would assail me. . . . .

"Let me seek Thee, O Jesus, my risen Lord, and find Thee. Do Thou commune with me, and let me commune with Thee. Open to me Thy blessed Word. Teach me all I ought to know and to do; and make my heart—dead and cold as it is by nature—to burn with heavenly desires and the love of Thee, that so I may the more readily and cheerfully yield up all my will, and be satisfied henceforth to 'dwell alone,' for Thou alone art my portion, Thou wilt never forsake me."

The summer of 1845 was an eventful one in our quiet life. In June, my mother paid her first visit since the year of her widowhood to her beloved Alton home, and, overpowering as were the associations which thronged upon her, at the first sight of the White Horse, and the thatched cottages embosomed in their tufted elm-trees, the heart-felt burst of loving welcome with which the simple villagers received her

amply repaid the effort. Amongst her cottage visits, I especially remember one to an old man named William Pontin, who after thanking her heartily for her "respectable gift" said, "I do thank God every morning and every night, that I do; but thank 'un as I may, I never can thank 'un enough; He be so *awful* good to I; and then it just *is* comfortable for I to feel that the Almighty's always at whom—He never goes out on a visit."

On leaving Alton we joined the Marcus Hares at Swindon, and with them underwent the terror of a frightful railway accident, near Slough. They accompanied us to Hurstmonceaux, and spent the summer at the Rectory, where my uncle Marcus Hare, after a short illness, passed peacefully into rest, on July 30. On the 4th of August, his body was laid amid the group of honoured graves which was fast gathering around the yew-tree in Hurstmonceaux churchyard.

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*Hurstmonceaux*, 1845.—On Thursday evening (July 24), as we returned from Lewes, we were stopped as we were driving up to the Rectory with the news that dear Marcus was alarmingly worse. . . . . There were fluctuations till the following Tuesday, when all hope faded away. That afternoon he asked, 'Where is the Mia,' and taking my hand he said, 'Lucy was given to console you, and you are given to console her—and the children will be yours too.' He desired at five o'clock that the children might be sent for from Lime, and he spoke to each of them, and blessed them. At four A.M. on Wednesday morning I felt the last moments were approaching, and called Julius and Esther. In a few minutes they knelt with us by the bedside of our

departing brother. Julius offered up two prayers from the visitation service, and then read the 71st Psalm. As we began to repeat the Gloria Patri, dear Marcus's breath began to intermit, and as we joined in the Amen his last gentle sigh escaped him. We again knelt by the bedside, and Julius uttered our heart-felt thanks, in the words of the Burial Prayer, to Him who had so graciously 'delivered our Marcus from the burden of the flesh and the miseries of this sinful world, to dwell with Him in joy and felicity.'

"The beautiful dawning of the summer morning, the glorious sun that shed its light on all around, and that entered that chamber of death, seemed truly the outward type of that blessed Resurrection life which he had now begun. 'There shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever.'"

M. H. *to the* Rev. R. Kilvert.

"*August* 1, 1845.—At five o'clock, on Wednesday morning, our beloved Marcus gave up his spirit into his Father's hands, and literally 'fell asleep' without a struggle. For the last twelve hours his sufferings had ceased, and we had the comfort of receiving his parting words to each of us. He was ready to depart, though not apparently conscious himself how near the end was. With his habitual reserve he did not express much of what passed within, and it was therefore the more comforting to witness, though we could not hear, his happiness at the last. At the beginning of the night he was restless, but his wife began repeating texts of Scripture to him, and the effect was quite extraordinary in soothing him, and as she poured out one text and verse of a hymn after another (I taking it up when she was exhausted), he became perfectly still, and, with his eyes

turned up to heaven, continued for about an hour gradually breathing less and less. . . . .

"Lucy begged to be removed from the Rectory the same evening, and I brought her here to Lime. She feels deeply her responsibility with her three fatherless children, but in weakness is God's strength perfected, and we have truly been taught how faithful He is to all who believe."

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile.

"*Lime, August* 14.— . . . I knew you would share our sorrows. Truly God has been with us, and it is an encouragement to faith to see a fresh instance of His exceeding love and mercy in the midst of such heart-crushing grief. I cannot describe to you the consolation my dear Lucy has experienced—such a vivid sense of Christ's presence, such a sitting in heavenly places with him who has now entered within the veil, that, except for short intervals, she has hardly realised as yet what the earthly separation is. She will not hear of it being called a bitter cup, for it has been mixed by the hand of Love. Since the funeral, she has rejoined us, and in the most touchingly submissive and even cheerful manner resumed her duties with her children—fulfilling so exactly Keble's words, 'Cheerily to your work again, with hearts new-braced and set—to run untired Love's blessed race.' Now she has returned to Rockend.

M. H. *to* L. A. H. (on returning to Rockend).

"*Lime, August* 14, 1845.—'The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: He will save, He will rejoice over thee with joy, He will rest in His love, He will joy over thee with singing.' Yes, dearest, 'thy Maker is thy husband, and your home and rest is in Him—a sure, never-changing sanctuary in which you will dwell for ever. Even now, while the waves and storms of this troublesome world are

beating upon you, your vessel is fast anchored on the Rock of Ages, and you cannot be moved. Though your heart may be torn in pieces, and you must often feel as if life on earth must henceforth become a dreary thing, yet will your faithful and loving Saviour be ever near to speak peace to your soul, and bid you look on to that blessed dawn which will rise for you as it has done for your beloved; when you, like him, will breathe forth your spirit into the hands of your Father and his Father; then you will join fully in that blessed song of the redeemed, which as yet we can utter so faintly.

"Your earthly home is now like a body without a soul. He who animated and cheered it is unseen by your eye, but he will be ever near in spirit, and as you feel his presence in every object around you, it will help you to draw near to him where he is, in the secret place of the Most High, dwelling in that light which we cannot approach unto.

"Oh! how blessed it is to think that where Christ is there are His faithful servants with Him—'the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them.'

"'If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with the other,' and 'our fellowship is with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ.'"

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Rockend, Sept.* 24, 1845.— . . . One passage in Carr's Sermons is especially full of comfort to me—'All those things that once gave me so much delight, and that I dwelt on as the green spots in my life, are to me now little more than a dream. They are now dead to me, and I to them; and it is on my trials, my troubles, my bereavements that I can dwell with satisfaction; for these humbled me, these

taught me faith, these drew me to God my Father; and what is any life worth which has not this tendency?'

"In this glorious view I sometimes seem to hear my husband's voice bidding me to rejoice, and then I speak aloud to myself all that I feel he would be saying; and I cannot tell you how full of love and tenderness my whole heart is; and I go straight to my Tower, and open wide the windows, and have a most blessed hour of prayer and meditation before my boys come to me."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Hurstmonceaux, Oct.* 12, 1845.—A second time in the course of four months has Azraël, the angel of death, visited our family, and carried away a beloved one from the midst of us; a second time has the message come with power—'Prepare to meet thy God.' How wonderfully and passing human thought has our Lord himself accompanied His messenger, and poured balm into the deepest wounds, so that even the frail vessel cast on the stormy seas of tribulation has not been shipwrecked, but has heard the voice of Jesus speak 'Peace.'

"Surely the experience both of the nearness of death and eternity, and the knowledge of the faithfulness of God to all who believe, ought to stay our hearts on Him, and help us to trust Him with our all, not for the present only, but for the future—that indistinct vision which our faint hearts are so apt to cloud with evil, because it is too far off for us to behold the light which falls upon it, and which will assuredly gild every dark cloud to those who look beyond the earthly limits, and seek in heavenly light to behold all things as in God."

The winter of 1845—46 was passed at Lime by Mrs. Marcus Hare and her children, until the middle of February.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Lime, Feb.* 18, 1846.—To-day is the precious 18th, a day to give much thanks for, when my best half passed into the heavens. Twelve years have passed away since this our earthly separation. It is now 'but as yesterday when it is past'—quite passed from sight, from outward observation, yet to the heart and mind near and close as yesterday. What time or space can ever separate one from that which is part of one's own being? But every year lessens the outward separation instead of adding to it; and all we can wish is to hasten on after those who are gone before, to be framed and fashioned as they were, in the discipline of this daily life of trial, into the mind of Christ, that when the blessed call is given we may be ready to mount up and dwell with them.

"When I awoke this morning, it seemed so strange to feel that I was in a house alone, to know that no dear little merry faces would meet me on going down. But I was glad to be here, not at the Rectory, this morning, and to be quite alone. I seem to want the breathing-time, the perfect rest of this outward solitude. The responsibility of all the children, the thoughts and feelings for you—unexpressed and unshown, yet which have continually been pressing on me for some months, I now seem to feel opened to view, and I want to separate myself for a time from the earthly sympathies and interests of life to seek in Christ new life and power to go on. . . . Soon we shall be at home, and rest with Him who is beloved above all, and those who are dearest to our hearts next to Him.

'Through one short night may sorrow last,
But joy with morning's dawn will rise.'"

The only event which in 1846 marked my mother's home-life was the death (in June) of her dear old father, who had been failing for several months. Immediately upon receiving the news, we went to Stoke, and were present at his funeral. A fortnight after, we left this beloved family home for the last time, and Mrs. Oswald Leycester came to live at a house which belonged to her in New Street, Spring Gardens. During this year my mother's failing eyesight was a constant trouble to her. The following winter was passed at Hurstmonceaux.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (at Harrow).

"*Stoke Rectory, March* 4, 1846.—My journey was without any event, and we arrived safely at Whitmore at four o'clock. There was John Minshall and the old horse ready for us, and in two hours more we were once more at the Stoke door. But poor grandpapa could no longer come out to meet me. Grannie took me straight into the dining-room, and there he lies on a little bed by the fireside; another little bed is near him, and is screened from the door by a large folding red screen. He knew me by my voice, but cannot now see enough to distinguish one person from another, but he is better than he was, and his mind is quite clear. To-day is his birthday, and he is ninety-four. His beard has not been shaven since his last illness, and it is so long that he looks most venerable, like the pictures of the old patriarchs, and especially of Isaac in his bed blessing his sons.

"We have such lovely spring days here, but I have not walked beyond the garden till yesterday, when I went through the village to see old Molly Latham, and came back over the large field, and through what we used to call the Slough of Despond, and, as of yore, it was so wet that I

got over my shoe-tops in mud. There are very few primroses in the hedges here, but such a quantity of pileworts. . . . . I have not been able to get to the island; when I went to the river and saw all the daffodils on the other side inviting me to come and see them, I could not reach them, for the first little bridge from Pilewort Island was broken down, and I could not jump over."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Stoke, March* 10.—On Sunday evening we had a touching scene. My father said he should like once more to have all the servants in to prayers. So at nine o'clock they all came in, and I read prayers, putting my mouth close to his ear on the pillow, and speaking as loud as I could. When it was ended, he begged them to stop, and raising himself in bed, addressed them with wonderful strength and clearness of voice. He urged on them the necessity of prayer—'if it is only for a few minutes, but remember words are nothing unless it comes from the fulness of the heart'—begged them to practise all they prayed for, and to be obedient to God's commandments, and ended with wishing them all to have peace now and at all times. 'God bless you all, and good-bye!' he uttered most emphatically, and the deep silence was only broken by some sobs from the women servants. We were much afraid he would have suffered from the great effort he had made, but he was not the worse. Generally he speaks very little, and for the most part it is completely—'reposing in decay serene, in calm old age his duty done.' The candle is burnt down to the very socket, but every now and then it flickers up before it is finally quenched."

June 27.—The dear, dear father is now numbered with our beloved ones in heavenly places. I can scarcely believe it. One has so often gone through the same process of

anxiety and expectation, that it scarcely seems possible to realise that he is indeed gone—entered into rest, and freed from his worn-out, earthy tabernacle. The dear, beloved old man! What a blessing to have had him so long; but now that he is taken away, there is a blank no one can fill up. One more is gone to teach one to look up and fix one's heart more steadfastly where lasting joy and love are. All one's love for the dear long-loved father gushes into one's heart, but one does so feel he is the same, only exalted, purified, sanctified—no more doubts or fears—he sees and knows now that in Christ is all-sufficient love, and all-perfect holiness to cover all his sins. All his wonder, 'how can these things be?' is stilled in the contemplation of perfect Wisdom."

"*Stoke, July* 1.—At length *the last visit* has come, and I am at the home of so many years only to bid it farewell for ever. I come not to be welcomed by the tenderest of fathers, not to pray that I may be a comfort to him, but to give thanks that he is delivered from the burden of the flesh, that he is at rest and in peace. You may think what the house is—alas! you know too well—the desolation when the head, the master, is gone—when the one object to whom every eye, every thought turned from morning to night, from night to morning, is withdrawn, and the devoted servants who have nursed him so unwearyingly mourn and weep like children over his loss."

"*July* 3.—The last tie is broken. 'He sleeps in calm earth,' and his narrow bed is made by the side of our mother and Charles. . . . . The sight of the pulpit and desk and pew hung with black served more than anything to bring home that he was gone—the father of his people, for such he truly was—the never-failing friend. . . . . In the afternoon when we all dispersed I went to the island, and sat in the bathing-house and looked on the calm river flowing on just

as it had flowed ever since I can remember it—unchanged while so many years have rolled on and brought to me so many changes; and here I sought to dedicate myself once more to Him who abideth for ever, and is a Father who can never be taken away. . . . . I think, as far as the lesson of death goes, it is almost more instructive when the shock of corn is fully ripe when it is gathered in than even in earlier life. The being taken before the number of days is completed, may be peculiar to the one gone, the consequence of disease, but where the thread of life has been spun out to the very extremity, there is no escape from the warning—we *must* come to this, however long spared."

"*July* 11.—One more letter from Stoke, dearest Luce, and it is the last. The time is really come when this chapter of one's earthly history must close, and when the tie which has bound one to this spot for forty years must be snapped asunder. But Stoke will still abide with us inseparably. Places, like persons that have been closely associated with our lives, cannot pass away. They become a part of one, and form a portion of that inward being that endureth always, let the outward changes be what they may. You may think how as I look round on the meadows, the peaceful river Terne, the beloved father's favourite willows, the large shady trees and pretty flower-beds and sloping lawn, I see at a glance all the past days of enjoyment and of sorrow that have been passed here, and the succession of dear friends that have passed away, while all the vague thoughts which have so often come across me of the probability of leaving it for ever, are now brought to certainty. It will seem almost like turning one's back on the dear father to go from hence; here he seems so present, I do not feel at all as if he was away. There is no mournfulness about the thought of him; it is only the feeling that instead of his lying helpless and suffering on a sick-bed, he is resting on

his Saviour's bosom in peace and repose. But so it will be still. Those who die in the Lord, die to sight, only to live more truly in spirit, and it is a blessing to feel that for them the passage through the Jordan is over—that they are safe on the borders of the promised land."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*June* 28, 1846.—My dear revered father has been set free from his earthly tabernacle. Ninety-four years of earthly life are closed, and I believe that he has now begun that eternity of heavenly existence, the seed of which has been hidden in Christ. I believe that now his doubts and fears are ended, his questionings answered, his speculations solved, and that in his Saviour and his God he has found that full and perfect forgiveness and holiness for which he has so long yearned. One can only give thanks that at length he has been permitted to reach the desired haven. But to us who remain how large is the blank! Time has not been when we were without this most tender and affectionate of friends, nor do I recall a word or deed of unkindness from him through the forty-seven years of my life. In my sorrows he pitied his child and grieved over me, in my joys he rejoiced, in my interests he was interested, and if there is any good in my natural character, it is inherited from his love of occupation, his cheerful disposition, his peaceful temper, his observation of nature, and his pleasure in little things. How closely all one's past life and its circumstances seem bound up with one's being; then comes a change, and outwardly all seems to have passed away, but with the substance it is not so: that which has been, still is, and ever will be, so far as it was good and true, and in that sense our dear father cannot pass away, he lives and is with us still. When the earthly form is withdrawn, it is that we may more fixedly look on the heavenly, and by the break-

ing of a fresh link to this world be led onwards in heart and mind to seek the reunion, when we shall meet to part no more. Still more are our beloved ones removed from sight that we may set our affections more fully on Him who is ever unchangeable—'Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'"

"*Nov.* 22, 1846.—This my birthday is again permitted to return, and falls this year on the resurrection day of the week, as if to encourage me onwards to lay hold of the risen life in Christ, and feel that passing out of the earthly I must henceforth be more truly a partaker of the heavenly life. But how slowly do old things pass away and all things become new! One thing after another must be rent from us, one cloud after another overshadow us, before we can enter into the brightness of that light which is in itself pure and unchangeable. Mists and vapours rise up from the earth around us, which dim the clearness of our vision of the sun which shines in all his glory above our heads. But it is a blessedness for which I must be thankful that I know assuredly that the 'Lord reigneth,' even 'the Lord our righteousness.' In the year that is closed what mercies have I received, what unworthiness have I shown of the least of them; for the restoration of health to so many who are dear to me, for the translation of my beloved father to his heavenly home, for the strength vouchsafed me in all times of need. 'What shall I render unto Him for all His benefits?' I can only give my own self—all I have, and all I am. Seal the covenant, Lord, by Thy Spirit, that being united to Thee I may abide in Thee, and may bring forth more abundant fruit to Thy glory. I desire to surrender myself wholly unto Thee, O my God, to live more simply as one separated unto Thee, not finding my joy and comfort in the earthly blessings Thou so richly bestowest on me, but, while thankful for the gracious gifts,

looking only to the Giver as the source of my happiness and the object of my life. I cannot shake off the habits of thought and feeling which many years have wrought in me, I can only ask of Thee, O Christ, to have mercy on me, poor and needy as I am, and subdue in me all that is perverse and wayward in my heart, and so fill me with Thy pure and heavenly love that all my narrowness and selfishness may be done away in the wideness of the love."

Much of the years 1847 and 1848 was spent by my mother with Mrs. Oswald Leycester in New Street, and in the autumn of 1847 my dear and venerable grandmother paid a long visit to us at Hurstmonceaux. The marriage of Archdeacon Hare had brought with it much of a feeling, though not a reality, of separation between Lime and the Rectory; and the influx of new associations, new interests, and fresh guests at her Sussex home made my mother turn with greater warmth at this time to the friends of her earlier life, from whom the almost too-engrossing devotion of Julius had hitherto comparatively separated her. The death of Mrs. Oswald Leycester, after a long and painful illness, in 1848, left a wide gap, in the loss of one who from the age of thirteen had lovingly filled a mother's place to her.

The family group at Hurstmonceaux Rectory were meanwhile occupied by ever-changing literary interests. The death of his dear friend John Sterling, in 1844, led my uncle in 1848 to bring out an edition of "Sterling's Essays and Tales," to which he affixed a memoir from his own hand. In the same year he plunged vehemently into "the Hampden Controversy," which was then agitating the English Church, and delivered a Charge to his clergy whose interest

was deeply felt, though its great length was complained of —not the length of words, but of thoughts—that he picked up all the thoughts that lay on each side of the road he was travelling.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*New Street, Jan.* 15, 1848.—Grannie is much better now and down-stairs again. It has been so wet since you went I have not been out till to-day, when the sun shines brightly; and I have obeyed its summons and walked in the garden to the end of the water, where I watched the divers dipping down for such a long time, and the band playing, and the soldiers passing to the palace."

"*Lime, Feb.* 13.—Here I am at our dear home again, and much did I enjoy the drive from the station through the familiar lanes. I find that dear Mrs. Piper (the old village schoolmistress) is just alive and that is all. She has been asking for me, and I am so glad to be able to see her once more and help to close her eyes."

"*Feb.* 29.—We are just returned from attending dear Mrs. Piper's funeral. We came up with the procession going up the church hill, and after the twelve bearers, who were all chosen by Mrs. Piper herself, came the mourners, and then all the children from both schools. Aunt Esther and I and all the other ladies of the parish joined the procession at the gate, and there were many people who had been her former pupils in the church. She was laid by the side of her husband, opposite the vestry window, and as Uncle Jule read the solemn words over her grave, it seemed as if she must have been present to hear them, so often has she talked of heavenly things to me, and so dear to her were the thoughts of going to her Saviour. I felt that I was parting with a very dear friend. . . . . She and been schoolmistress thirty-two years, and educated nine

hundred and ninety-nine children before she gave up the school; and she was so much attached to all our family, and so much a part of it, that I shall miss her very much, though I am thankful her sufferings are over."

"*March* 12, 1848.—To-morrow will be my beloved child's birthday. Last year you came home on that day and we were together, now we are far apart; but you will know how my heart is full of you, and how I shall pray for every good gift to be granted you by your Heavenly Father. You will now be fourteen years old, and make the change from childhood to boyhood. I can desire nothing better for you than that following the example of Jesus, you may set yourself resolutely to your 'Father's business.'

"Remember always that as you have had the advantage of being taught what is right, you are answerable to God for showing before others that you are not ashamed of it, and will confess yourself on Christ's side. In many a quiet, but steady way, you may bear witness to the *truth*."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*June* 2, 1848.—This day has ever come to me with its own peculiar sense of mixed thankfulness and sorrow. In these last years more especially have I felt how my whole life has been linked to this day, and though in actual eye-presence we only lived for four and a half years together, yet has my union with Augustus now lasted for nineteen years. All that went before seems to have been swallowed up in the change that I underwent when I became one with him. All that has happened since is so closely connected with him, that it is all one with the life that we spent together in our short earthly intercourse. My visits to Alton have renewed the vividness and reality of what had become almost a dreamy recollection of blessedness, and

how sweet and tender they were is not to be expressed. The first return there was overpowering in its emotions. It took all the strength that was in me, or rather that I could obtain from God, to still and quiet the thoughts and feelings of what had been, to keep me submissive to what is. I used that strength for the people whom I saw, the time was too short for personal feeling to find its place. But in my visits since, greater strength of body and calmness of mind have enabled me to draw nearer to Augustus, to our four blessed years of life, and to feel how deep a hold they had taken on my existence; and now, as time wears on, as blessings have been given and withdrawn, and my life has become of late more determinately and distinctly solitary, as far as communion and love with any one being is concerned, I can only strive to enter more fully into the hidden life with Christ, and endeavour, amid the tossings of heart and mind, of outward changes and fears, to find a sure resting-place in His love, an anchor of hope from which nothing but sin can separate me."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"20, *New Street, Sept.*, 1848.—There were such numbers of people and children in the gardens when I went out from Grannie's sick-room. It was such a contrast, but I rejoiced to think there were so many enjoying health and happiness.

"There had been a grand review of soldiers before the Horse Guards, and the band played beautifully; but I could not enjoy it, from fear it would distress my poor invalid. The fog was so thick I could only see dim shadows moving about, and the glitter of the spears when there came a gleam of sunshine.

"We have now been so long together that I miss my dear loving boy very much, and fancy I hear his voice all the day, telling me something he has been seeing or doing;

and you, too, will be lonely; but we have Christ near to us both, and He will comfort our hearts and give us His peace."

"*New Street, Sept.* 10, 1848.—I must have a Sunday's talk with you, my Augustus, though you are far away. How many dear Sundays have we spent together, and we are never nearer than on this day, when we use the same words of prayer and praise, and listen to the same lessons of Scripture. As the same sun shines over our heads, and we can both see it—in Bath as in London—so does Christ shine into our hearts equally in all places, and we may hear his voice speaking to us."

"*Lime, Oct.* 8.—Once more at home for a Sunday! I only want my dear companion to come, that we should talk together of the good thoughts which rise up especially on this day, and look upon the beautiful flowers, which still blossom in our garden of Eden."

"*Lime, Nov.* 1, *All-Saints.*—On this jubilee day I must write to my Augustus. . . . . These pouring rains are becoming serious now, as no seed can be sown for next year's harvest; but every now and then the sun breaks forth, and reminds us of the Sun of Righteousness, who will, we hope, shine more and more upon the heathen, giving them light and scattering their darkness. Is it not pleasant to think how all Christians will join together to-day—in China and India, Africa and the South Sea Islands, America, and New Zealand? When we go to bed, then their services will begin, and so twenty-four hours will be spent in praises to God for having sent His gospel to us, and prayers that He will give it to others. In this way will be prepared the great multitude that we read of in Rev. vii., who will come out of all nations, and sing praises to God on His throne May we, dearest child, be with that happy company of saints; but in order to be so we must struggle and fight on now, and help others to do so in the name of Christ"

"*New Street, Nov.* 4, 1848.—My dearest child will grieve to hear that our dear, dear Grannie has been taken away from us. It was all over when I arrived, and for some hours she had ceased to breathe. By a mistake in the train we were too late at Polegate, and drove on to Lewes, in the hope of catching the three o'clock train from thence, but we arrived ten minutes too late, and so did not get here till past nine. Poor Margaret met me at the door with the sad news that it was too late. She had fallen asleep quite gently at seven o'clock.

"You may come on Sunday. My own child, I shall be so glad to have you here; and in this house of death you will, I trust, learn many useful lessons, and realise more that we must set our hearts and hopes on the life that will never die. May God preserve and keep us all to serve Him faithfully while we have the power of doing so."

"*Nov.* 17.—We must all be the better for having looked on death so closely, and been reminded that to this we *must* come; and then, what will it matter if we have had more or less of this world's pleasures? . . . . The last morning in this dear house is come, and now I have the servants to take leave of."

"*Abbey Room, Norwich, Nov.* 19.—You will easily see me in this room, surrounded by the wooden faces and heads carved in the dark wainscoting, and looking out upon the side of the cathedral. I seem to have you very near me here, and to hear your delight over every old ruin and wall. We had a good journey, the only event our stopping at Cambridge, where Professor Sedgwick was ready to receive us, and we had a talk with him for ten minutes. At four o'clock we reached Norwich, and it was light enough to see the old gateway as we drove up to the Palace; but there are no flowers now to beautify the steps and palisade, all looks gloomy and wintry. After a drive

yesterday by Kett's Castle, the Cow Tower, Mousehold, and the many lanes that are all so like one another, I went to the service in the Cathedral, and thought it more perfect than ever; and the daylight waning away from the beautiful east window, so like the gradual change of the diorama views from light to dark. I hope I did not like it *only* because of the beautiful music or architecture, but because I was able to worship the Lord of this beautiful temple, and feel He was present with us."

1849 and 1850 were almost entirely spent by my mother in fulfilling the round of her quiet home-duties at Hurstmonceaux, which she now seldom quitted, having no longer her aged parents to claim her companionship and attentions. The circle at Hurstmonceaux Rectory was increased by the constant presence of Mrs. Alexander, who, as Mary Manning, living with the Malcolms, had been the intimate friend of my uncle's youth, and who, widowed and lonely, was now invited to become a member of his household. The summer of 1849 was saddened by the death of the Bishop of Norwich, followed with terrible rapidity by the news of the deaths of his youngest and eldest sons, Captain Charles Edward Stanley, at Hobart Town, on the 13th of August, 1849; and Captain Owen Stanley, on board his ship, H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, at Sydney, on the 13th of March, 1850.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*March* 5, 1849.—Yesterday was dear grandpapa's birthday. For how many years have we passed that day at Stoke! and now not only is he gone, who used to be so pleased with his children's love, but dear Grannie too, who loved the day so much,—and it seemed such a blank not to write to her upon it."

"*Lime, August* 18.—To-day is a day of rest at home, and I shall miss my Augustus much this evening. Our fields are now all so rich with their sheaves of corn, and it makes me often think of the Great Harvest, when 'the reapers will be angels,' as I see the men with their sickles cutting it down; and I pray that you and I, my child, may be among the sheaves of wheat, and not the tares, at that day."

"*August* 24.—I must write a few lines to greet you on the 26th,—your Hurstmonceaux birthday. It is a day of great importance to us both, for then first you became my adopted one, and I undertook to train you up for God, and you were given up by your natural parents to be wholly mine. God has put into your heart the spirit of a child towards me, although not by nature one; and I pray that He may put into your heart a true child-like love for God as your Father, since you are also adopted into *His* family, by your baptism in the name of Christ."

"*Sept.* 11.—I send you the sad, sad letters from Brahan Castle. Our dear good Bishop is with his God! . . . . Aunt K. says that now she feels the real comfort her children are to her. She is thankful that Grannie is spared this grief; and, amid the many thoughts which rise up for her, the chief is, 'how he earnestly desired he might not outlive his powers when he could not resign his bishopric, and the suffering it would have been to him if he had;—that the *rest* he so earnestly craved he will now have in its perfection.' . . . . I am going with them to Norwich."

"*Palace, Norwich, Sept.* 17.—We got out at Trowse, as they thought it would be quieter than Norwich, and had sent the carriage there. The beautiful flowers bloomed on the steps of the entrance and in the railing above, the cathedral looked solemn, and the trees and lawn peaceful and green; but how great a change had passed over the place! The house seems so desolate without its head.

When we sate down to dinner, each one felt in silence how great a blank was there. At prayers Arthur sits in the great purple chair; and the venerable white head and impressive words are no longer there."

"*Sept.* 22.—All the morning the clergy were arriving and pacing to and fro along the broad gravel walks. It seemed a long time till one o'clock, when all were gathered together in one great black mass before the chapel, and reaching as far as the ruin. We watched them from a bedroom window. After a time the pall was borne out of the chapel door, and then by degrees all fell into their places to follow it. They slowly, and with pauses, went along to the lodge gates, and when all had passed through, Aunt K. and I went to the dining-room to wait for the Dean and his son, who came to escort us by the private staircase to the cathedral, and took us to the Dean's stalls. When we first entered the cathedral, we heard one general buzz of the mass of people assembled. Every gallery in the choir was full of people in black. At length the bell ceased tolling, and the words at the beginning of the burial service were sung as the procession moved into the choir. It sounded most beautiful, especially as they gradually drew near and one heard the words distinctly. It took a long time before all the hosts of clergy and people were placed, and the choir and east end were filled. Then came the two psalms and the beautiful 15th of Corinthians, read by the Dean. When that was ended the Dead March in Saul struck up which was played the whole time the congregation poured out of the choir into the nave, and most grand and elevating it was, seeming quite to lift one up to heaven. There seemed no end to the people as they passed out. At last, when almost all were gone, Mr. Wodehouse and Uncle Jule came back for us, and we passed along with a wall of people on each side, so that we were quite hidden from

view, and thus we reached the grave. There we stood by its side, looking down into the open vault, at the bottom of which lay the coffin. It is exactly in the centre of the nave, under the hole that Rajah Brooke climbed into. The Dean read the prayers, but the sentences beginning 'Man that is born of a woman' were sung, and those 'I heard a voice from heaven saying, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours,' were also sung by the choir behind, and it seemed quite as if angelic voices were welcoming the faithful servant of God to his heavenly home. I could have stayed there for ever. There were only ourselves and the other relations and the servants just round the grave; we saw no one else. When it was all over, we paused for a few minutes, and then passed again through the lines of people into the north transept, and out through the passage to the palace. I have told you the facts, but I can give you no notion how impressive it was, nor how affecting—there were such sobs and tears from many present, from the school children, from the clergy by whom their dear bishop was so beloved. Outside the cathedral there were crowds of people—every window and roof filled. . . . . One of the little chorister boys said afterwards, 'I longed to have lain down in that grave, it was such a pity he should be *there*, and I *here*.'"

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Feb.* 18, 1850.—Sixteen years are completed since my beloved one was translated from earth to heaven. Oh! how truly can I now bless God for his deliverance from the miseries of this evil world; how little would I recall him if I could.

"Blessed Augustus! oh that we might follow thee here, so that we might live with thee hereafter. But many a step has to be taken up the hill Difficulty; many a fight to be

fought before the victory is won, and we can be what thou wert on earth, still more what thou art now—perfected in the light of the Father's countenance. I thought when my best beloved was laid in the grave, and all earthly things seemed wrapped in one black mantle, that henceforth my affections would no longer be a hindrance to me, that I should ever set my heart only where my treasure was. But it has been far otherwise, and I cling far too closely and fondly round one after another of those who are dear to me, and feel sadly bound to earth; their joys and sorrows are mine, and it is more hard to exercise faith for others, especially for my child, than for myself. . . . . Never was there a greater need than now of watchful prayer, of waiting continually on God, and seeking from Him guidance and wisdom, strength and light. There is so much of controversy in the Church, that we need to be able to give a reason for the hope within us, at the same time that we must exercise love and meekness toward those who differ. Here it is that I feel the want of greater knowledge to discern where and how I should oppose others, and when to be silent, and suppress the truth as it seems clear to me.

"The daily intercourse of loving affection must not be disturbed by disputes and discussions, yet even the weakest may declare the right view of things, and be blessed in doing so. Perhaps it is a happy thing to hear all sides, to be able to see the good in all. It preserves one from bigotry and intolerance, but it is far more trying in some ways than the decided adoption of one system, and condemnation of all that opposes or modifies it. In this condition I often find myself: with hearty sympathy with those who hold evangelical views on all the doctrines of the Gospel, and in estimation and love of the Word of God as the only standard of essential and vital truth, I feel that in many of them there is a narrowness of feeling alien to the

Spirit of Christ, and also to the varying wants of weak and ignorant human beings. In heaven we shall need no forms, no discipline, no rites. The Church Triumphant will be one, whole, and undivided, and all the varieties of the different living stones of that building will only make the temple more glorious, more rich and harmonious. The sounds of praise will rise up within it in one united strain without any discord. But here, in the Church Militant, we must expect divisions, differences, and discords; for so long as sin and self exists, so long will they mix even with the holiest purposes and make them imperfect in accomplishing their end."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, March* 11, 1850.—In two days more you will be sixteen years old! I can scarcely believe that my dear little child, who used to run by my side, and play with the flowers he had gathered, is indeed so nearly approaching manhood. . . . . You are now old enough to seek after knowledge for knowledge's sake, and to desire to learn correctly and *solidly* what you can. A mere smattering of knowledge is worth nothing, and I hope my Augustus will be something more than a mere *dilettante*—one who only skims over the surface of learning, picking out that part which is pleasant or agreeable, and leaving out the rest. In everything there must be pains and labour taken to master the difficulties, and acquire the uninteresting and dry part, which may be called the *bones* of the system, whatever it is. There may be taste and beauty in a drawing, but if the perspective be faulty and the lines crooked, it cannot be really well done. So it is in languages: there may be pleasure in the writings of poets or historians, but numberless errors will be made in translation as in composition if there is no accurate knowledge of the grammar. And it is not only because of

the *attainments* of study that it is needful to be diligent, but because it is only through this discipline of mind that the character can be formed rightly, and the extravagancies of imagination so sobered, that one can see things truly and accurately. In a Life of Socrates which I have been reading, it is mentioned that the great business of Socrates was in his public speeches to convince the people that they had 'a conceit of knowledge instead of the reality;' and this is exactly what you will find to be your case by discovering, as you learn more, that as yet you know only the outside and superficial part."

XVII.

ABBOTS-KERSWELL.

"He who begins in the way of prayer, must conceive that he is beginning to frame an orchard, or garden, for the contentment and delight of his Lord; though yet it be in a very unfruitful soil, and full of weeds."—ST. THERESA.

I. A. H. (who had now gone to live entirely in her farm at Abbots-Kerswell) *to* M. H.

"*ABBOTS-KERSWELL, April* 4, 1849.—How very near you and I have been to each other during the last Holy Week. Never did I pass a more peaceful one; and I could see you looking out on the moon, and knew, as if by you, every thought that passed through your mind. Seldom does it fall to the lot of any to have so exactly homes after their own hearts as you and I. I could never wish to move from here—though, alas! the lovely, peaceful-looking village is not as peaceful as it looks, and Satan is as busy as in other places. How I long for you when I go my cottage rounds. Not a creature has been to ask for anything, and it is therefore more satisfactory to send for them, and let them see they do not lose by not begging. We discovered in one of our visitings a little white cottage up in a corner, looking very pretty and retired, where lived such an afflicted woman, quite horrible to look upon, but one of the most really

Christian characters in the place, with joy and peace shining from her scarred countenance."

"*April* 13.—How much I have to tell you of our life, our peaceful life here. I feel that I could well put up a stone for Ebenezer, for hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and will He not to the end? Our earthly *home* seems passed away, but happy resting-places still remain, and we are on our way Home, and I do not think a really happier creature lives than I am, except when sin from without and within forces itself upon me. I think you and I are happier with our absent husbands than most with their living ones, but our affections are too deep not to try us sometimes, when memory brings back the *shadow* of all that is preparing for us in the *substance*.

"Our days are much too short; this place to me is only too delightful. I would gladly never move. Every day the interest increases as one gains fresh acquaintance with the people. I have found another very good old woman, who lives alone, and was reading her Bible as I went in. *Flavel* is her delight! She was just like you and me; said she was never so happy as when alone—that her neighbours say how dull she must be, never able to go out, and living quite alone, but she said, 'I tell them I am never *alone*.'

"Then it is such a refreshing sight to see the clear pure sparkling wells up and down—the water running close to the cottage doors. There is one well I cannot describe; you must see it some day, and instantly Wordsworth's lines will come into your mind. This afternoon we ascended the hill and went such a walk. About two miles off is Woolborough Church, through the loveliest lanes, you can scarcely get on for stopping to look at the view—the two Tors and all that high ground you see from Rockend, and which here seems close to you, and the other way a wild expanse of moor and heath, distant hills and villages,

the water near Teignmouth, and again in another direction the beautiful Bradley woods! It really is surpassingly beautiful.

"*April* 18.—My interest in this village increases as I come to know more of the poor. The first poor woman I told you of is dying. I visit her daily, and carry her a bit of dinner. She is very ignorant, but has read, and now it all comes back. She told me she had thought much in the night, and that it had come back to her mind, all about Christian in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' crossing the river, and how she had never *felt* what it meant when she read it. My other old woman, too, who delights in Cheever, I like very much, and I cannot quarrel with her for her prayer-meetings, as she cannot ever get to church; but the clergyman lectured her well for her sin, and told her to remember Korah and Abiram."

"*April* 30.—How much I have to tell you of walks, drives, sittings out on my camp-stool, too beautiful to describe. So very happy is my life just now, so entirely shut out from the great world. I can only bless God for each day as it comes, and make the most of it. I could fill sheets with my cottage visits, each morning and afternoon a round such as you make, only mine is done walking, every cottage being close. There is such poverty as makes one's heart sad, and when one looks down into the lovely vale from the heights above, the feeling that life is a struggle to almost each cottage circle prevents the enjoyment the scene might give; still it makes me more thankful that my steps have been guided here.

"Yesterday morning L. and I walked to Woolborough Church, quite the most beautiful country church I ever saw, with richly-carved screen and pillars, and a curious old monument of the Courtenay family. . . . I do not know when I have spent a happier Sunday since my little boys left me.

It was a poor sermon, but the church itself preached in every part of it. . . . . The whole neighbourhood is filled with little villages and parishes and churches, one lovelier than another. On Thursday we went an exploring drive, through lanes of surpassing beauty, till we thought it time to inquire our way, and found we were near Ashburton. Then another day we took the pony and went another delightful round. You might think I find plenty of leisure here, but the days seem too short for all I want to do—the mornings divided between my child's lessons and looking after people, and afternoons in visiting the poor, or taking long walks and rides. Then I am doing great things in a small way as to works: had a parish-meeting called on Saturday to decide whether I might make such and such improvements, pulling down a wretched old cottage, building a bridge leading up to the church; and it was unanimously agreed I might do all I wished; so for the expense of £10 I am going to make the parish a present of a most tidy place, instead of untidiness fit only for Ireland. . . ."

"*May* 9.—I cannot tell you, dearest, only you know how I enjoy this life. To me, beautiful fields and flowers, and May weather, and lovely walks are almost as intoxicating and reviving as they were in early youth, and the far brighter sun of another life seems to illumine all. In every sweet and lovely view I seem to have a foretaste of the renewed Eden that I firmly believe our waking eyes will yet behold—the thought of how near the end may be gives me a glow and outward feeling that often sends me on rejoicing, even through this sinful, sorrowing world. Sin abounds—yes, awfully so, even in this peaceful, smiling vale; but grace will overcome, sin will have an end, and the time shall come, and that not far distant, when *all* shall love their Saviour, when every face we look on shall reflect the same joy and love. I often sit and look down on this *perfect*

spot outwardly, and think how nothing is wanted to make it paradise but for all to be Christians in deed as well as in name: the cottages hidden in the orchards in full bloom, the church tower rising up in the midst, not a hundred and twenty yards from each dwelling—the white house of the clergyman surrounded by its smooth-shaven lawny slope, standing quite in the middle of the village, looking as if it said, 'Come to me for all you want'—beyond, the wild heaths and rich meadows—and to the right, our own beautiful plantation, and sloping fields where you may walk for hours and meet no one. I keep the evenings for my lone walks, the afternoons are for my village round. Yesterday I walked to Woolborough Church to meet Annie Hare. As I sat in the church porch, I felt as if I had not a wish or want in the world, only that sin were out of me, out of the world, for the only ugly thing in this world is human nature —the curse has fallen lightly on the vegetable creation."

"*May* 12.—Yesterday we had our school-feast. The table was laid in the beautiful sloping field close to the farm, from the top of which you look down over the whole village. Our flag from Rockend was flying on the top of the slope, and seven smaller ones, handkerchiefs bought at our village shop, for which the children ran races. Each child brought its knife and fork, and plate, and a ticket that all might be right. . . . . Many from the village flocked round to see. There never had been known such a day in this primitive place, and the old people said they never remembered anything of the kind, so you may guess the enjoyment it was to see 'young and old come forth to play on a sunshine holiday.' Each child had a cup of cider, and they *did* eat. Just as I said the grace for them, vivid and present as at the time, rose Alton lawn, the quince-tree, the round plantation before the door, and Augustus's own figure and voice, as he spoke that grace from the moment of which

I always date the first love of my heart for him. That 2nd of June, this 11th of May—how changed, how different!—all gone, who made our lives one bright sunny day, from year's end to year's end, and yet in the memory of these years, life is not yet sunless. Marcus and Augustus are with us still—prompt every action, every pleasure—and the thought of their approval, though secondary, is and ever will be a blessed encouragement. I don't know that I ever felt more alone than I did yesterday, or yet more entirely happy and peaceful. I did miss our bright-faced boys, and T. was rather too near my heart for perfect enjoyment; but all was peace within, and you well know, dearest, how you were by me. After dinner, began the games. L. hid nuts and walnuts, and the children hunted for them—such fun and scrambling. Half the children rushed into the orchard, where we had put up two swings and a see-saw; and L. was like the queen bee, when she ran the whole mass buzzed after her. Then there were races. When all was over the visitors assembled, and she presented each with their prize, at the end of the long poles; and down the green hill they all ran, bearing their flags on high, and shouting with delight. Then orchard and swing again; and at five, all assembled once more at the table, had currant loaf, buns, and milk, and departed. The mothers and friends were there, standing up and down the field. Just as they broke up, the bells began to ring, some of the villagers hoping we would not be displeased."

"*May* 24.—Yesterday, at Torquay, I saw Mr. Garratt. . . . . He dwelt so much upon the work of the Holy Spirit—how we were now living under that ministry till Jesus returns. The Comforter is our teacher—will be so, will guide us into all truths, *if* we will only seek his help. He said this was the truth he was daily learning more and more—not to be led by any human teaching or minister—

not to think, oh, if this parish had but a different clergyman, or if such a person were but here to read to this poor person. He said God knew what was needed whenever He gave us our work; and let us do it without a self-sufficient or desponding thought, do the best we can, and depend upon the Holy Spirit helping us. I cannot tell you how his words have come blessedly in to help the thoughts of this season. The last words he said, as he shut me out of his little paradise, were, 'My dear friend, keep this in mind, that we are living under the ministry of the Holy Spirit; look not to self or man, look to that Spirit only.' I have since felt as if I had so much overlooked the third person in the Trinity, and I now pray over and over again the collects for Ascension and Whit Sunday, and feel they contain all I want, no other words can express half so well. 'Leave us not Comfortless'—'Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things'—'Evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort.' This is a blessed season. I do love Ascension Day; it seems as if the 'return in like manner' were so near, how near perhaps we none of us think."

"*May* 27.—Is there any joy in this life like hearing of our precious children—that they are well, happy, and—most blessed news of all—*morally* well? My letters to-day are full of comfort. . . . . How one loves to think our own blessed Lord had a mother, and He can feel for a mother's weakness!"

"*May* 30.—My poor Eliza no longer needs my visits. I was with her at half-past eight last night, and at half-past ten she fell asleep, I trust, in Jesus. How I did again go through all the bitterness of death, all that I never dare dwell on for a moment, that solemn agonizing night of the 30th of July, as I stood by her dying bed, and heard the incoherent ramblings, saw the glazing eye, and felt that already the last struggle was begun. It seems at last to

have come so suddenly. For nearly seven weeks since I have been here she has been the one great absorbing interest in our village life; and when I last read to her, on Friday, she was so alive, and listened so attentively, I thought she would live for weeks—nay, even perhaps recover. She did not know any one last night, and there were so many round I did not feel as if I could say anything. I did just say, 'Eliza, do you feel Jesus is near you?' She answered, 'Yes, yes,' and then went on with her poor rambling about her husband and children. The old mother sate by one side the bed, the husband, who is now heart-broken, leant against the bed-post, the sister stood over her, and there were others in the room. How I longed to be able to read and pray! but I could only stand praying silently. . . . . This morning I heard the passing bell tolling in solemn tones to the little village that one of its members had passed away. There is something very touching in a secluded spot like this, so small a population that it is like one large family, to hear the church-bell close to one on these occasions; we are so very close, its voice is in one's ear. We have had two weddings since we came here, and have watched the bridal party pace up the church-path; but this is the first death, and I intend to attend the funeral.

"A wedding makes me very sad, a funeral never. I thought so of you—at these times I want my other half. To-day I felt I could not stay in, so have lived out of doors, and wanted you. I took my writing things and books, and encamped on my favourite spot, above the plantation, where more than anywhere else my own Marcus is ever by my side. . . . . I sate and looked over the leafy woods, the running stream below sweetly murmuring in my ear. These are days in which one cannot but be very sad, but there is always a peace and rest

mingled with such sadness; one can calmly think of all one loves laid asleep, for does a doubt ever cross one of His love and unchangeable goodness who died for sinners, and then His coming again once more never to leave us, does that thought ever leave one. What do they not deprive themselves of who refuse to open the page of prophecy—to me it is a constant sunshine. This world, this beautiful world, which on a May-day like this seems almost a garden of Eden, even with all its thistles and briars—as Irving says, if this earth was deemed of God worthy to be the place of contest between Christ and Satan, why should it not be worthy to be the place of His triumph?

"It seems so strange and silent to have no one coming from the house of sickness with a saucer for a bit of meat or a baked apple. Every day that poor woman has been our one chief object, and it was so near, I could run in at any time. No ministering servant of our Lord has been sent to comfort or pray for her, and those of another communion who would have visited her, were chased away. But God knew whether she needed human help, and Mr. Garratt's words have often been a comfort to me."

"*June* 2.—Just such a day as this, nineteen years ago, the table was spread beneath the quince-tree, and the beloved Aug. and Mia looked on at the happy children, and felt that in the world more perfect happiness could not be found than day after day ushered in upon Alton. Is it possible nineteen years have passed? It seems as yesterday, and yet what waves have rolled over our heads since then. I always feel when taking my lonely rambles and revelling in the luxuriant beauty of these lanes and fields, that every feeling of my heart is being echoed back by you. Yesterday, at four o'clock, were you not standing by my side, as I stood with my little one beside poor Eliza's grave, and listened to those solemn words, saw the coffin lowered

down to its last home, and looked round on the weeping mourners? It was such a touching scene; for she was much respected and loved, and very many attended, most of them Dissenters. L. and I stood at our door, and then fell in with the line of mourners, just behind the poor husband and children. Her grave was dug in a quiet grassy corner, and I thought, as all departed, a more perfect picture of an English churchyard and funeral could not be, so very calm, and peaceful, and lovely all nature looked.

"On Sunday morning when I was sitting behind the hedge in our orchard, I heard an excellent sermon, and joined in heart with many voices singing some of Wesley's beautiful hymns in the open air. I could not, though I believe I ought, feel that the minister was doing wrong. I only felt, 'Oh that the time were come, when in every village through the world such scenes shall be going on on Sunday evenings, and instead of the sounds of rude noise and angry words we might hear the prayers and praises of assembled people ascending to God. And why not in the open air? I walked up the field with our farmer afterwards, and we heard the voices of many singing hymns as they returned to their homes. 'Why, there you see,' he said, 'the meeting can't be very bad, for those people would have been singing something very different if they had not been there.'"

"*April* 10, 1851.—T. and I have been deepening a brook in the plantation, and every day as I pass the primrose-covered hedges and listen to the rippling brook with nature bursting forth into life all around, I can only say, 'Lord, continually stir up the sleeping springs of love within our hearts, and let them run over in praise and thanksgivings, for great are the mercies preparing for us, if we do but open our eyes and live by faith.'

"Every evening this week at half-past seven, think of us

gliding from our little parlour into the old church lighted up with tallow candles, where it is literally two or three gathered together. We have service and a sermon, and it is so sweet when the few join in singing the evening hymn, and we come out into the dark, and the simple villagers quietly turn homeward."

XVIII.

FAILING HEALTH AND FOREIGN TRAVEL.

"We know for us a rest remains,
When God will give us sweet release
From earth and all our mortal chains,
And turn our sufferings into peace.
What we have won with pain we hold more fast,
What tarrieth long is sweeter at the last.
Be thou content."

PAUL GERHARDT.

FROM the time of her widowhood, in 1834, to the end of 1850, my mother's life had been passed in almost complete seclusion. She had never left home except to visit the immediate circle of near relations, whose life was almost one with hers, and, in the summer of 1849, to pay a long visit at Haslar to Sir Edward Parry, who, from early association, was regarded by her with almost sisterly affection. From this time circumstances brought a change in the routine of her life. The desire of giving pleasure to her son was her first incentive to the foreign travel, which proved so beneficial to her health, that it was ever afterwards resorted to as a remedy in her various illnesses, and which was certainly the means of preserving her precious life for many years to those who loved her. In July, 1851,

we went for a few weeks to Rouen, Caen, and Falaise, and were on that occasion first accompanied by her cousin Miss Leycester, the loving companion and tender friend who shared the anxieties of many after years of sorrow and sickness. From Lisieux we paid an interesting visit to M. Guizot in his beautiful château of Val Richer. The autumn and winter were spent quietly at Hurstmonceaux. In the spring of 1851 my Uncle Julius had the first of the alarming illnesses which terminated fatally in 1855. In that spring also he received a severe shock in the secession of his friend and co-Archdeacon, Henry Manning, to the Church of Rome.

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Jan.* 12, 1851.—So far are we advanced in a new year! It is like plunging into an unknown region, of untried circumstances for good or ill; we know not what may be in the course of this year, how many trials, sorrows, and crosses, nor how many mercies, joys, and comforts. But we may safely leave these in a Father's hands. Will He not make a way of escape out of the coming trials as surely as He has done out of past ones? And are not all things, of whatever nature they may be, parts of that heavenly discipline and training which is to fit us for our heavenly portion? If we could more frequently look on all around us in the light of a passing scene, through which we must travel to reach our home, we should feel we ought not to be so much moved by what we see and hear. It does not belong to us, it must not cleave to us; we must rise above it, and out of it, and keep a steadfast, calm fixedness of purpose amid all that seems so changeful and trying. Nor ought we to be too much cast down and burdened, as

is the case with some kind and generous hearts, by the sins and sorrows of others. There is a purpose in these no less than in our own troubles, and all will work for good, if by faith we commit that working to Him who is the Ruler and Governor of all outward events. To see the light behind the clouds, the bright gleam in the dark distance, is a blessed Christian privilege, of which few avail themselves. Lord, teach me to do it more frequently, and so to keep a fixed eye on Thee, that I may steer my poor weak vessel this year steadily to its haven, with Christ as my Pilot, my Pole-star, my Anchor, my Abiding-rest and Home. I carry Him with me in all places and at all times. Why should I fear? Why should I grieve or be disquieted? I will hope in Him who is my salvation."

"*Feb.* 23, 1851.—Seventeen years have now ended since, in the chamber of the Via S. Sebastianello, my Augustus passed through death into life, since he was committed to the dust in that Roman burial-ground of which Caius Cestius is the pyramid. No Christian church sanctifies that ground, yet the same Saviour watches over it; and He will one day call those saints who lie there to meet Him. Each year is hastening His coming, and with fresh joy should we hail its approach; while each year makes me give thanks more truly that my beloved one is safely removed from all the strifes, confusions, and anxieties of these latter days. His tender spirit would have been sorely grieved by the divisions of this our day, and his weak body would have been spent in the effort to reconcile or convince those who are perverse, ignorant, or prejudiced.

"In looking back I can see only mercy in the dealings of my God—wonderful love and forbearance has been shown me—deliverance from temptation and suffering—answers to prayer. Shall I not trust and not be afraid? Sufferings must come, anxieties are at hand, perplexities

may arise, but Thou, Lord, hast not ever left me desolate: oh strengthen my faith, confirm my love, and help me so to rise above the affairs of this world, and so to set my chief affections on Thee, that whatever comes I may have a heart kept in peace, stayed on Thee.

> 'Sometimes a light surprises
> The Christian while he sings.'

There is a gleam of heavenly light which cheers the soul when all around looks dark. Were we more in prayer, in meditation on God's word, and faith exercised more on the perfection and love of Jesus, surely this gleam would shine more unto perfect day. The power and might of earthly love can only give way before a mightier love, and that is in Christ alone."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*March* 16, 1851.—Dear Uncle Jule is not any better. . . . . We are very anxious about him, and I have indeed much need to pray to be strengthened in submission to God's will, whatever it may be. . . . . Yesterday poor James Page came to tell us his wife died the night before. She was dying on Friday when I went to see her, and I could scarcely understand what she said; but when Esther saw her an hour after she had revived, and was able to talk, and to try to comfort her poor husband by telling him to trust in God, who had been so gracious to her. She said she was 'going a long journey, but it was a pleasant one.' James told me he was sure she was quite safe, and 'that was his biggest comfort.' It seems strange to think of her as gone, we have watched over her so long.

"Mrs. Alexander came at four o'clock, and took me a drive to see her bank in the Boreham Lane. It was indeed beautiful, with a perfect bed of bluebells for the length of a

long field, and there was also a carpet of primroses near the Park-gate that was lovely. My evening was solitary; and I had time to think of and pray for all the absent ones. May God bless you, my Augustus, and strengthen you to find flowers in your work, though not in your lanes."

"*April* 8.—Archdeacon Manning came here on Friday last. Uncle Julius was afraid it was meant as a farewell visit, and so it proved, though he said not a word which could imply that it was so. Yesterday came the sad news that on Sunday last he had joined the Church of Rome!"

ARCHDEACON HARE *to his* CLERGY.

"Alas! by a mysterious dispensation, through the dark gloom of which my eyes have vainly striven to pierce, we have to mourn over the loss, we have to mourn over the defection and desertion of one whom we have long been accustomed to honour, to reverence, to love;—of one who, for the last ten years, has taken a leading part in every measure adopted for the good of the diocese;—of one to whose eloquence we have so often listened with delight, sanctified by the holy purposes that eloquence was ever used to promote;—of one, the clearness of whose spiritual vision it seemed like presumption to distrust, and the purity of whose heart, the sanctity of whose motives, no one knowing him can question. For myself, associated as I have been with him officially, and having found one of the chief blessings of my office in that association,—accustomed to work along with him in so many undertakings, to receive encouragement and help from his godly wisdom, and, notwithstanding many differences and almost opposition of opinion, to take sweet counsel together, and walk in the house of God as brothers,—I can only wonder at the inscrutable dispensation by which such a man has been allowed to fall under so withering, soul-deadening a spell,

—and repeat with awe, to myself and to my friends, 'Let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

M. H. ("The Green Book.")

"*June* 22.—Whitsuntide and Trinity have passed, and we have now entered on the series of Sunday lessons which bear on the Christian life, the spring and source of which is Love. In God, who is Love, we have the fountain and fulness of Love, and it is only by dwelling in Him, and merging our own selfish life in His loving one that we can be made like Him. Could we but bathe ourselves in that ocean of Love, and come forth anew in His likeness who sought not His own good, loved not His own glory, willed not His own pleasure, how blessed would life become, even amidst all its trials. But Self rises up to bid us worship him, in many disguises it is true, and often so craftily deceiving us by specious excuses and pretences, that we are unconscious of his devices. In time of prosperity especially, it is difficult to discern always where Self is actuating us, and where the love of God or our neighbour is the ruling motive. When trial or contradiction comes, we see and feel the difference between our will and God's will."

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (in France).

"*Rockend, July* 24, 1851.—There is something very pleasant and soothing in the thought of the two sister cousins of early days, brought together and finding themselves hand-in-hand for a few brief moments in the journey through life, with one heart and mind looking on the same objects, and in everything seeing a faint shadow of the glories preparing for them in the land of promise:—

> 'If thus thy meanest works are fair,
> How glorious must the mansions be?'

And I am sitting in my Tower, looking on the bay, and

obliged every moment to jump up, when I hear the porpoises snorting: it is such a curious sight, the shoals of mackerel coming in, and playing on the top of the water, and the shoal of porpoises following them."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, July* 31, 1851.—Here we are once more, in the quiet, green, peaceful home. I am just returned from the accustomed walk to Gardner Street and old Mrs. Wisham, giving thanks all the way for living in a land of liberty and truth, where the poorest cottager has the comfort of her Bible, and is dependent on no priest to give her pardon or salvation. Little do they know in this country what their privileges are.

"It was a little past ten P.M., on Tuesday, when we heard Fausty's bark at Lime Cross, and were rapturously welcomed at the door on our arrival. . . . . I feel quite strange at home still, for though we have been only three weeks away, the change is very great. The stillness is almost oppressive here, and I am only just beginning to get used to it. To-day the heavy veil has been taken up, and the green and trees are very refreshing, and the flowers are lit up by the sunshine again."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Sept.* 2, 1851.—Your letters are bright sunshine, and I feast on all you say. How can you and I, dearest, ever be low, or without the song of praise in our hearts? When God called away our own two dear husbands, He pitied us; He knew the idolizing natures of us, and He would not leave us comfortless. Out of their ashes rose young Augustus and my children to cheer us. And how beautiful it is to me to see how you are inspired, and enabled to do things you never could do alone, for the sake of your young Augustus. How for their sakes one loves to

brush up old historical knowledge, and live over again for them what once we have prized for ourselves. Our *own* lives now may be hid with Christ, and our joys centred in His promises; but our outward lives are bright and sunny in our dear children."

M. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*Oct.* 30, 1851.—I called on Ann Hoad at Gingers Green. Finding in how much poverty she was, I released her from a long-standing debt. It was a lesson and type when she fell down on her knees to thank me, and with many tears seemed as if a load had fallen off from her that had pressed day and night. Such gratitude, Lord, do we owe to Thee. Such, do I say? Oh, what are our little debts to each other in comparison of the numberless debts we owe to Thee. May I lie down at Thy feet in overpowering love."

"*Dec.* 4.—A refreshing visit to old Mrs. Wisham. The dear old woman, at each pause of the verses read to her, made her simple commentary in Scripture words or those of prayer. She was full of wonder at the love of Christ, at the fall of the angels; full of anxiety to be kept from sin, especially of the tongue, as 'Moses who spake unadvisedly.'"

In 1852 an accident in her own garden, and the long confinement consequent upon it, laid the foundation of the ill-health, from which, though spared to us for many years, my mother never entirely recovered. Henceforward her gentle life was often filled with much suffering to herself, and with great anxiety to those who watched her. The form of her malady was peculiarly trying to one of her active mind, and to one who had hitherto found her chief earthly interest in intellectual pursuits; she had no

acute pain, but a general oppression, deafness, and trembling in every limb followed any exposure to cold or damp, and, in the earlier years of her illness, became most apparent in the spring months, when her system was weakened by the long cold of the winter. When any mental agitation aggravated the symptoms, complete unconsciousness ensued, and she often remained entirely insensible, icily cold, neither heart nor pulse seeming to beat, for many hours together, in which to all appearance life was totally extinct: but at such times she was always restored to us after a period of terrible anxiety, rather better than worse for what she had undergone, and believing (as long as the remembrance lasted) that she had been enjoying all the beatitude of heaven. At other times she would lie in a state of 'waking coma,' not insensible, but unconscious to outward things, hearing the angels singing to her, and wandering mentally amid scenes of unfathomable beauty. Her visions never took any form but those of loveliness, her impressions never breathed anything but peace; indeed, her unconscious was but a reflection of her conscious life. When the hot weather returned, especially if she had the assistance of elastic foreign air to aid her restoration, she entirely recovered, and retained no recollection in the autumn of what had passed in the spring months.

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Jan.* 18, 1852.—The Christmas season has passed by, the new year has begun, and the various interests and occupations which have attended it are now come to a close. There have been the church services and the Christian rejoicing, the family love and kindness, Christmas gifts,

servants' presents, school-feasts and rewards, last of all the entertainment of neighbours in social festivity. Each week has seemed to bring its own portion of duty and work, and now all this is ended, and we are settling down to the year begun, in more of regular life. How much there is to be done, how much to be feared, in the coming year! but as far as we can see, the interpretation of prophecy does point to the present prospect with unusual clearness; and events as they are before us seem to be the exact fulfilment of what has been foretold. But whatever storms await us, God is our refuge. He will uphold and defend all who trust in Him. To do His will, to promote the knowledge of His truth, to lead—if it be only one soul—to the love of Christ, this will be our greatest blessing."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Jan.* 9, 1852.—On New Year's Eve it was one of our pleasantest sights in the room to see G. G.'s old father and mother sitting side by side in one corner, and looking as happy as any of the children; and the old man was so delighted with his present, a woolly comforter of my knitting, and carried it home like a child. That was the last time he went out. After lying quite unconscious for three days with a seizure, he breathed his last yesterday at twenty minutes after four. It is quite touching to see the old mother; she is so calm, composed, and peaceful, but seems like one in a dream; she cannot realise the absence from the fireside of the companion never separated from her for fifty-six years. It is a singular fact, of which there are so many instances, that the first question his daughter Anne asked, when she came over from Torquay in the middle of the night, was—'what hour did he die?' for her brother Edward had come down from the bake-house that afternoon, white as a sheet, saying to them, 'Our father is gone,

for I have just seen him pass by me.' It was exactly at the very moment in which he died."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, Feb.* 20, 1852.—This morning at seven o'clock the dear little deaf and dumb woman, Mrs. Pears, died. I had been to hear about her from her sister, and returned home, when, going down the slope by the steps towards your garden, my foot slipped on the frosty grass, and I came down with one leg bent under me. I called for the servants, but they did not hear, and with difficulty I got up and hobbled to the kitchen. They helped me to the drawing-room and my sofa, and John went off to fetch Dr. Cunningham, who says the side-bone is broken. My leg is bound up and laid upon a cushion, and I must not move it for some time, or leave this room. . . . . I have so many comforts around me that I can only be thankful, and regret my confinement chiefly because I cannot get out to the sick people. It is a great blessing to have lived so long and never to have injured one's bones before."

"*March* 8.—On Saturday, Uncle Jule came to tell me that our dear old friend, Mrs. Wisham, had entered her rest. She had been in such a suffering state for some time that it is a happy release for her and all around her. But it is indeed a loss for us to part from her, and to lose her warm interest in everything that concerns us, and not to hear her holy words and prayers. It is losing a friend, and we all feel it so.* The funeral will be on Friday, and I am so sorry not to be able to attend it.

"I feel that one does not know till one has tried how

* My mother had annually joined my uncle and Mrs. Julius Hare in commemorating their marriage by receiving the Sacrament on its anniversary with this humble friend, who had been bedridden for many years.

inconvenient it is to have one useless member that must not be moved, and the being forced to lie constantly in one position is very tiring. But I enjoy looking out of the wide window on the green lawn with its crocuses, and the blue sky. At this moment the sun is shining on the sea so brightly, just as I pray, my child, that God may shine into your heart, and make you reflect Christ's righteousness by following Him."

A succession of loving friends took turns in nursing my mother during her confinement to her sofa, among others her sister Lucy.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*March* 3, 1852.—I look back upon my flight to Hurstmonceaux with the happiest recollections, seeing all the dear faces, and just coming in to the Rectory for the morning prayers after that early walk through those fields which tell me of happy hours that seem but yesterday, when I had one by my side whom I felt I should not have long. No place brings him back more to me than that walk. I stopped every now and then to recall the very look, the words of my own dear one, and then the dear loving faces that welcomed me at the Rectory seemed to assure me that Hurstmonceaux was not yet passed away, but that loving hearts still dwelt there. I often try when walking out at Hurstmonceaux Rectory and Lime to think what it is that gives such a peculiar, holy, heavenly charm to every object, and I believe it is that there I took my last view of this earth as my home, and felt that henceforward, like Christiana, I was to set out with *his* little ones, and not rest on the journey till we got safe to him in his far brighter home, and yet there is nothing to me melancholy in my walks there. I never feel happier,

for my other self is there, the Mia, in whom the past and future are blended, full of blessed recollections and more blessed hopes."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*March* 14.—How often are our purposes frustrated and God's ways and thoughts shown to be different from our own! This Lent I had intended and hoped to have devoted to the work of the parish, to visiting and comforting the sick, to teaching the children. But God has willed it otherwise. He has said to me, 'You must be laid aside—be still, and know that I am God. Learn the lesson I have for you in your own heart.' Here, then, I desire to be taught what He would have me learn—submission and patience, and to spend more time in meditation and prayer, in spiritual communion with the Head, rather than in ministration to the members. Be it so, precious Lord! Thou knowest what is for Thy good and for Thy glory! Truly, His presence has been with me in this withdrawal from outward duties. Seldom have I felt more happy and peaceful than while a prisoner to this couch. My 'soul thirsts for the living God,' and He has refreshed me out of the pure streams of living water."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, March* 14, 1852.—We are arrived at the third Lent Sunday. In three more we shall reach Passion Week. I hope by that time to be set free, and to be no more a prisoner to worship God alone. I do so long to escape and 'go with the multitude who keep holiday,' but I have His blessed Word to teach me—His Spirit to guide me. It is still a Sabbath-day of righteousness and peace. . . . . One thing which I would urge upon my child is to seek for a generous spirit. I mean the endeavour to think and believe

good in others, and to delight in helping them, and thus you will be delivered from petty feelings and narrow, worldly views. You will find this to be one of the characteristics of the *Brothers*, whose *Guesses* are the expression of those thoughts and feelings which made them so beloved by noble and Christian minds, — freedom from self, love of truth, and desire of benefiting and living for the good of others and the glory of God. These, dearest child, are what distinguished your uncles, and what, I trust, may be your portion and inheritance through God's grace and mercy. Remember this is the one thing needful—to belong to Christ, and to be like Him. . . . . You will meet with plenty of annoyances and discomforts in life, but if you do not dwell upon them it is astonishing how much lighter they will become."

"*March* 23, 1852.—Yesterday was quite an eventful day. At half-past eleven, Miss Holland's chair was drawn to the door, and in I stepped, supported on each side. It was a strange feeling to be again in the open air. The morning was lovely, no wind, and bright sunshine; and truly did I enjoy it. They drew me first round the lawn, and when its circuit was made I begged for a further emancipation, and was taken through the fields and along the high-road to the top of the hill. You may think how great a change it was —A. running to and fro with primroses and pileworts gathered in the hedge, and shouting out, 'Here, Aunt Augustus,' as she poured them into my chair, and the dogs careering over the field."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Easter Day*, *April* 11.—The Lord is risen! How did my heart fill with joy and thanksgiving as we this day sang 'Jesus Christ is risen to-day. Hallelujah!' For six weeks I have been kept from the worship of God in His

sanctuary. On Palm Sunday and Good Friday I have again been permitted to offer my prayers and praises in the midst of the congregation, and to-day again I have had this great delight, which one never so truly appreciates as after long privation. Oh, how loving and merciful has my God and Saviour been to me, His unworthy child, in bringing me through this confinement so well, in giving me so many outward comforts, so much inward peace, and in now giving me power gradually to resume my usual habits. May the partial love of friends never deceive me into the belief that I have been holy, or good, or worthy; but let the experience of Christ's mercy and the knowledge of His truth and love deepen in me the conviction of my own utter helplessness and sinfulness in His sight, and fill me with love to Him who has *so* loved me."

"*June* 2 (*after her first serious illness at St. Leonards*).—This blessed day has again come round. Three and twenty years have passed since in Stoke Church I was wedded to my beloved Augustus! How much of blessing has that union given me, nearly five years of pure and entire happiness with my husband on earth, and since his departure I have still lived with him in fellowship of Christian love, and in his brother and in my young Augustus have preserved something of his tender affection. How graciously has my God dealt with me in all his ways! sparing me too great privations, and giving me so many loving ones to fill up the blank which would otherwise be too great.

"Lately the circumstances of my life at St. Leonards, and infirmities of body, have prevented me from rising up as I would do into heavenly places. Oh, Thou who knowest that the spirit is willing though the flesh is weak, quicken me by Thy Spirit, and teach me what I may do to glorify Thee, and how to profit by Thy present dealings with me. For the first time in my life I have of late been led to feel

that life is doubtful on earth, this weakness and derangement of bodily powers may even end in—*death*. Oh. may I watch and be ready. The Lord of life and death can bless the remedies, or He may see fit to increase the disease; whether I wake or sleep may it be in Jesus and to His glory, and then whether strength is renewed to serve Him here, or taken away and my future life spent in serving Him in heaven and not on earth, all must be well. I must take the appointed means, and leave the issue to the only true Physician.

"How little one can realise the change from this all-engrossing world to that state where we shall be present with God. Yet any day or any hour may bring this about. May my marriage-union with my Augustus be the type of that closer bond with Jesus my Lord, that in His love I may be ever drawn nearer, and 'accepted in the Beloved.'"

M. H. (NOTE-BOOK).

"How many of the perplexities of the world, the mysteries of life, and the confusions of philosophy, would be removed by a simple and clear apprehension of the Scripture truths, that 'the heart is deceitful above all things,' and that 'all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.'"

"The most difficult of all attainments is self-distrust."

"If we would be united, it must be by looking to the same centre. Is it not to teach us that here alone we shall find the true bond of unity, that so many different sects are permitted in the Body of Christ?

"'As Thou art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.'

"In Christ we may all join in one spirit, and so form one body, whatever be the diversities of worship, doctrine, or tastes.

"The longing for a visible Head is probably to prepare us for the coming of the true and only Head of the Church."

"The catechism of the world adds to the Church Catechism one duty more—to the duty to God and duty to our neighbour, it adds duty to ourselves; and this duty is one which no one is slow in fulfilling. Would that the other parts of our debt were as truly and faithfully performed as this one."

"I looked upon the wall of a room which had been newly papered. It brought to my mind immediately the soiled and torn condition of the old paper that had daily met my eyes, until I had ceased to notice its deformity.

"So is it often with our sight of our own faults. They are so habitually before us, they fail to awaken any perception of their nature, until the contrast of a nature renewed in goodness and truth reveals the real ugliness of what existed before without our being conscious of it."

"Eloquence has such a mighty power over the human mind that many are apt to forget that there is no necessary connection between this and truth. A man in a passion, or a madman, will often pour forth a torrent of eloquence, yet all his premises may be wrong or false. So may a powerful preacher, or an ingenious and spirited advocate, energetically

and impressively declare his doctrines or his cause, and yet both may be far from soundness or justice. We must not allow ourselves to be swayed by intellectual subtilties, or wisdom of words and thoughts, any more than by passionate feelings and human kindnesses, in our estimate of truth. Let it be tested by the Word of God, let His law be our standard, His apostles our authorities; and though we may often have to give up the human idols whom we admire or love, we shall be preserved from much error and sophistry wherewith the Devil seeks to ensnare us under the form of an angel of light."

"The different modes in which different and differing people desire to do God's will are as lines converging to a common centre. When the true-hearted meet in the centre, in the real knowledge and love of God, the distance of the varied lines from each other has vanished away, and all is one."

"*Feb.* 6, 1853.—In contemplating a person we love, in speaking to such a one, in admiring him, what is it that excites our love and praise? Is it the dress he wears, or the beauty of the house in which he dwells? Or is it the goodness and love that dwells in himself? Surely it is the character and mind of our beloved one, it is that mind and character as shown forth to ourselves, that especially wins our affection.

"And so it is with our best Beloved, with Jesus our Lord. We cannot love or know Him better from the beauty of His temples, the splendour of His services, the attractions to our senses and imagination in fine architecture, in beautiful

music, in grand paintings. These may stir our feelings for the brief time that we are present with them, but we are not to walk by feeling but by faith, and these teach us nothing of Christ. In the written Word we learn to know His love, and by His Spirit it is shed abroad in our hearts. We love Him who first loved us, and learn what it is to worship in spirit and in truth. While therefore we delight in pleasant sounds and beautiful forms, let us never be deluded into the belief that holiness or religion can be promoted by anything short of Christ Himself."

("*June* 29, 1853.)—Charity. What is its true place in the scheme of our salvation? Maurice, in his desire to meet Unitarians in their assertion of its necessity, places it in the foreground of Christian truth. But is not this to choose for ourselves instead of adopting the apostolic order of things? St. Paul says, indeed, that Charity is greater than Faith, because more enduring. But he lays the foundation of Faith before the superstructure of Charity is erected. To do otherwise is very much the same as if we were to attempt to plant a tree by taking its highest branches, with all their beautiful clothing of leaves, and putting them in the ground, instead of fixing the root or sowing the seed of the plant, and then seeing it spring into life and grow up into a tree.

"The result of the one must be gradual decay and withering away; that of the other will be increase and growth unto the perfect tree—bearing fruit in due season, even the fruit of Charity."

"It is from the mouth of the ignorant that we hear the

words 'I know;' from the diligent and well-informed we hear, 'let me learn?'"

"The confusion of fancying ourselves or others *insincere* because we are *inconsistent*, is a very mischievous error, leading to despondency and cowardice in our own case, and to harsh and unfair judgments of others. If we were to call it weakness, or prejudice, or changeableness of feeling or opinion, we should often come nearer the truth. How wise, how good should we be, could we see our own follies, prejudices, and weaknesses, with the same clearness, with the same annoyance that we do those of others. But then they would cease to annoy us, for the moment of sight in such cases would be the moment of dispersion. All would vanish at the magical touch of that honest truthfulness which could discern them. Folly would be transformed into wisdom, prejudice into candour, and weakness would rapidly be metamorphosed into strength."

"The life of a holy Christian should be one perpetual Sacrament. Every moment of his daily life may unite him by faith with Christ, so that his clothing, food, home, friends, work, and leisure may all nourish and feed the life within, and bring into his storehouse things new and old to enrich the mind of the spirit from without. By thus receiving Christ in His providences and His creation, by His outward no less than His inward teachings, we shall be fashioned after His likeness and grow to manhood in His kingdom."

"*March* 5, 1852.—The great secret of happiness is to throw one's self into the circumstances that surround one,

and learn their lesson, and not desire nor look for some other. So also in persons, if we could value and profit by what they *have*, and not be vainly wishing for qualities they have not, we should benefit by them far more, and be spared the disappointment and mortification we so often feel in finding so little of what we desire in the society around us. It must be a barren land that produces nothing good. But it is not always that one sees it on the surface. We must dig for it, and thus discover many a secret treasure."*

C. S. *to* M. H. (Contemporary Letters).

"*Canterbury, Jan.* 1, 1852.—The profound quiet here equals Lime. We are living so much amongst the illustrious dead, that we shall forget how to behave amongst the living. But I shall go away with a happy, peaceful sense of what this place has been to me."

"*April* 16.—I can scarcely believe in my sixty years. I feel strongly how much cause I have for gratitude in not having any personal reminder of the advance of age. Comparatively speaking, I hope this may make me only more instead of less ready to do what I can with the remainder of life and strength. Certainly I feel increasingly the shortness and uncertainty of time, and how all is and ought to be measured accordingly; also an increased sense of *waiting* upon whatever is sent to bear or do, trusting that the same strength that has been given will be given again. The 71st Psalm, 18th verse, is my case."

* Fragments from my mother's note-books have appeared from time to time, with the signature *a*, in the various editions of the "Guesses at Truth."

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (during her illness).

"*June* 9, 1852.—I do so yearn to be by you, and as I cannot, I am every hour breathing up grateful thanks for the very great mercy of providing us with such a companion as dear Charlotte. There is no one who could be more congenial, and it is so very sweet to think of the two who in happy Toft days were so near and dear to each other, now brought together in the closest tie of all, oneness in Christ. Oh, sometimes I wonder how it is, when we do realise in some measure that life is opening upon us, that we are so faint-hearted, so utterly cast down at the idea of any one one loves dearly being near that Home. I ought to rejoice if I thought you were soon to rejoin your Augustus, and yet, even though the separation were to be very short, I feel as if the rest of this journey without you would be so utterly lonely. I must ask God, if it may be, to leave you to us, and though I have no faith in presentiments, I have always had a kind of inward feeling that we two were to be left to travel on together till old age."

"*June* 14.—I have found it difficult to get away from you for the last week, and old days and old memories have risen up, till my heart has been almost too full—for what have you not been to me ever since I could love anything. But it has been only sad for myself, for your letters have breathed such sweet peace and calm cheerful resignation, I could only think of you as I have always done as one of the happiest of living beings, and those two lines seemed to be ever your language :—

> 'While here to do His will be mine,
> And His to fix my time of rest.'

One feels how with you life hangs on a thread—how soon the line may be overstepped between slight and serious ill-

ness, but to you there is nothing alarming. It is long since you shut up your home on earth, and set off on the heavenward journey, looking for no rest or lasting enjoyment till there. It is no sad prospect for you, dearest, to have transient glimpses given into that blessed world of light and love, where so many you love are safely housed; but for us, oh! it is hard not to wish you spared to us yet awhile, and I know for our sakes you will do all you can to preserve that precious life."

Mrs. Alexander *to* M. H. (absent in Germany).

"*August* 15, 1852.—The dear Archdeacon is better than when we wrote last; during these beautiful days he has been out a good deal in the garden, and though he comes in exhausted, still the quiet morning in the open air is good for him. Landor's visit has been a great enjoyment to the host, and still more so to the hostess, for I never saw Esther so animated, so amused, so drawn out. The mental vigour and effluence of Landor is indeed surprising. He gave his rich stores without stint, and was so gentle and well-bred that he seemed more pleased to receive than to bestow. He was occupied all day by his books, pen, or walking, and claimed not a moment of anybody's time; but you may suppose there was a beautiful display of summer lightning at breakfast, dinner, and in the evening! Bunsen's visit you will have heard of—curious contrast of mind and habits! I watched the two as they walked to and fro in the garden; sometimes standing still in the earnestness of discussion, Bunsen with all the action and vivacity of demonstration, Landor like a block of granite, immovable and apparently unimpressible! Mr. Empson came with Bunsen. He is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey, a very interesting man, but in bad health, and so fast fading away, that I

had difficulty to restrain tears from falling as I looked at his bent and wasted form.

"You know that James Page has ended his pilgrimage; long has he lingered on the threshold of eternity. The dear Rector wishes to read the funeral service himself, and I shall accompany him if I can. He is to be laid to earth this day, at five o'clock."

"*August* 26.—Here I sit in 'the Idle Room,' sole historian of the Rectory. The dear master and mistress left it yesterday for Tunbridge Wells. . . . . I have been occupying myself in trying to make reforms in the garden, but Elphick * and groundsel are too much for me. I called at Lime one day and the bell was answered by barking furies, enough to dismay a stouter heart than mine. Judging by the sounds, I should say they are in good *strong* health, and if their duty be to terrify visitors, they do it well."

Having vainly sought health at Hastings and Eastbourne, my mother was ordered again to try the effects of foreign travel, and in the middle of July we proceeded, with Miss Leycester, up the Rhine to Heidelberg, where we found a charming lodging, with a lovely oleander-fringed garden, overhanging the steep side of the hill close to the castle. The month passed there was one of great enjoyment, and my mother gained strength daily in drives upon the lovely Berg Strasse, and mornings spent in the courts and gardens of the castle, which were so near as to be like our own domain. During the latter part of our stay we were joined by Mrs. Stanley, with her son and daughter, and her niece Miss Penrhyn, on their way to Italy. After they left us, my

* The gardener at the Rectory.

mother had regained strength sufficiently to enjoy a short tour, by Baden, Strasburg, and Metz, to Treves and the Moselle. Hence I returned to England, and she went to Kreuznach, where her health became for the time completely re-established

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Kreuznach, Sept.* 2, 1852.—The *Marianne* (Rhine steamer for Cologne) was soon veiled in mist, and we could see no more. Soon our own steamer began to move down the river; and I could not forbear sketching the castles again, thinking them much finer than those on the Moselle, but the villages less picturesque and the banks hardly so pretty, being exclusively vineyards. Then we reached Bingen, and found an omnibus, which, after a dull drive, brought us to this pretty place."

"*Sept.* 9.—We have been several expeditions. One day we took Lady Fanny * to Rhein Grafenstein, a high hill on which we all had to get out to walk—a lovely walk through heathery woods and rocks, to a view which would be beautiful on a fine day, but we had no sunshine. Another day we went to Dhaun Castle, in pouring rain, by a long drive which you would *now* think beautiful, but which was monotonous—river in valley with vineclad hills, and large green pastures covered with purple crocuses."

C. S. *to* M. H.

"*Rome, Oct.* 5, 1852.—When we entered the Campagna, I wondered how a place covered with such luxuriance of vegetation—as the thickets of wild vines and wild figs throwing themselves about everywhere—could be unhealthy;

* Her old friend, Lady Frances Higginson, whom she much enjoyed meeting again at Kreuznach.

it is such a free, open breathing-space. . . . . When we reached the Flaminian gate, and saw the obelisk and the three diverging streets, it was so exactly what I knew, that I could hardly believe I had not been there before, all was so familiar. We went that very afternoon to the Capitol, and ascended the tower; and then the well-known Forum, and arches, and Coliseum, and St. John Lateran appeared. The prints give you an exact representation, except perhaps that you do not take in the large proportion of dull town that there is, and the admixture of very common buildings. Then suddenly came a gleam of light for a few moments, and the Campagna was lighted up with a rainbow. I never saw anything like it; of *that* no print or picture can give you the idea.

"Our second drive was to St. Peter's, but we only took a general glance. I was anxious to get to my farthest point first—the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. It is indeed the most perfect place of rest one can imagine, and *for him*. The rose-hedge was in full flower, clustering thickly all round the grave and round that of Bunsen's children, and there were two aloes at the foot, and the pine and cypresses."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 19, 1852.—Months have passed away since I wrote in this book, months of blessing unspeakable. My health has been by God's mercy restored. He has renewed my powers, and has again given strength to do His work. Oh, that I may have profited by past experience, and with deeper self-knowledge and more readiness to help others, enter again on the duties of life! . . . ."

The spring of each succeeding year now brought with it

renewed anxiety in the alarming state of my mother's health. Now, too, the hand of death began rapidly to break the links of the loving brotherhood and sisterhood who had so upheld and comforted each other. In the spring of 1853 my mother was called upon to mourn her sister-in-law, Lady Charlotte Penrhyn, who passed, after a long illness, with beautiful thankfulness, into the better life. In 1854, Miss Clinton, the faithful friend of so many years, was also taken away. In January, 1855, came far greater trial, in the death of my uncle, Julius Hare, and the breaking up of my mother's second home at Hurstmonceaux Rectory, connected to her with so many sacred memories.

The autumn of 1853 was passed by my mother at Ashburton, in Devonshire, with Mrs. Marcus Hare. In 1854, her illness again obliged us to resort to foreign air, and we went with Miss Leycester to Switzerland, which again completely answered as a restorative. The summer and autumn of 1855 were passed at Malvern and in North Wales; those of 1856 in Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Scotland. Owing to illness and infirmity, few letters or journals from my mother's hand remain from those years, in which others were generally employed to write for her. From fragments of her correspondence which remain, I select the following, as belonging in some degree to the story of her life:—

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Abbots-Kerswell, April* 10, 1853.—For the first time all my children have left me. They are in the right place, and

. . . . soon my pangs will be wearied down, and—all is teaching the lesson that we have no abiding city here. It seemed such a change from the fulness of riches to the depths of poverty, from Friday to Saturday evening. On the one there was such joy and gladness round our little hearth —the two dear boys with so much to hear and to tell; on the other I was alone. . . . . When I came back from taking T. to the station, it did seem very still, *very* silent; and I felt I could only get through the long evening by earnest prayer, and with my Bible and Bunsen's hymn-book. When they are gone, to pray for them. How one's whole soul pours itself out, and *how* near it brings all together, the loved and absent on earth, the loved and safe in heaven. It seems but yesterday one's children were never far from one's side,—and now they are dispersed, fledged, each beginning life's journey. That promise came powerfully to my mind yesterday, 'Leave thy fatherless children to me, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.'"

"*Good Friday*, 1853.—(*After a serious illness.*)—I must write a line to my own Mia on this sacred day, and tell her how mercifully God has dealt with me. I have thought so much of Lazarus raised from the dead, to follow our dear Lord through all His sufferings. This has indeed been to me a 'stille Woche,' a calm, solemn week. How on a sick-bed all comes before one. You and I have often wondered how we should feel if death seemed very near, which it never did to either of us. Now I know, for I did not think I should recover. One is afraid of dwelling on feelings when so very weak, being so fearful lest one should be deceived and the peace and calm be only weakness; but I think something was real, and that to those who have been in the habit of living on the thoughts of His coming, death cannot be a terror. I thought I was going to the eternal home, instead of the earthly one I was thinking of preparing. It was like

catching a glimpse through the celestial gates, and hearing the hallelujahs. It has been an illness so entirely without suffering, it has seemed as if Jesus were gently leading me to the opening of the Valley of the Shadow of Death,—just to show that there were no terrors there with Him to guide.

"Perhaps Monday may see me down-stairs again, but I expect I shall 'go softly' for a long time, and not be in any danger of over-exerting. The uppermost feeling of thankfulness has been that I was permitted to get back to this dear spot. The peace and quiet of this little room has been perfect; no sounds but the cock waking up his friends, the gentle baa-ing of a pet lamb, and the old church clock telling the hours."

"*April* 25, 1854.—*You* know what the house is after one's children are just gone,—the silence, the desolation; and how it seems for the first few hours so like a faint image of the still greater separation,—the pang that every little object gives, when it is standing there useless. I have been feeling very much since they went yesterday how much more comfort we should have in parting with our Christian friends, if we could realise the *home* where we are so soon to meet. Here we are constantly looking forward. It is very seldom our happiness arises from *the present*. The boys were both keeping up their spirits with—the summer holidays will soon be here, it is not a long half, only seven weeks. And *how* soon, how far sooner than we think, may that 'meeting in the air' take place, when Christ's people shall be caught up to meet Him, and all His saints with Him."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (at Oxford).

"*Lime, March* 5, 1854.—I have just had the delight of going once more to our dear church, and when we returned

the sun had pierced through the mist and dispersed it, and it is now most bright and beautiful. I have feasted on Lime dainties in the drawing-room, where Faust has been keeping me company, and I have now been walking round the field. Some lovely primroses are out in the hedge-bank, near the holly, going to Lime Cross; the hedge and furze at the top have been cut very low, so that the road is visible; the pond is full and clear. I come along its banks, up by the strawberry-beds, pick some violets in your garden, and take a turn round the kitchen garden; and now I am reluctantly come in, and am telling you of my Sunday's walk, which you will follow without trouble. No words can tell how I enjoy the sight of these refreshing country scenes, and the pure sweet air, scented with violets, which are in full profusion under the south-west wall of the house."

"*March* 12, 1854.—My beloved Augustus's birthday is at hand, and to-morrow he will complete his twentieth year. I can scarcely believe you are so old, so quickly have the years passed since you were a little boy running by my side. May God bless and preserve you from all evil of body and mind, and strengthen you to serve Him. I thank Him for having given you to my care, and for having put into your heart a true love for your adopting mother. You are able now to repay all the anxieties of earlier days, and hitherto you have indeed done so by your tender care and loving attentions, especially in the last two years, when my infirmities have so much increased. I hope, my own Augustus, that this year may be a very profitable one to you, and that the life at Oxford may prove a means of fitting you for God's service; and that both the instruction you receive, the knowledge you gain, and the society you join in, may work together for your good, and may stablish your character in manly principles, in expansion of mind, and in love of truth. I need not add a sermon to the little

book I send; so I will only exhort you, while you desire to be useful to your fellow-creatures, not to forget that you yourself must first draw out of the well-spring of the word of God, which is ever new. Do not judge of what is truth by the inconsistent and imperfect lives of even sincere Christians, but by going to Christ's own life and words. Beware of the opposite snares of superstitious credulity and over-estimate of outward and visible religion, and of rationalistic unbelief. To be a true Christian, and not a High or Low Churchman, must be your aim. But, above all, seek to be 'quickened in spirit' by the Spirit of God, that you may be not almost but altogether His child, and a faithful soldier of Christ, able to conquer your besetting sins and temptations to selfishness, of whatever kind it may be, and to forgetfulness of God's presence and love.

"This is a most lovely day; and oh! how I enjoy a country Sunday! all the crocuses look so bright, and there is such a profusion of violets."

"*March* 13, 1854.—The sun shines brightly on your birthday, dearest Aug., and thankful I am for this day in which you were given to me. Villa Strozzi rises before me, as I travel back in thought to 1834, see you a little baby in Mrs. Benedict's arms, and how rapidly these twenty years have passed away. Yet they have carried with them many from this earth, and in the next twenty, how many more will also pass out of time into eternity. Perhaps we may be among the number! Though I am, humanly speaking, most likely to be so, yet God often orders things differently from our calculations, so that you may be taken first. May we be ready when the Master calls, at whatever hour."

"*May* 28, *Lime.*—Oh how lovely! The lines are fallen in pleasant places. It is so bright and warm and sunny here, and the garden is filled with gay colours, snowdrops, hepaticas, and violets, which scent the air. You need not be

uneasy about me, dearest, for, by God's blessing, I think I shall again be restored to health. 'Mistress come home again!' was the interpretation of Faust's welcome on my return. . . . May my child be more fashioned after the likeness of Christ, who sought not to please Himself. Serve Him with the same loving devotedness you show to me, and you will find that 'His ways are pleasantness and His paths are peace!'"

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (in her increasing illness).

"*June*, 1854.—I think over and over again all my precious visit to Lime, and feel as if I ought not to have one anxiety. You talked to me, you played to me, you sang to me, you were, if possible, dearer than I ever felt you to be, and you are better than you were last year, still I feel as if all were in their turn passing on through the dark river, and that neither you nor I shall be long left behind. We need not look on, the *present* is ours.

'Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I live or die.'

I love that hymn more than ever. I read a sentence yesterday in a Whitsunday sermon, which I will end with. 'The happy Christian is no enthusiast, he is one of the most reasonable men in the world. Ask him why he is happy, and he will open his Bible and point to some truth there, enough to make any one happy. The Holy Spirit has carried it home to his heart. Our own frames and feelings may change, but our consolations are based on God's word, and those who enjoy them can account for them."

"*June* 25.—I feel as if for you, my Sister, I had no prayer to breathe, but only thanksgivings.

"I *know* that the everlasting arms are beneath you.

"I *know* the door to our heavenly house is open wide,

and the whole company of the redeemed awaiting you. Is not that enough.

"*There* may we meet, every sorrow forgotten."

"*July* 17.—I fear no evil tidings, I know all will be well with those I hourly commit to Him, but to go about as usual, as light-hearted, is impossible. 'Cast all thy care on me' does not mean that we are to have no care, only we may cast it all on Him, and feel satisfied He will bear it. I like that expression in Rutherford—'Remember, when you bear the cross, the heavy end is borne by Jesus, the lighter end by you; and do not make the burden double by trying to bear both.' Dearest Mia, not happier, safer, better were you in that first journey than now; then there was heavy, bitter anguish *coming*. Twenty years have passed of anxious watching over the young Aug., and now the home, the heavenly home, seems in sight, and the toilsome journey nearly ended; and though a few more months or even years may have to be travelled over, with much bodily weariness the silver cord will be gradually loosed, and the happy spirit freed."

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile.

"*Lime, Oct.* 15, 1854.—You will have heard that I was not so immediately better on going abroad as I usually am, and I really began to fear I should not get rid of my ailments; but, by God's blessing, the change to mountain air at Chamounix did wonders, and I quite revived under its influence, and have not as yet lost the good effects. I often suffered more pain before, but I never was so *oppressed* in body and mind, and I feel proportionately thankful for being again able to resume my usual habits, and to lose the shaking of limbs and loss of power in all ways, which was so distressing. With my devoted nurses, Charlotte Leycester and Augustus, and my faithful Mary Gidman, I had

every comfort, and when I recovered we greatly enjoyed the scenery of the Alps, and saw much that was most interesting."

My uncle, Julius Hare, had returned home to Hurstmonceaux Rectory very ill just before the Christmas of 1854, and from that time he scarcely ever left his room. While she remained at home, my mother visited him every afternoon, and even then he seemed worse than he had ever been before. After her health obliged our removal to London, his illness increased. A few days before his death there was a gleam of hope, but on the 22nd of January pain of the heart set in and this became darkened.

"So great was his weakness that a short portion of the Scriptures, or a Psalm, was all that he could bear; for the fever and the dryness of the throat impeded his articulation, and made conversation difficult. In this way the 17th, the 23rd, and the 71st Psalms were read to him, and portions of the earlier chapters of St. John. When the 17th Psalm was read to him, he said, 'Thank you for choosing that dear Psalm; it is one of my greatest favourites.' Meanwhile his patience and his thankfulness never failed. Two days before his death, in detached and whispered sentences, and for the last time, he offered up a prayer in which were these petitions: 'We thank Thee for every dispensation of Thy providence, and pray that, whether painful for the moment or pleasant, they may bring us nearer to Thee in child-like confidence and trust;' and then in a true pastoral spirit he expressed his last prayer for the beloved flock of his parish; 'that God's blessing might rest on them and their minister;

that they might all be taught of God; and be led to seek more and more earnestly the way of eternal life;' after which he repeated slowly the Lord's Prayer—the prayer he loved so well.

"On Monday evening, the day before he died, the beautiful 121st Psalm was repeated to him, verse by verse—'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help'—with pauses between the verses, and an offer to cease if it were too much for him. But he smiled even then, and, though unable to speak, nodded his assent and his wish that the Psalm should be continued. On the same night, as one feature of his religion had long been a delight in the frequent communion of the Lord's Supper, it was suggested that his curate should administer it the next day, if he would wish it. 'Very much,' he whispered, 'if I am able. It would be a great comfort.' But before the day dawned he no more needed the memorials of an absent Saviour. He was present with the Lord. . . . . When it was said to him in the night of his passover that he was going to his heavenly Father's home, he faintly answered, 'I think I may be;' and after a short pause added, 'Bless the Lord for all His mercies to me.' But his last clear words were remarkable; for they were in a voice more distinct and strong than he had reached for several days past, and in answer to the question, how he would be moved. With his eyes raised towards heaven, and a look of indescribable brightness, he said, 'Upwards, upwards.' Soon after that he passed from earth to heaven."*

* From the funeral sermon preached at Hurstmonceaux by the Rev. H. V. Elliot.

My mother received the news of her brother's death with tearful calmness, and nothing would induce her to waver from her determination to return to Hurstmonceaux before the day of the funeral.

It was on the 30th of January, a cold and piercing day, that the last Hare of Hurstmonceaux was buried. The coffin was carried from the Rectory to the church by eighteen bearers in white Sussex smock-frocks, followed by a number of his friends, his servants, about fifty of the clergy, and a long train of his poorer parishioners, who fell into the procession as it passed through the different villages. The widow joined the other mourners at the foot of the hill leading to the church. As we passed into the churchyard, it was covered thickly with snow, but the church was lit up with the full sunshine, and the effect was beautiful, on looking back upon the winding road filled with a throng of people as far as the eye could reach. The grave was by that of his brother Marcus, a little in front of the great yew-tree, round the trunk of which was ranged a group of some of the oldest parishioners, one old man especially who had lived in the castle in the time of his Rector's great-grandfather, and who had insisted on being brought to the church to see the last of the family with whom he had been so long connected. All the concourse of clergy standing around in the open air repeated the responses, and all the clergy and all the people, as with one voice, said the Lord's Prayer, when, broken by sobs, it was especially solemn and thrilling, and the words "Thy will be done" came home to every heart.

The weeks which followed the funeral were occupied in dismantling the Rectory. All its treasures were dispersed,

the bulk of the fine library being presented by Julius Hare's widow to the library of Trinity College, at Cambridge, and the collection of pictures to the Fitz-William Museum. My mother's intense desire to be of comfort and use to others, gave her an amount of strength at this time which was astonishing to those who had looked forward with the utmost dread to the effect this long-expected grief would have upon her; but her effort at self-command proved too great for her physical powers, and after Mrs. Julius Hare had moved to Lime, and the last link with the rectory life was thus broken,* she fell into a state of unconsciousness which lasted for sixty hours with scarcely the faintest hope of recovery. Yet after that time she was again given back to us.

M. H. *to* Mrs. R. Pile.

"*Feb.* 13, 1855.—You will not wonder that I have not written to you under such a pressure of anxiety and distress as we have had of late to endure. You know what my dear Julius has been to me ever since I lost my beloved husband, and what the Rectory has given me of happiness for twenty-one years past, and you can guess what this loss is. Still, God is gracious and merciful; my Augustus is left to be my comfort, and my health is, I believe, stronger on the whole than last year. . . . No one could guess what Julius suffered from his great patience. Well, the corruptible body no longer presses the incorruptible spirit. He sees and knows all truth, and no discordant spirits fret his loving mind. We have another treasure in heaven to

* The Living of Hurstmonceaux, which had been long in the family, had been sold by Francis George Hare in 1854.

join us to the heavenly company; and oh! may we set our affections more truly there where Christ is."

L. A. H. *to* M. H. (during Julius Hare's last days).

"*Jan.*, 1855.—Well do we know, my own beloved sister, what passes in each other's hearts, and are indeed together by that bedside; but, even in this most sad season of anxiety, can we not see that guiding hand that sent you to London. 'The Mia' has done her part: her sympathy and invisible influence are even now soothing that beloved brother, but it would have been too much for her bodily powers, and I am daily giving thanks that you are not there. Dearest, I cannot spare you both, and, though the spirit would have been willing, the flesh would never have gone through it all. . . . . I know the sweet calm peace that is your portion, nothing can ever deprive you of that. Another and another will be added to the blessed company above, and our turn will come at last; and then there will be no lamenting, for all will be complete when He shall come who now lets us mourn, that we may have greater rejoicing by-and-by. If we look back, you and I, to 1834 and 1845, what a life of lonely desolation lay before us; but how swiftly the years have fled, how many mercies have been given! How very precious our last week together at the Rectory was! There was a depth of *felt* tenderness like that which friends might feel who were met just before parting for distant lands never more to meet; but we may hope to meet again, where there shall be no fear of parting."

"*Jan.* 26.—I thought I was fully prepared for Mrs. Alexander's sad news, but one never is at first, though to-day I can give thanks for our dear, loving, beloved Julius, that the burthening body is cast away. Mrs. Alex

ander's letter conveyed all the calm she wished; it was a falling asleep on that beloved wife's bosom, with no witness—just as most he would have wished."

"*Jan.* 30.—One turns from the newspaper accounts of the Crimea almost with a thankful sense of relief to the thought of our beloved Julius, gone from this scene of misery to those bright and happy fields of endless sunshine, to the company of the just made perfect, to all he is *now* taking in. To you now I turn as the most precious treasure to be guarded; may you still be spared, my own Mia, mine only now, for who else knew what you were to them? Esther did not know our Augustus, but I knew all. Dear Esther! is she not indeed now our sister—the three widowed ones—one in heart and sympathy!"

"*March* 28.—If you are well, I feel sure that Lime is the best home for you, with all the sweet spring influences and nightingales—sad but blessed recollections mingling with the fallen leaves, but bright and glowing hopes springing up with every green bud and blossom, speaking of a resurrection to unfailing sunniness in a millennial world."

"*April* 18. (*After my mother's long unconsciousness at Lime.*) —I am told to write very little, so I shall satisfy myself with what is indeed the beginning and the end of my song—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name.' The last words you wrote to me, and which I believed might indeed be the last, have never been out of my mind, they seemed such a blessed, peaceful ending to the correspondence of above forty years. These were they—Esther was just coming, and you close your letter with, 'and *now I too must rest.* Bless the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever!'

"Well, dearest, and you did rest. The Lord who giveth His beloved sleep, gave the poor, over-wearied brain rest;

and though a trying rest to those who watched, it did its work, and now you are once more sent back to cheer and strengthen us all, who love you so tenderly, as our hearts in the last fortnight have too strongly shown us. You are sent back to tell how great things the Lord has done for you, and to bid us more singly, more earnestly fix our eyes on Jesus.

"Yesterday my children went back to school, and when I returned to my lonely copse, and sate down and looked around, and the wood-pigeon's note was the only sound, I felt as if there was room for nothing but thankful joy in my heart, as if I could only give thanks for my children, my restored sister-friend, my beautiful retreat, where all nature seemed to be saying, 'If ye be risen with Christ, set your affections on things above;' there all shall be restored, and no more winter for us, no more death for you."

"*Sept.* 28—Dear Mrs. Pile! what a comfort her visit will be to you! so, with her very name, come back bright visions of that Eden life, when earth was indeed a paradise to you, and which tell of the future when it shall be renewed and restored, so far brighter and sunnier, where no death or separation can come. Faint not, neither be weary, my own Sister; many a time have you upheld my steps and spoken cheering words; do not despond, because you cannot always feel bright and hopeful. The body is the clog, but He on whom all your hopes rest, whose you are, is just the same, *no* change there. Only when very weak and faint and low do we *fully* take in all the comfort of those words—'*my* God, *my* Strength, *my* Redeemer, my hope is in Thee.'

"Sweetly can the soul retire with Him and repose in Him.

"With Him our darlings are safe, *all* is safe, only believe and pray."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Feb.* 18, 1855.—On this day my greates. earthly comfort is in the love of my dear boy, and all the hope that God has given me in you, that He will give you grace to walk in 'the footprints' of the dear uncles who have passed from the Church Militant to the Church Triumphant, and who are called from their labours on earth to praise Him amid the armies in heaven. . . . . To-day I visited the grave for the first time, and could hardly believe it could be the last resting-place of dear Uncle Jule. I have settled not to leave Hurstmonceaux, at least for a time, and it is quite a relief to my mind. No parish can ever have such an interest for me, and I could not bear to leave that dear church."

C. S. *to* M. H. (on Sir Edward Parry's death).

"*June* 12, 1855.—Dear Sir Edward! One can hardly believe that he has really passed away from us, little as we saw him of late years there was his warm noble heart always ready to receive one. His death, with the exception of being abroad, seems to have been all that could be desired —peaceful, without suffering, all his family round him, and his own mind what it was sure to be anywhere and everywhere. . . . . I try not to let the exception from bodily infirmity make me forget that age does come on, but it is very perceptible in the fact of how all seems passing away like a moving diorama, each successive person carrying away another bit of the past."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Dec.* 2, 1855.—A blessed advent to you, my Augustus! It tells us of Christmas at hand—of judgment to come. May we rejoice in the one and be prepared for the other, and

seek for Christ to dwell in our hearts now, so that we may not fear to see Him when He comes the second time to receive us to Himself."

MRS. ALEXANDER *to* M. H.

"*Jan.* 2, 1856.—Yes, dearest friend, I do live over this time with you. I know that our thoughts and feelings are the same. There is in the hearts of both a mournful, vacant place, never to be filled up. Yet we give thanks that our beloved friend and brother has ceased from the earthly conflict and entered into rest. One by one the bright lamps, the cheering lights of our path, are extinguished. May the deeper shadow quicken our homeward path, dearest friend! We shall soon be summoned to follow those who gave to earth its colouring of gladness. . . . . There are moments when it seems strange that we should weep for those whom the Lord has already gathered in! But, alas, we cannot always feel thus. Our poor bereaved one, who sits apart this night! may the Lord pour strength and peace on her solitary watchings. 'Peace and joy in believing,' let that be our prayer for our dear Esther."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 12, 1856.—I am astonished to find that I have not for four whole years made any entry in this book of thought or feeling. This long cessation in itself shows the inability which has pressed heavily upon me of writing or thinking in this long period. . . . . How many changes, what trying events, what anxious fears and sorrowing days have been mine since 1852!

"My own ill health for part of each year—the illness and death of my beloved brother Julius—and the consequent sweeping away of all the Rectory friends and interests,

which were so dear to me—the anxieties about my Augustus in body and mind— the sad realisation of our fears about M.—these are all dark features in the past which I can only briefly allude to. The mercy of God has upheld me through all, and has made a way of escape in all trials, and strengthened me to bear them.

" . . . All my misdoings I would confess and bewail to my Father and my God, earnestly asking for His forgiveness and for grace to glorify Him more truly in the time to come! I have great need of a more fixed faith. I want a deeper and a brighter view of that unseen world to which I am hastening, that all fear of death may pass away, and that love to Christ may dwell more fully in my heart; and, oh, may the Jesus of yesterday be the same to me to-day and for ever."

In 1857 the increasing fluctuations of my mother's health, and her susceptibility to damp and cold, rendered a longer absence abroad desirable, and we left England in July for fourteen months. I had then left Oxford, and, except for a few weeks at a time, was never again separated from my mother during the fourteen years in which she was spared to be our joy and blessing. We were accompanied to Lucerne by Miss Leycester, and after her return to England, in the autumn, were joined by my mother's widowed niece, Mrs. Charles Stanley, and by her friend Miss Cole. With these companions we visited the Italian lakes and all the principal cities in Lombardy and upon the Italian coast of the Adriatic, reaching Rome in November. The following spring was spent at Naples and Amalfi, after which our winter companions returned to England, and we spent the

summer most happily in a pleasant cottage in the lovely green valley of the Baths of Lucca, surrounded by friends. In September we slowly returned homewards, after some interesting days passed amid the Protestant valleys of the Vaudois, by the Simplon and Lake of Geneva.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (during a temporary absence in Austria.)

"*Pension Faller, Lucerne, August* 1, 1857.—. . . . The beauty of the ascent to the Engelberg exceeded all we had expected, and also its fatigue! Our bedroom was like Andermatt, devoid of all but beds and straw chairs, from which I was glad at half-past eight to retire to bed. There was scarcely anything to eat; and on Wednesday, having waited in vain in the hope of something to nourish life, the truth flashed on us, it was *Jour Maigre*,—not even strawberries. These were our discomforts; but we were amply compensated by the exquisite beauty around us, such *pics* and snow glaciers glittering like silver, and the woods below with their châlets, and even the convent itself was striking from its size. We had a most delicious excursion —I in a chair—to the Taschbach waterfall at the end of the valley, on Wednesday evening."

"*August* 15.—On Wednesday behold us carried in two chairs up the Brunig. It was very steep and rocky; I got out at one bit, and was pulled up by the guides. They sang and carolled and *yelled* out the Ranz des Vaches, till the valley below rang with the echoes, answered by other invisible guides at a distance. It was beautiful; but at the Kulm the fog covered the mountains, and we could see little of the valley of Meyringen, &c. Yesterday we set out from Lungern at ten. The Wetterhorn and Wellhorn were perfectly splendid, their silver peaks cleaving

the sky. We had a charming driver, who sang Kuhreihen all the way."

"Our poor dear Fausty is no more! He pined away after we left home, and was found dead under the apple-tree."

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*Dec.* 5, 1857.—It was my sister's great wish to reach Rome by Nov. 17—her husband's birthday; and on Saturday, 14th, they arrived there. She says a deep calm filled her soul, as she drove past the well-remembered scenes; but when she reached the inn, and found herself alone in her room, such an overpowering sense of thankfulness filled her heart at the wonderful mercies of the journey—of the last twenty-three years, and of the time when she was last in Rome, that she was quite speechless for a time. On the afternoon of the 17th, with her young Augustus and her faithful Mary Gidman, she once more stood beside the grave under the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. She does not seem to have been excited by it; rather it seemed a dream; but she could raise her thoughts in prayer and praise. Since then she has been daily enjoying the interesting sights and scenes in Rome, and seems wonderfully well in health and vigorous in mind."

M. H. *to* MRS. R. PILE.

"*Rome, Christmas Eve.*—The return of this season brings to my mind my friends in England, and my dear poor at Alton; and I regret I have not sooner asked my dearest Mary to employ her usual kindness in providing my winter gifts for them.

"The return here was, as you will well conceive, a trying and affecting one, and all the sorrows and all the mercies

received here nearly twenty-four years ago came forcibly before me in revisiting the same scenes. You may guess that my earliest visit was to the resting-place of my beloved husband, looking as peaceful and lovely as it did when I saw it last in all the anguish of widowhood, now when I visit it in the chastened thankfulness of so many years of blessing and mercy. Of Rome itself I saw comparatively little in that first sad visit, but now I find interest in seeing, with my second Augustus, its manifold interests and beauties. We have had splendid weather, a cloudless sky, and the hot sun so enables me to bear the coldness of the weather, that we can even still sit out to draw in sheltered places. We lead as regular a life as at home, our faithful Gidman pair* managing everything for us as usual. I cannot describe the loveliness of the views around Rome—of the old ruins, the mountains in the distance, and the wide Campagna in its solitary and wild character."

"*Naples, April* 12, 1858.—. . . . I am glad that the winter has passed so well at Alton without much illness. Ours in Italy has been wonderfully beautiful, and, with the exception of ten days of severe cold in January and February, it has been most enjoyable, and hot sun and clear sky have made one feel as if it were almost summer. The effect on me has been wonderful. Not a day's illness have I had since I left England last July. We remained in Rome until after February 18, and greatly delighted in all its manifold interests of art and nature ; and my younger companions also enjoyed the society of many friends. I made an effort for their sakes to enter occasionally into it, but was thankful to be quiet when it was not necessary. We all moved to Naples in the latter part of February, and have since then been in this neighbourhood, seeing its various

* Mary Lea had been married to John Gidman in 1846.

beauties. Among its interests you may imagine Pompeii has been one of the greatest. The excavations have as yet uncovered only one-fourth of this buried city, and what more treasures may be hidden no one can tell. In the Museum at Naples are the most beautiful statues, which have been found quite perfect; and the gems, and utensils, and various articles found are most curious and interesting. But still more so is it to go along the narrow streets, which still show the ruts made by the chariot-wheels, to see the painted doors of the houses, to see earthen jars still in the very spot where they were transfixed by the fatal doom which, in 79 A.D., hid the whole city from sight, till it was re-discovered in 1755. It does truly take one into the regions of the past; and when one sees the grand form of Vesuvius rising above one, with its smoke ever issuing from it to bid one 'Beware,' it seems marvellous that any one should have ventured to build or live again under its awful danger, yet one continued series of towns follows its base all the way to Naples.

"We have been for some days to Sorrento, Amalfi, and Salerno, and much enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery and donkey-rides—going up and down steep stairs of rock as easily as on a level road. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the Bay of Naples on one side, or the Bay or Gulf of Salerno on the other. And then the Temples of Pæstum, which are of the most exquisite Greek architecture, and known to have existed 600 B.C., were most interesting to us. . . . . I trust the end of August may find us near England. Though good for bodily health, this wandering life is not one to suit my *home*-tastes, and truly thankful shall I be to be once more in our land of liberty and truth. On Good Friday we went to the service in the Cathedral of Salerno, in which a preacher went on for the whole three hours of the crucifixion, preaching upon our Lord's last words, in the

most exciting language and with the most violent action. At the end of every half-hour he prayed extempore, and then followed a quarter of an hour of beautiful singing and music. The sobs, groans, and cries of the congregation resounded through the church, and many fainted and were carried out. It was exactly the effect described as the result of Wesley's sermons: some, we may hope, would retain an impression."

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Nov.* 7, 1857.—My own beloved Mia, the dearest blessing of your own precious one, and of *our* precious one, let me press you most tenderly to my heart as we stand together in heart on the sacred ground where this will meet you. Your own Augustus's words will speak to you as you go to the Pyramid :—

'Hush, who dares with impious breath
To speak of death ?
We know he only sleepeth,
And from the dust
Truth hath decreed a glorious resurrection ;'

and other voices too will speak to you from heaven, dearest, to tell you that though all seems a dream as you stand there, yet the blessed reality is near to you and not afar off, and that those who die and those who live are alike living with the Lord. I am so glad I shall be at Lime when you first reach Rome. Where better could our spirits hold communion together than in that dear home, I by the side of the yew-tree, you by the pyramid, and both, I trust, passing from the visible to the invisible, not seeking the living among the dead, but lifting up our hearts that the everlasting gates may be opened to us also, and we

may pass with them even now into the rest that is in God."

"*Lime, Nov.* 16.—Here, in this dear home, I am sitting, with the window open, and the sun shining on a garden still full of flowers, and on a lawn so green that the very blades of grass sparkle with it, while not a brown leaf is to be seen on its neat surface,—the most ethereal clearness in the air, and the most brilliant sunshine. And where is my beloved sister? *I* should say she is here too, for I can hardly believe you are really far away. At other places I have felt the distance, here I can only feel the nearness. And though I have as yet no dear words from you since I came, yet never have I needed them less. There is your chair, and I see you sitting in it, amid the usual peaceful calm that ever presides in these dear rooms, and sometimes I could almost talk to you; indeed I do often give you a loving word out loud, and though there is no response it never seems to fall back drearily, for the living presence is there, though the outward form is far away. . . . . Oh, how your love was cherished, how it gladdened the heart that felt it to be its greatest earthly blessing, and that felt it to be so only the more when he had one who so fondly shared that feeling with him. And now, dearest, he would join me in blessing you for the precious love which you so richly give me, and which seems to me only to grow dearer as the distance between us is greater."

"*Lime, Advent Sunday*, 1857.—Before this sacred day closes I must write to the Mia, that before I leave this beloved home we may once again talk together. This day thirteen years! How vivid is my recollection of that solemn day, when first this parish became my home—the earnest dedication of body, soul, and spirit at the altar, the receiving from my husband's hands those pledges of the diviner love which had united us together, the overpowering

sense of responsibility and mercy And this, followed by years of blessing, often chequered indeed, but so full and rich that only now do I begin to know what it was. And to-day the husband is in the upper room with his Lord, the beloved sister with whom our lives were bound up, in a distant land, and I—at the grave of one, and the empty home of the other. And yet it has been good, oh, so very good to be here. These three weeks have flown by too fast for my wishes, except that they bear one onwards to the true Advent, when the Bridegroom will return to us, and we cannot afford to stop the wheels of time if they bear us on to *that*,—no, not even here, where I should love to remain a while longer. Never have the dear people been so affectionate and grateful as this time; they seem to concentrate on me during your absence the love they usually share between us, and make me your representative in receiving it, so I must transfer a portion over the seas to you."

"*Innocents Day*, 1857.—If my letters reach you as speedily as yours do me, this will greet my Mia on New Year's Day, and most lovingly do I wish you the best blessings during the new year. In what form they may come we know not, but we do know and can trust in the love and wisdom of our heavenly Guide and Counsellor, and feel sure that through whatever paths He may lead us, He will be with us and enable us to hold fast by Him. So that He abide with us all will be well, and our eyes will be opened to see, not the grave, or the 'three days' in which all hope seemed excluded, but the blessed Presence even in the commonest earthly things, which will make our hearts burn within us, and enable us to go on our way rejoicing."

"*Clifton*,* *Jan.* 25, 1858.—Your tender words of loving

* Mrs. Julius Hare spent much of the years of her widowhood at Clifton with Mrs. Alexander.

sympathy reached me, my Mia, on the 22nd, and thus came very near the day of my desolation. I knew you would go to the Pyramid if you could; and I thought of you there, in my lonely afternoon's walk over these downs with the distant views of the Welsh mountains, which took the place to me of the Alban Hills on which you were looking; and though so very far apart, we were yet near together, thinking of and praying for each other. Dear Ma-man, as usual, was so considerate in all her arrangements that I might be by myself all day, that she made the excuse of a severe cold not to come down-stairs. In the evening, at eight, I went to her room and lay on the sofa; and though we did not venture to speak of what was filling both our hearts, yet we spoke of many things bearing upon it, and before I left her I read the chapter so full of life and hope —1 Cor. xv. The blessed words, 'As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly,' contain such a mine of comfort, in the thought of those in whom the promise is already fulfilled, for us who yet remain awaiting the fulness of the time. It is *this* which gives me the best comfort in thinking of my beloved one; for though the suffering of this life was grievous for him to bear, yet out of that came so much blessing as a heavenly discipline, that the sense of relief does not separate itself in my mind from the blessing. But that all the longing and seeking of that noble heart after righteousness and truth should now have found its full satisfaction in God, and in the light of His presence, that everything that was not light is made clear, and that no earthly infirmity or suffering hinders the glory of that light, for this I can give thanks even in the dreariest moments, and, God knows, some are dreary enough. But oh, the lovingkindness of God! When one looks over past years, and sees that wonderful chain of love through everything, linking to itself

the various events of life, and making them all bear upon the gracious purposes He has for us, one is indeed humbled to have been so thankless, so mistrustful, and would seek to go on in the lonely path of life with loving trust in Him, and keep one's eyes and heart open for all which it may be given one to do in helping and cheering others and bearing their burdens.

Till this time three years ago it seemed impossible but that you must be the one of the three from whom the first separation must be. Oh, how different are the ways of God from our thinking! You, comparatively restored, in the land of your earthly sorrows and your heavenly joys; I, *here*, in one sense *alone*, with the memories and blessings which can never be past to me, and which only become more precious as time goes on. At this season I know how your thoughts are with me, as mine with you; for how we have been one in this love God only knows, and we will each bless Him for the other for all the sustaining help and grace which He has given us, through the inwardly sorrowful path He has called us to walk in."

"*Feb.* 1, 1858—*My* month is past, and we now enter upon *yours*, and yet both are so closely linked together that each belongs to the other, and we would not and cannot separate them. Strange and unreal it will seem to you at times to be in the very place during these solemn days of remembrance, and yet at other times it will seem to realise it to you more than when you have been so far away in body from the spot, which yet you have been so near to in spirit. May He to whom the Past is Present, and whose love has been so manifested in both, be with you, my sister. 'He *was*, and *is*, and is to come.' What a strength and certainty those words give us, in the confusion of mind which often comes over us in thinking of events, the *result* of which forms the reality of our daily

lives, but the distinct details of which often seem almost lost to us in the dimness which the clouds of earth cause to rise between us and them. How truly Mrs. Browning says:—

> 'Places are too much
> Or else too little for immortal man.'

Sometimes one cannot bear them, at other times one can hardly bear to be away. But how great the blessing, that our tender Father knows all our feelings, understands them *afar off*, and is not wearied with our waywardness, but calls us not as we ought to be, but as 'women grieved and wearied in spirit,' and *as such* receives and comforts us! Oh, the rest of not having to be other than we are, when we are before Him; but knowing that He knows all our weakness and sin and desire after Him, pities all, and meets all.

"*Feb.* 22.—This is your last day in Rome. May the same merciful guidance accompany you on your further journey which has been so manifested to you in all the way the Lord has led you since you left home. I have just laid down my Bible, after reading the beautiful morning lesson (Deut. i.); and how truly is the history of the Israelites in the wilderness reproduced in the history of the Church, both as a body and in each individual member. The sure, faithful guidance, and, alas! the no less sure rebellion and mistrust on the part of those who are guided. But blessed be God, He does not weary of us, and in the very things against which we murmur the most, works out oftentimes our greatest good. Oh, may He enable us to trust Him more simply and faithfully, and then our path through the wilderness would oftener cross a myrtle and a shittah-tree in full blossom, instead of only the thorns and briers which tear our feet, and on which we are too apt to fix our attention."

"*March* 31.—Your welcome letter from Amalfi, dearest Mia, comes fittingly on this day—a day when in the unutterable agony of desolation which it brought to me three years ago, your sweet home, our own dear Lime, and my dearest Mia's heart were open to receive me. I see your dear face of loving sympathy, as you stood in the hall, and received me silently with a tender kiss, and sent me to my room. It seems to me now fresher than ever—the actual pain of all that was involved in that last night and morning in my blessed Rectory-home—keener than ever, and yet with a sense of thankfulness that the actual, outward part has not to be gone through, that it was once for all, or rather once for *always*, but that the present part of it—the living suffering—remains only for me; the visible part to others is gone by.

"Well, too, it is, that such a day should fall on this Wednesday in Passion Week, when one's heart may be stilled under any personal recollections by the thought of Him whose journey along the way of sorrows for our sakes we are endeavouring to follow step by step, and who endured, as seeing Him who is invisible, as seeing the end to be accomplished for us. And truly, when one looks within and sees in our own hearts the necessity for all the righteous discipline sent to us, its perfect justice, as well as love, one has the witness for the necessity of those sufferings in our Lord's work of redemption, which would else be such an inexplicable mystery. 'He learned obedience by the things which He suffered.' Oh! may He teach us that gracious lesson by those things which He gives us to suffer, and enable us in His strength to go onward, thankful for all He sends us, willing to receive anything from His hand.

"The scenes around you, dearest Mia, are not indeed 'helpful,' but I trust your spirit will be upborne beyond the

outward discords, and that at the Cross of our dear Lord you may be able to feel His gracious presence, to see His face of love, and to hear the words of peace which He utters to those who are watching there. And when you receive this, those meditations will have passed into the brighter ones of Easter, into which may the Spirit of Life lead us to enter more and more, so that through the grave and gate of death we may pass to our joyful resurrection, and even now sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H. (in Paris).

"*Home! Sept.* 18, 1858.—Yes, dearest Augustus, I can really date from home! sweet home!—and no need for me to tell you with what feelings of thankfulness I do so, after fourteen months of wandering and change. I was received by Esther at Hastings, and we came on together by the five o'clock train. It was a fine moonlight night as we drove in at the well-known gate, and when we reached the door, the Gidman pair, who had preceded us by a few hours, came out to receive us, as if we had only been away a day! There was the tea-meal all spread out—a beautiful jar of roses on the table, and large figs and plums. It seems still a dream, and yet the sight of travelling-boxes keeps up some connection with the past.

"Well, we had our tea, and a good night; and to-day I look out and see the luxuriant beds of flowers, 'as fragrant and as fair' as John Gidman himself could have made them. They are really beautiful—quite an avenue of fuchsias to your garden.

"There could hardly be a greater contrast than between our two circumstances—in the hot and noisy streets of Paris, and in the tranquil repose and sweetness of Lime. But we

are one in heart, and one, I trust, in desire to fulfil God's will wherever we are."

"*Sunday, Sept.* 19, 1858.—How different from our Dijon Sunday! Then, panting indoors and suffocated out of doors; now, in the quiet shady repose of my garden, looking on the luxuriant flowers, and worshipping God in the church of our parish and home! Our dear old church looked beautiful in comparison with the bare rooms we have been reduced to of late; and the well-known smooth face of Edwin Smith, the shrewd one of Taylor, and the venerable Ned Burchett, were more pleasing sights to look upon than crowds of smart bonnets. Maria Hare gave thanks for her 'restored health, preserving mercies during her absence, and for her safe return;' truly they have called for heartfelt praise and thanksgiving. All have given hearty greeting and welcome, but the heartiest of all has been poor Mrs. Soper, whose placid face brightened up and was radiant with delight as she almost shook my hand off. Joe was delighted when I said I was pleased with his work—'Oh, you be, then all *is* right.' Mrs. W. Isted, in her ecstasy, forgot even her own troubles, in admiration of my looks and joy at my return. Mrs. Medhurst had been looking forward to the day of my coming with such anxiety, and was anxious to know if I had been to Jerusalem. This is the most definite question as to our travels I have yet had. Miss B. talks of the school, Mr. J. of the sick people. I have never once mentioned to any one in the parish anything connected with our tour, more than if we had not been out of England, except to M. A. Medhurst and old Wisham, who asked about the Roman Catholics. It does seem most extraordinary, because most natural, to be walking or driving in these leafy lanes, and I could almost forget we had been elsewhere in brighter skies or grander scenes"

"*Lime, Oct.* 2, 1858.—Oh, it is such a comfort now the evenings are so long and so cold, to be at home, and not to be travelling, and going in and out of inns, &c. I occupy my old chair in Peace Corner, and you may picture the old mother sitting alone, now setting her things in order, now looking at old drawings, now taking out her crochet or her book, or musing on the past and on her Parisian child."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 3, 1858.—Two whole years have passed since I last communed with myself in this book, and in the interval I have traversed half Europe. I went out weak, I have returned strong. During fourteen months my God has in His great mercy preserved and upheld me from all accidents, illness, and dangers—through all difficulties and trials. Once more have I been permitted to return to my peaceful home and to my sister Esther, and to kneel with her before that table of the Lord where we have so often shared and received the blessed food from my now sainted brother! Never does he seem so near as when we offer our thanksgivings in that place, and know assuredly that he is amongst those heavenly hosts who join their praises with ours. Have I not also drawn very nigh to the other blessed one who rests between the aloes of his Roman grave? Here at Hurstmonceaux, there at Rome, the two who were so united on earth, now lie far apart until the resurrection. Yet do their spirits dwell with Christ, and in measure as we dwell in Him, do we ascend to where they are, and live together continually. 'Draw me and I will run after thee,' is my prayer and my need, for sadly does my spirit often cleave to the dust. Now that I am again restored to home life—to quiet and unexciting occupations—oh, be with me, my Lord and God, and help me to build up my soul anew in heavenly desires, to spend and be spent once more in Thy

service, breaking through the reserve that has crept over me, and endeavouring to help all within my reach in their heavenward course."

"*Lime, May* 22, 1859.—The *lull* of my present life, in being restored to my peaceful home without interruption, and able to devote my solitary hours to thoughts and prayers for heavenly things, is one for which I am truly thankful. It seems as if it gave me back to myself once more, and to all those feelings intertwined in my past life, which the wanderings of my later years seem to have clouded over. There is so much to be recollected that is useful and encouraging. . . . . In reverting to the great trial of my life, there is so much of wonderful grace and mercy attendant on it, that I can only adore Him who so ordered it to His glory. In comparing it with the latest sorrow that has befallen me, there is a wide difference. In the one case it was as if all the waves and billows were flowing over me, but in the midst of the storm a bright light was seen and a voice heard that said, 'Peace, be still;' in the other, it was a dead calm, with a leaden sky; the will was subdued into silence, but the loving hand that struck the blow was not unveiled. There was no joyful consciousness of the nearness of the chastening Father, yet perfect submission to His decree; whereas, in the former instance, the conflict between nature and grace was strong, but the victory was triumphant. How far change of circumstances or of health affected me, and how much of the want of spiritual life has been owing to physical and natural causes, God alone knows. Faith, I trust, has been exercised though feebly, and love may have been in being, though for a time pressed down and silent."

"*Lime, June* 16, 1859.—To-day will close my solitary life, which for the last month has been uninterrupted. For years I have not thus lived alone, and it is truly good to

have a time to commune with one's own heart and with God, undisturbed by the pressing interests of friends and events—to have time to review the past and prepare for the future. I have read old letters and lived over again days long gone by, and the departed have stood by my side, and whispered their loving words, and I have awaked up from the dream and asked, 'Did these things really exist, and such happiness—was it ever mine?' And then I feel that, though passed out of sight, all is still there—the love unquenched, the hope brightening day by day as I go forward to the land where there is no parting. And all that has been, is now, save that which was of the earth, earthly. But the outward scene—how is it changed, and the inner man too! how little I seem to have left of that fervour of spirit with which I once rose above all the trials of the past into communion with a loving Saviour and God. And the difficulty of maintaining an even walk, a calm and heavenly frame amidst the tossings and changes of all around, the conflict of opinions, the varied anxieties, the interests of the world in which one lives, this I find not lessened but increased as life advances. Formerly I had my appointed work to do in this place, and however imperfectly done, and however little result there might be, there was a definite course open to me. I cannot feel this to be so now. It is hard to piece on what has been snapped asunder, and others fill the gap and one seems no longer needed. One is so apt to seek and long after encouragement, and outward signs of good done, and not to be contented with the noiseless, unmarked, uninteresting effort, here a little, there a little, which seems to be hardly worth making, and to leave no perceptible effect. But this I strive to resist. To my God I desire to offer every small as well as every great deed, and He can bless irrespective of the unworthiness of the doer. It is one of the blessings of home that one can

show some little love-tokens, speak some words of sympathy and comfort, which elsewhere would find no object. More and more do I cling to this home, and feel, with all its defects, no other could be like it to me. And as present circumstances are, it seems to be permitted to me to stay here. Oh may the holy Comforter teach and guide me aright to order and direct my life and my spirit in accordance with His will, and to use faithfully every talent committed to me, and be less like the fig that cumbereth the ground than I have been of late. Unfaithful as I have ever been, yet, O my God, Thou hast had mercy and spared me: wilt Thou not still forbear, and bless Thy unworthy servant?"

"*July* 17.—This brief season of rest is ended, and I must go forth again into the wide world. It is good for me, I know, so I must not reject it—good for the weak body that is unstrung by heat, and quite as much so for the mind and spirit that flags with it, and which is often impatient of the opposition of others. Oh, would that in steadfastness of heart I could carry into all places a firm, unyielding, heavenward purpose, judging of all things as in the light of God only, and manifesting it to others. I read of the wondrous faith and courage of the martyrs, and recognise the strength given them from above, and yet my poor faithless heart shrinks from expressing an opinion contrary to that of those I love. I too often bend to those whose standard is lower than mine; I do not seek to raise theirs to mine. O Lord, hear and help Thy weak servant, and gird her with Thy girdle of righteousness and truth, arm her with Thy armour, that she may stand unmoved in the good and evil day alike, and maintain her post as Thy soldier and servant."

In the autumn of 1859 we went to Scotland and after-

wards to Northumberland and Yorkshire, where my mother joined Miss Leycester at Filey. It was during this northern tour that she received the terrible news of the frauds and defalcations of the family solicitor, and the almost total ruin of our family—the widow and children of her husband's eldest brother being deprived of almost everything they possessed, and suddenly left without any means of subsistence; and the widow of Julius Hare being also a severe sufferer, besides having to feel acutely the betrayal of trust by a person in whom she had placed unlimited confidence. Her own losses, though heavy, were slight by comparison with those of the rest of the family, and my mother gratefully continued to acknowledge the power which was still left to her of assisting and comforting her suffering relations, till, four years after, the widow of Julius was removed where silver and gold are no longer needed; and about the same time, immediately after losing her mother, the daughter of Francis Hare, by her own indefatigable exertions, had recovered such a proportion of property as enabled her to pass with comfort the few years in which life was still spared to her.

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Oct.* 16.—'Goodness and mercy' have truly followed us in our going out and coming in. Not one accident has befallen us in all the hundreds of miles we have traversed, enjoyment has been richly permitted, kind friends have received us, and outwardly all things have prospered in our wanderings. . . . . One sad cloud has dimmed our path. The distress which the wicked treachery of one man has

inflicted on so many near to us, has been an anxiety and sorrow which still presses on us heavily. Still, though arising out of sin, we ought to carry it to God, and ask that out of evil good may come; that increased faith, humility, and love may spring up in the trial. The 'uncertain riches' flee away, but the sure and certain treasures of heavenly good things abide for ever, and those who are planted on a Rock cannot be moved, though all the storms of this troublesome world rage against them. . . . . Lord, make crooked things straight, disperse the clouds of prejudice and error which gather round those I love, show them the right way, and, while I see and lament their faults, let me not overlook my own—'be gentle to others, and severe towards thyself.'"

"*Christmas Day*, 1859.—A few words let me write on this blessed anniversary which, while it recalls the one great foundation of our Christian hope in the Saviour's birth, also brings to mind the love of many living and departed ones, whose thoughts are with us now, or were with us in times past, to cheer and comfort us through the coming year, and sympathise with us in the past one. As years go on, we find the old number diminish, yet in the past year God has graciously spared all those dearest to me, and at this special time I can look around and give thanks for all. Blessings without number has He granted to me and mine, and how little have I done for Him!

"Oh that Christ may not only be born in me, but grow unto the perfect man. . . . . We are unworthy of Thy goodness, forbearance, and love, but, O Father, look on us with compassion, and do for us, and all we love, abundantly above what we can ask; and 'in all the changes and chances of this life,' and as year follows year, and Christmas succeeds Christmas, let us be advanced on our heavenward way, and fitted more and more to share the inheritance of Thy

saints. 'Peace on earth, good-will to man, glory in the highest.'

'Soon and for ever
The soldier lay down
His sword for a harp
And his cross for a crown;
When the faithful reward
Of each earnest endeavour,
Christians with Christ shall be,
Soon and for ever.'"

In March, 1860, we first knew that we should be obliged to leave Hurstmonceaux, and the summer was sadly passed in preparations, in leave-takings, and in looking for a new home, which was very difficult to find. Many places in all the southern counties of England were examined in vain; and my mother was on the point of giving up the search as hopeless, and going abroad for several years, when a little property near Hastings was suggested to her, which met all her needs, and which, under the name of Holmhurst, became the happy home of the later years of her life.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Lime, March* 2, 1860.—I had just finished my letter yesterday, when Mr. Taylor came in with a long face—'Unpleasant news to tell you'—and verily it was unpleasant. The whole of the Lime estate has been bought, not for the sake of the land, but of the house and garden! Yes, it is come at last; and the dear, sweet, peaceful home of twenty-five years must be left, and a new one sought. . . . . The new owner is most civil and friendly, and there are six months before us, to look out, and do what we can. When

there is no doubt or possibility of anything else, one must not dwell on the dark side; and having been provided with this home for twenty-five years, I will trust that God will show me where to pitch my tent for the few remaining years of my pilgrimage, but, as *you* know, it will be a great sorrow to me to leave this place.

"The last link of the Hare family with Hurstmonceaux will now be broken. Lea is much upset, and neither she nor I have had much sleep. She has, of course, been *packing up* in her waking dreams, and I—trying to commit my way to Him who has ever been so loving and merciful to me.

"I am sitting in a flood of sunshine, the garden looking so bright, and the sea shining! You may imagine the distress of our parish friends!"

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*March* 5, 1860.—God only knows what your sad news is to me,—for you, for myself, for our dear people. My thoughts are rarely away from you, and from the inexpressible sadness of the decree which has come to us—'Ye must depart.' Together, dearest Mia, we have clung to that sweet dear home, truly through evil report as well as good report,—clung to it, for all that it has been to us and to our beloved one who loved it so dearly,—and for all that it has been since, in keeping the holy associations around it that no other place could have. I have been out this afternoon in a solitary place where I could weep freely, and think of it all. God help us, and teach us what He would have us learn by these bitter sorrows. No one but you and I can know how very bitter this is, because no one knows all that is included in it, and that can never be elsewhere. My own dearest Mia, I would I could have borne the whole of this keen cutting away of what we have loved so dearly, but that cannot be, and I can only pray that you may be directed to

some place, where at least your health will be benefited, and where you may find some poor to whom you may be a blessing.

"In this Easter may our risen Lord be nearer and dearer to us than ever before; and then in whatever sepulchres our earthly hopes may be laid, the heavenly visitants will be there to remind us that we are not to seek the living among the dead, for, because our Lord lives, we live also."

MRS. ALEXANDER *to* M. H.

"*March* 23, 1860.—Your letter, dearest friend, came bearing all the sweetness of March violets,—and all the precious affection which has brightened many successive birthdays—days not always gladdened by many visible flowers. I know that your prayers and loving wishes will ever be with me. As we draw near to the last mile-stone of life's journey, we review the road with—it may be—increased clearness of vision and deeper solemnity of feeling,—we dwell on the beautiful and happy portions with a fonder tenderness,—and we look at the trials and sorrows and places of sore conflict, but how changed their aspect in the light of God's gracious mercy!

"At this very time, dear friend, a very keen severance is sent to *your* heart. You may believe how I share your pain and that of dear Esther! The removal cannot loosen, but it will draw and strain the fibres which bind both to the beloved spot."

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Lime, August* 15, 1860.—For the last time, from this dear home, I must say a few words to you, dearest Mia, of love and blessing. When I think of all that it has been

to me during the twenty-three years which are now just closing, I can only say, 'Bless the Lord for all His mercies, and forget not all His benefits.'

"May He bless you, dearest Mia, for all love and blessing you have given me here, and in the new home may His presence be with you, and make it truly a *resting*-place whilst you continue your earthly pilgrimage; and though it can never be what this has been, yet if He is with you, the blanks will be filled up, or only felt so as to draw you nearer to Him.

"The partings which have filled the last days have been sad indeed, but calm and hopeful; and I trust the dear people have been encouraged to look up, in trust and hope, to the Friend who will not pass away. And now, Lord, what wait I for? Truly, my hope is even in Thee, who art our habitation and our rest. The earthly home is broken up, but Thou remainest the same, and Thy years have no end. Bless my beloved sister, and her dear child, and this dear parish. Hold them, and the precious seed we have sown in Thy garden, in Thy holy keeping, and unite us all in Thy love here, and in Thine everlasting kingdom in the day of Thine appearing."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Lime, Sept.* 2, 1860.—This year has well-nigh slipped away, and yet I have recorded none of its events, nor any of the various thoughts and feelings which have stirred my soul since it began. But those have not been unimportant. A great change has been brought about through no wish or effort of mine, and therefore I must believe it is from God. It was a grievous thought at first that we must leave this dearly-loved home. For twenty-six years, Hurstmonceaux has indeed been such to me, and for twenty-five years have I found a safe refuge at Lime for myself and my child. It

seems to have become a part of our very life. But it is needful to be taught that earthly homes, like earthly friends, must pass away, and that we 'build on no tree of the forest'—it must be cut down.

"Hurstmonceaux, associated with so much of sorrow and joy, with those departed from our view, and with those who are still with us, must ere long cease to be our home and abiding place. Strangers will walk in this garden and fill these rooms, and the name of Hare will pass out of the parish where for so many years it has been known and loved.

"So be it, Lord! since Thou hast spoken the word, 'Arise and depart.' Only let me learn the true lesson of this decree, and do Thou in Thy mercy blot out the sins which have marked my stay in this place, and, in removing elsewhere, enable me to begin anew, and with more steadfastness of purpose serve Thee. These breaks in life are useful if they lead us to make a fresh start heavenward, and rouse us from the slothfulness that creeps over a continuous life in one spot. I can see that we may find it better to be elsewhere, and that God can make it so, if He makes His abode with us.

"O Lord, though all else may change, Thou art the same in all places and times. May I press forward to the home prepared for those who fear Thee, and be weaned from earthly treasures by the gentle voice which tells that they must pass away."

"*Lime, Sept.* 23.—The last Sunday—the last day in this beloved home! It is come to this after six months' preparation; but there has been much to alleviate the sorrow and give hope for the future. This change is unconnected with any death, and is accompanied by no sad future prospects. A pleasant home has mercifully been provided for us, and in many ways I can see now that it will be

better for us to leave this place and pitch our tent in another. In all this I have much cause to thank God and take courage. And when I look back to the twenty-six years in which God has blessed me here, how can I doubt or distrust His future care and love? When in the 'first lone days of widowhood' I found refuge at Hurstmonceaux, a dear brother received and sheltered me, and, so far as tenderness and attention could do, he endeavoured to soothe and comfort me. Through many years he was my one daily friend and blessing. Then came a change which added another dear one to the number, and then yet another. Still his love knew no change, and unweariedly and devotedly did he continue his brotherly care, till illness and infirmity deprived him of the power of doing so, and gradually broke down the outer tie which had been bound so fast.

"That portion of life ended, a new one began, but still Lime was my home, and Hurstmonceaux became dearer than ever, as associated with what can never be recalled. All the childhood and youth of my Augustus have been spent here, and this too has endeared it beyond other places. I can hardly yet believe we shall find our home no longer here, but so it must be. And as I pass in review all the mercies of my God, and recall all my own unfaithfulness, and how poor and worthless have been my services, I can only marvel and adore His loving-kindness, and fall low at His feet and say, 'Lord, forgive my iniquity, and blot out my transgressions.' Let me set forth anew, O Lord, as a pilgrim on earth, with Thy rod and staff, and so set my heart on Thee, that in all places Thou mayst be my dwelling-place and home, I in Thee, and Thou in me, until I return here to my last resting-place."

At the end of September, my mother went away to

Sheen, leaving us to pack up. Each day was a long leave-taking. On Oct. 5, in the gloaming of an autumn evening, when the setting sun was streaming through the diminishing leaves of the old abele-trees, and throwing long shadows upon the green lawn and brilliant flower beds, we delivered up the keys of our dear home, and walked away from it for the last time.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Sheen, Oct.* 4, 1860.—My last letter to Lime! Farewell to my beloved home; its beauty and its peaceful happiness are no more for us; but we must be thankful, deeply thankful, for all it has given us for twenty-six years past. Lime is dead, but Hurstmonceaux still lives, and will not depart from us so long as loving hearts remain there, and that churchyard exists."

"*Oct.* 8.—I felt a shock to-day when I heard of 'the key being given up,' the close of the Lime chapter of our life. God be praised for it, and may He hallow our new home with His presence and love."

XIX.

HOLMHURST.

"Remember that some of the brightest drops in the chalice of life may still remain for us in old age. The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, though near the bottom of the cup, may, as is said of the draught of the Roman of old, have at that very bottom, instead of dregs, most costly pearls."—W. A. NEWMAN.

OUR new home, only fourteen miles from Hurstmonceaux, was situated on the high narrow ridge of hill which divides the seaboard near Hastings from the richly-wooded undulations of the Weald of Sussex. The house was little more than a cottage with a few better rooms added to it, but its winding passages and low rooms were well suited to our old pictures and carved furniture, relics for the most part of Hurstmonceaux Castle. The principal rooms opened upon a little terrace with vases, whence one looked down through upland oak-studded meadows to Hastings Castle and the sea; and a narrow garden, filled with variety of wood, rock, and water, all alike in miniature, rambled on either side along the edge of the hill.

To break the change in our lives, and for the benefit to my mother's health, it had long been settled that we should pass the winter at Mentone; and as soon as we had taken

possession of Holmhurst, we proceeded thither, visiting Orleans, Bourges, Avignon, Nismes, and Arles upon the way.

MRS. J HARE *to* M. H.

"*Nov.* 29, 1860.—By this time, dearest Mia, you will be settled in your new quarters, and may much good and blessing attend you there. It was well you stayed long enough at Cannes to find out its attractions, as if not, you would have been the only travellers who ever gave an indifferent report of that land of beauty, which dear Bunsen used to call 'the Paradise of Europe.'

"Yesterday the message of his emancipation came, and his suffering body no longer chains down the immortal spirit. His end was mercifully tranquil; and before he passed into the state of partial unconsciousness in which he has lain for many weeks past, the full revelation made to his spirit of the pardoning love of his Saviour, and his childlike reliance on His merits, were indeed most blessed. In those days, when he seemed dying, it was indeed as if heaven had been opened before those around him; and most affecting it was to hear how that great mind was brought to feel that all was nothing to him at that hour but the merits and love of his Saviour. 'All bridges that one builds through life fail at such a time as this, and nothing remains but the bridge of the Saviour,' was his declaration one day; and this was evidently *the* bridge upon which he was passing over the river of death.

"And now the two friends are again united; and I give thanks that my dearest one was spared the sorrow which this would have been to him, had he been the survivor."

Our winter at Mentone was by far the most delightful of the many we have spent abroad. My mother entirely

enjoyed it. The walks and donkey-rides were inexhaustible, the scenery surpassingly lovely, the climate delicious, and a pleasant circle of friends occupied the villas, which, thinly scattered over the orange-gardens and olive-groves, then formed the whole colony.

M. H.'s Journal.

"*Mentone, Nov.* 28, 1861.—What a pleasure to wake up here in the Maison Trenca, and to know that there is no more travelling—inns, stations, omnibuses, tables d'hôte—that here we are arrived, and are not to move again for a long time.

"Maison Trenca is on the side of the 'fruitful hill' covered with olives, on the Genoa side of Mentone, about half a mile from the town. The ground floor of the house is occupied by M. Trenca, with his wife and children. We have the first floor; and nothing can be more suitable or convenient than our apartment—a drawing-room with a balcony, and three good bedrooms to the south-east, looking on the sea, with the large red-tiled Pension Anglaise just below us, and on the left hand the fine rocky coast stretching out to Ventimiglia, only partially hidden by the olive-trees in the garden. To the north is our dining-room, a very good kitchen, and small spare room.

"It was a wet morning. No matter. Here we are, and thankful to rest after the fatigues of yesterday and of many past days. In the afternoon an interval of fair weather enabled me to get out, and I found a delightful terraced road leading straight from our garden to the town, with villas above and olive-trees below and the lovely view seen through them, while Mentone, with its high houses and old archway, reminded me both of Amalfi and Porto-Venere. Nothing can be more picturesque than the narrow streets of

the old town, closed in by dark archways above, and filled with bright figures beneath; the latter, for the most part with handsome Italian faces. Most lovely was the view as I returned, with the golden light on the hills and rocks, and the clear blue waves breaking on the beach below."

"*Dec.* 1.—What a beginning of December! A hot sun which would be in England that of May or June; no cold wind; a truly Italian day. I went to draw on the terrace in the morning, and in the afternoon we went through the town to the beach below it, and sate there to draw the castle tower. Nothing could be more exquisite than the colouring. All day men have been at work cutting down the olive-trees in front of our house to give more sun and view. It is frightful to see them perched on the slender boughs, and cutting away branch after branch. One of the men is quite a picture, with his red handkerchief on his head and his handsome oriental face."

"*Dec.* 5.—'The rain is over and gone,' and gladly have we once more sallied forth in sunshine and blue sky. At one o'clock, Theresine came with her donkey, and we went to the bridge and villa on the Genoa road; she with our two camp-stools placed on the crown of her flat hat, and with a red handkerchief underneath, was a most picturesque figure, and her handsome face completed the picture. At the villa gate I dismounted and we went in, and down the terraces and steps to a walk whence the great gorge and the old aqueduct and bridge, with the high peaks above, made a most splendid scene. The villa itself is enchanting, washed by the blue sea, with its berceaux of vines and roses, and large trees of heliotrope and jessamine. When we went away, Theresine had added a large bundle of oranges to the weight on the top of her head, from which she gave us two or three beautiful ones."

"*Dec.* 12.—A splendid morning encouraged us to go off

to Monaco, driving away from Mentone through the avenue of plane-trees, across the torrent, which was so swollen on our arrival, and along the Nice road for a long ascent, till we turned off on the left to Monaco. A custom-house of the most primitive kind marks the boundary of this petty domain.

"Monaco is situated on a long peninsula jutting out into the sea, and dividing it into two lovely bays, of which one is backed by a very fine mountainous crag. On the crest of the promontory are the town and palace, entered through a gateway by a beautiful smooth gravel road, a perfect contrast to those beyond the precincts. This leads up into the town through avenues of cypresses, and is bordered by gigantic aloes, some with their flowering stems towering into the blue sky. I sate to draw in a charming sheltered spot, surrounded by aloes and euphorbias. The promenade, through which I returned, is a public one, and most beautiful with masses of aloes and cactus of ten or twelve feet high, shrubs of geranium still in flower, and myrtles, pines, and carouba trees, forming a mass of varied and Oriental vegetation as a foreground to the sea, while in the far distance a snow mountain peeped up above the nearer ranges."

"*Dec.* 12.—At one o'clock I set off on Lisette with Theresine to follow Augustus to the Cape St. Martin. The road wound through olive-woods and splendid orange-groves till we came out at the Cape, bordered by great white rocks over which the waves were breaking. It is a most wild, romantic spot, covered with firs and pines, and the ground carpetted with an undergrowth of myrtles—the beautiful view of Monaco and its crags on one side, Ventimiglia and Bordighiera on the other."

"*Dec.* 31.—A beautiful bright day and clear air. I gladly escaped from my cage to enjoy the glorious sea, whose

waves rolled up in long lines across the bay. In this wondrous climate carnations are still blooming, with blue salvias, roses, geraniums, malvas, and white starry marguerites. . . .

"And so ends 1860. God be praised for all the preservation and mercies which have attended me and mine from the beginning to the end of it."

"*Jan.* 1, 1861.—The new year has begun with sunshine and brightness, and loveliness in all around. It is difficult to believe in its being winter.

"The sea was most beautiful with its white-crested waves rising amidst the deep blue. I took a long stroll through the olive-woods, and came round by the cemetery, where it was so sheltered and warm that I sate on the steps of the chapel, and there gave thanks to Him whose wondrous works of beauty were stretched before me."

"*Jan.* 26.—Augustus went off to Grimaldi, and I followed on a donkey at one o'clock. The ascent was most unpleasant with its precipices—a 'mauvais pas,' indeed, on the narrow ledge of the mountain, where one false step would have been fatal. Lisette, however, did not fail me, and we got safely over the perilous way, up to the wild and picturesque village on the side of the mountain, embosomed in olive-woods. Arches and narrow streets, crooked and filthy, were more romantic than pleasant. But the tower of the Grimaldis, beyond the point, is a lovely subject, and we found a delightful position to sit in amidst rocks and euphorbias. The waves dashing up over the rocks beneath the Roches Rouges were magnificent; and rising up in a column of spray through a hole in one of them, like a miniature Geyser. There is something in the clearness of the sea that adds to the effect; the varied blue and green was most lovely."

"*Feb.* 14.—We drove in the afternoon, an unwonted luxury. The sun had been clouded over, so it was not

bright, but the views were still lovely. At Ventimiglia the snow-peaks were partially hid under mist, but looked very unearthly, and of the purest white where visible."

"*March* 8.—At two o'clock Augustus and I set out for the afternoon laden with our drawing apparatus. It was very hot as we went up the narrow stony ascent into the olive-woods. There we found the banks covered with white periwinkles, and after a time we went down into the orange-groves, over a little bridge crossing the torrent, and again mounting the other side of the hill, came to the Trencas' Campagne. It was a pretty simple cottage, in front of which a large fig-tree stretched out its branches, and, in this sort of piazza, chairs were placed, and we sate down to rest, with M. and Madame Trenca, who, with their little Louis, come to spend every afternoon there. He superintends his labourers, and she brings her knitting, and goes about with him. By-and-by they took us into the orange-groves close by, and there M. Trenca plucked off a large number and gave us, so that Augustus was heavily laden for our return. They look so rich and golden on the trees, it seems a pity to gather them, but the number is so great they lie strewn on the ground unheeded. A friend of the Trencas now joined their party, and while we retired to draw the cottage, they sate before it, and the children played together.

"Above the door is an inscription with texts—'Here we have no abiding city,' 'Peace be to this house,' &c. On the other side is a large blue sun-dial painted on the wall, and under it, 'Nous consumons les années comme une pensée.' There is a small room looking out on the sea above stairs, then a bedroom reached by a ladder and a trap-door. These, with a room below, now filled with wood, and a small kitchen, form the whole of this primitive abode, where M. Trenca lived before his marriage. They told us

their violets sold for twenty-eight soldi a pound, nearly one franc and a half. One cannot imagine a life more simply enjoyable than this of the Trencas'—having just sufficient to do, and not too much to prevent their benefiting by the beauties around them and living in peace and comfort and love."

"*April* 26.—Augustus and I mounted L'Amore and La Guisa, and, with Ravellina, went up to Santa Lucia. The new green of the avenues and valley of Cabruare was quite lovely, and nothing could be more beautiful than the scenery and woods as we wound up the steep rocky path of the mountain. The fir-woods, and the rich carpet of myrtles, rosemary, and lavender, made the foreground to the fine mountain range of S. Agnese. We stayed for two hours drawing at the chapel, and most delightful it was on that point with the amphitheatre of beauty surrounding us on each side."

"*April* 30.—Our last day at dear, sweet, lovely Mentone. May God be praised for all its benefits."

"*May* 1.—A lovely day with a cold wind. At eight A.M. the omnibus was packed, the rooms stripped of their boxes, and we went down the garden walk, accompanied by the Trencas, M. Trenca saying, when I spoke of going home, 'Ah, la patrie c'est bon d'y retourner, cependant toute la terre est au Seigneur.' We bade them an affectionate farewell. They were very tearful over our departure, and little Louis roared out of sympathy. At last we were fairly off, and looked our last on Maison Trenca, Pension Anglaise, and the streets of Mentone, with many parting words from those we passed. Beautiful S. Agnese towered up as clear as ever, and the fresh green made all look lovely in its spring brightness. Augustus and I went in the coupé, and the servants inside, so we saw the grand views well over the Turbia precipices; but it was a relief when we turned to

descend, and Monaco was left behind, so that the lingering good-bye to Mentone was over. . . . ."

"*Valence, May* 9.—We have had a prosperous journey. The first night we slept at Antibes, and left in a lovely morning, when the whole snowy range of the Maritime Alps were melting into the clouds, behind the delicate tints of the nearer hills. Our way lay through most luxuriant country by Grasse to Draguignan; the corn, vineyards, olives, flowers of every hue, hedges and fields of roses, the young green of the fig-trees, and all the spring vegetation, quite a relief after the comparative bareness we had been used to, beautiful as that was. At S. Maximin we stayed to see the fine old Gothic church, and the venerable sarcophagus said to be the tomb of Mary Magdalen, and the gorgeous gilt shrine containing the piece of 'incorruptible flesh' which the Saviour touched!

"From Avignon we made an excursion to Vaucluse, through a long expanse of plain, with little variety except a picturesque village here and there. The road up to the fountain is an easy ascent by the side of a lovely blue rushing stream, which tumbles over the rocks in its course. The amphitheatre of yellow rock here forms a great chasm, immediately under which is a large pool. No fountain is visible, but the water seems to emerge from under the rocks, and at low water you can see it more plainly. It is a singular, rather than a beautiful spot. The town is picturesque, with an old ruined castle on one of its heights, and backed by the grand gorge of rocks. As we sate to draw it, the nightingales sang most sweetly"

"*May* 12, *Grande Chartreuse.*—We came here from Voirons, ascending in a sort of gig from St. Laurent du Pont. I never saw anything more exquisitely lovely than the spring green of the beech-woods, mixed with the dark firs, or more grand than the gorge of rocks and cliffs under

which we passed, sometimes going through galleries like those on the Simplon, at other times isolated crags rising out of the deep valley beneath, while at the bottom of the ravine a torrent rushed along amidst the woody banks. The road is perfectly good, and there is no steepness of ascent till the mass of buildings of the monastery appear, like a small town enclosed within a wall. On asking for lodging at the Infirmary, which is appropriated to lady visitors, we found the sisters had only just arrived, and their box followed us into the house, so, as it had not been inhabited all the winter, it was like going into a cellar. . . . In the morning, Lea and I walked up the wild romantic paths, through fields covered with the most lovely gentians, forget-me-nots, yellow anemonies, and oxlips, and then through fir-woods towards St. Bruno's Chapel. Nothing can be grander than the situation, and the variety of the woods makes the colouring lovely; but I am disappointed not to see one monk with his white cowl: all without the walls is solitude, it is like a gigantic prison."

The only shadow over my mother's happy winter at Mentone, came in the news of the death of her only brother, Mr. Penrhyn, and the impossibility of being with him in his last illness. The loss of his warm welcome and unfailing sympathy made a great blank in her return to England, though she was much comforted by the loving attentions which she always received from his four children, and which she warmly and tenderly appreciated. In the following spring (of 1862), on March 5, the day preceding the first anniversary of her brother's death, came greater grief in the parting with her beloved sister, Mrs. Stanley, endeared to her in a whole lifetime of unbroken confidence and revering

love. It gave an additional interest to her little Holmhurst that this dear sister had seen and enjoyed it, and that their last intimate companionship was associated with the new home. Here my mother remained quietly for nearly two years. From letters and journals of this time are the following extracts :—

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Holmhurst*, *August* 22, 1861.—Yesterday, to vary my thoughts, I went to Hollington, and called on old widow Wellar, who had just been cheated out of her spectacles by a pedlar, who pretended to examine them, and exchanging an old broken pair into her case, carried off hers. She had told the 'p'lice,' but was in great trouble. Then I had a long talk with old Burgess, which is really a treat, for he is a kind of Bunyan in his spiritual experiences and histories. He told me how he had an ungodly neighbour, 'all for the world, and never going to church.' He could not forbear going to talk to him about his ways; he looked uncomfortable, but said nothing. Next time Burgess went, he said: —'After you were gone I could find no rest; your words stuck in me; you told me to pray, but I did not know what prayer was. At last, in my distress, I went into the little parlour alone, and knelt down :—"Lord, teach me to pray." He heard, and I had no more difficulty.'

"Do you like a Sunday walk round the garden? The basket is quite luxuriant and brilliant with its geraniums, yellow calceolarias, and ageratum. The borders, too, are filled, and their flowers gorgeous. Here one or two lingering roses appear. Those over the verandah are blossoming wildly and picturesquely over the ivy at the corner of the drawing-room. The dark purple convolvulus, mixed with the jessamine, is beautiful Mr. Blackstone, who has just

been here, says we have 'the poetry of Hastings without its prose.'"

"*March* 11, 1862.—My own Augustus will well know how my heart is with those in Alderley churchyard, and now C. L. and I join in spirit in the solemn service over our dearly-loved sister, and pray for all who are so deeply bereaved. . . . .

"And now, my Augustus, that one of my dearest earthly treasures is taken away, you, more than ever, will be my comfort and solace, and your tender care and love soothe and cheer me through my remaining years. May I be strengthened, if it be God's will, to continue yet awhile with you, until your heart is more firmly resting on Him who can stay it in all trouble, and who will never be taken away from you. Your birthday is at hand, and it is one good of your absence that I can on paper express what in speech I could not do, of earnest desire for your good in the coming year, and health and blessing on my adopted one, for all that you are to me. . . . . We have all the same enemy to contend against—Self. Self-seeking, self-pleasing is so natural to us that only the Spirit of God can cast it out; and oh! what blessedness when such is the case, and all the unquietness of our poor weak hearts is stilled by His voice. May the present trial lead us to live more closely to Him; and for all His blessings in this our home, and for all the love given us in each other, may we live our thanks. God preserve and bless you, my Augustus, and make you more and more a true and faithful follower of Christ, as you are a loving and daily comfort to your very loving mother."

"*Sept.* 2.—I miss my darling most in the garden, and long to admire all to you as I take my Sunday walk. The sea is its *best* blue, the jessamine is all out, the convolvulus is beginning to mix with it, and the asters are blooming."

MRS. JULIUS HARE *to* M. H.

"*Nov.* 21, 1861.—My first and most pleasant work this morning must be to send you a greeting, dearest Mia, for the day which is so dear to all who love you, and which in other times has been brightened and cheered by the love, which prized it so much, and ever hailed it with increasing tenderness as years went on.

"And though 'they reckon not by days or years' where the beloved husband, and brothers, and parents are 'gone to dwell,' yet the love that brightened special days on earth remains, and is perhaps yet allowed some exercise towards those upon earth whom it delighted to bless. But this we know not; enough for us to know that they are with Him who is love, and that all His manifestations to us, amid the darkness of this world that surrounds us, are from the love in which they and we are united.

"Blessings on your new year, dearest Mia, from Him who giveth liberally, and who in the course of the last year has again 'established your border,' and given you so much in the place of what He has taken away. May He be with you in the new home, even as He was in the old one, and make you the minister of good to others, as well as the receiver of His bounty."

M. H.'s JOURNAL—("The Green Book").

"*Nov.* 24, 1861.—My last entry in this book was in our old home, this must be in the new one. Above a year has passed since our transfer to the fresh dwelling-place, and in this time God has mercifully guided us where to go, blest us in our wanderings, and brought us safely to our home again. One great sorrow has befallen me in the interval, in the loss of one associated with my earliest recollections, and who had ever been to me the kindest of brothers.

Short was the warning, but it found him ready; and so blessed was the close of his outwardly blameless life, so ripened was he for his heavenly inheritance, that it took away the 'sting of death,' and, even to those who are left, seemed to make the consolation equal to the grief. For myself, I was thankful to be where I could be alone with God, and rest every care and thought on Him, undisturbed by the secondary causes which often distract the mind. I could feel that my beloved brother was safely landed on the eternal shore, and give thanks.

"Of lovely Mentone, and all the enjoyment and health it gave, I cannot now speak. It was a bright vision of beauty to rest in memory, a season of peace and comfort of soul to be thankful for. It is now six months since we returned to England and took possession of this new home. What thanks do I not owe to my ever-merciful Father for appointing our lot in such 'pleasant lines,' and giving me so 'goodly a heritage'—one so suited to all our needs, so exactly meeting the wishes and tastes of our whole household! What can be my prayer, but that 'I and my house may serve the Lord,' and that while we share His gifts, we may do so in dependence on Him, desiring to glorify Him in the place He has put us in.

"My 63rd birthday is just passed, and it brings with it a long register of mercies past, of sins forgiven, and of prayers answered. Should it not encourage me to cast every present care, anxiety, and want on Him who has so blest me? Help me, O my God, to do so! and do Thou for me and my dear Augustus abundantly more than I can ask for, filling us with Thy grace, and love, and peace."

"*March* 30, 1862.—It is in sadness and sorrow I again take up this book. God has visited us in chastening; and the sister I have looked up to from childhood, adored in youth, and clung to as my best earthly friend and comforter

through middle age, has in one week been taken from us. It seems hardly possible to believe that the energetic mind, so warmly interested in all that was going on, should have ceased to be amongst us. . . . ."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*March* 29, 1862.—I have scarcely been able to think of anything lately but you, my own Mia; and those lines of Southey's are never out of my mind—'Not to the grave, my soul'—which always carry me back to *our* young days, the ash-tree on the hill at Alderley, and the many rides and walks and sittings-out which memory keeps fresh and bright as ever. Every day I feel and realise more and more that Death is not, will not be to the believer so much a change as a perfecting of all begun in Time here. It will be ourselves free from the flesh and the self of sin and the temptation of Satan. I have just been meditating on the chapter of Moses in the mount with God. With Jesus, the man, the friend, the same for ever, we shall certainly not have *less* personal intercourse in heaven than Moses had on earth. The difference will be that *we* shall then be raised and glorified to fit us for His company, instead of His humbling Himself to meet His people upon earth."

Mrs. Julius Hare *to* M. H.

"*March* 8, 1862.— . . . One by one, my beloved sister, the links that have bound you here are loosened, and you (whose frail body we have so often watched with such anxiety) are left alone in your generation, at least of nearest ties. He who has called you to this estate will be with you, and give you greater nearness to Himself. For that you have been ever praying whilst your life was so rich, and now He answers you in a way you little looked for, in 'an hour

you thought not of.' 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee'—calleth for thee to heal thy wounds, not indeed by restoring to earthly life those that are gone, but by giving you His own supporting presence, in which is the fulness of life, and in which you are one with all who are with Him.

"Dearest Mia, I feel as if I had a right to a double tenderness of sympathy and share in your sorrow; for you know well what this loss and sorrow would have been to him who loved her so much—and *you* so devotedly, and that if he *could* have loved you more than before, he would now have poured out all the most cherishing fondness of his loving heart."

To M. H. *and* L. A. H.

"*Sept.* 10, 1862.—Though I have not been able to speak with you on paper, beloved sisters, my heart has often talked with you, and I love to think of you together, true helpers of each other's highest joy, and seeking to rise together from the littleness of earth into heavenly places. Many thanks for all your loving thoughts and helpful prayers for me during the last month of serious illness. I should have written yesterday, but felt constrained to copy out a hymn for ——, and send it her with a note, just to tell her the peace and rest which comes, not by struggling to believe, but just by looking up at Him. It is *rest indeed*, and worth any depth of weakness or illness to feel it, and to see, when you can think or feel nothing, the answering look of love which is returned to the uplifted heart, or rather, which has first drawn it to look up, that it may see what there is there for it.

"Oh, that all our dear children may be led into that light and rest! I think of them each and all, and just lay them before Him, asking Him to give them *filial* hearts towards

Him. The Confirmation Prayer—'Defend, O Lord, &c.'—seems to express all I would say for them."

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Hurstmonceaux Place, Oct.* 9, 1862.—Here I am a visitor at our dear old home, looking into this pretty park, with its fine trees, hardly as yet turned in foliage, and now I must go forth on my round.

". . . . The shrubbery was most pleasant, with the sun glinting through the trees, the brown dry leaves crackling under foot, the castle in full sunshine below. The churchyard had its usual sheep feeding in the long grass, but the neat little fence kept our sacred spot free, and it was trim as a garden lawn. Lovely was it on every side,—the downs soft and clear, the whole scene in full bright sunlight. Mrs. Harmer was full of gladness when she opened the door and saw my face. The sons came in to their dinner, and then the father, who did not know me,—but when told, said he remembered my husband; they had been boys together, and then came a lamentation over the Hares. George Pellett has been to see me. He is 'terrified with rheumatism outwardly, and inwardly with wicked thoughts,' but had much that was interesting to say . . . It is a cloudless day, and Hurstmonceaux looks its very brightest."

My mother especially delighted in her Sundays. They were not only days of rest but of real enjoyment to her. Before going to church she always devoted herself entirely to thinking of and reading about the lessons appointed for the day, and referring to Jeremy Taylor, Leighton, Tauler, Olshausen, Calvin, Luther, Alford, Barnes, and other commentators, for their views on the subjects contained in them. She also *every* Sunday read and thought upon the Resurrec-

tion. In the afternoons she visited her garden, and sate out in the fields overlooking the sea, whenever the weather allowed. In the evening she played and sang hymns. With Henry Vaughan, she regarded her Sundays as—

> "Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of bliss;
> Heaven once a week;
> The next world's gladness pre-possessed in this;
> A day to seek
> Eternity in Time."

It had been a distress to her on our first settling at Holmhurst, that the church was at so great a distance. In the autumn of 1862, chiefly through the kindness of a neighbour, a little iron church was raised close to our gates.

M. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*Holmhurst, Nov.* 23, 1862.—This morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and the sea shone resplendent under its beams, but still brighter has the inward sunshine been to me this day.

"It was a blessed sound as I went up my laundry stairs to hear the hum of little voices; and on entering I found Miss S. and Anne Cornford comfortably seated with two forms of little boys and girls, Miss S. with a class who could read, and Anne teaching a hymn. Then you may think what it was to go for the first time into that little church, and find it quite full—no carriages to-day, so it must have been the people of the place.

"Mr. Colpoys read devoutly; and when giving out the psalm to sing, said he hoped all would join, and also in the responses, and how important this was in public worship where minister and congregation were to join together. The

singing was tolerable, and I can truly say of the sermon, that I rarely heard one so good, and never one more suitable or better. The text was Rom. i. 16. . . . And did I not walk home praising God in my heart, and kneel in my room and thank the Giver of every good gift for this, and beseech Him to bless this His gift to me, my household, my child, my neighbours, to the glory of His name. and to the salvation of souls! . . . The house being locked up, the whole household go to church. And I,—shall I not bless the Lord with my whole soul for all His benefits, and seek for grace and strength to glorify Him in word and deed for all He has done."

In the autumn of 1862, my mother's health again began to fail, and the winter was passed in great suffering and anxiety. In the spring we again resorted to the unfailing remedy of foreign air, and, in spite of her great weakness, reached Hyeres in safety, where she at once began to revive, and proceeded to Nice, where we passed several months in a small apartment which had a beautiful view of the sea on one side, and of the snow mountains across orange and carouba groves on the other. In the late spring we went for a short time to revisit Mentone, and then to Geneva and Thun, where we passed some time in great enjoyment at the Pension Baumgarten, before returning to Holmhurst. In these tours the faithful Mary Gidman was our constant companion, and if I went away for longer excursions, she always accompanied my mother in her rambles through the mountain pastures she so intensely delighted in. The extreme pleasure my mother felt in mountain scenery was fully shared by her sister Lucy, who spent this summer in Switzerland.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Bex, July* 14, 1863.—Bex is most delightful, and though hemmed in by high mountains, the rushing waters of the Avençon, fresh from the glacier, breathe a coolness around. Our days glide by so peacefully, I never feel as if I wanted more than the few books I have. I do often look for my children, and feel a void, and think of the happy days with them in this beautiful land, but then I dwell on their happiness, and think what I would have given *then* to know how it would be with them. . . . . With these mountains, this sky, and the pine-covered hills, one cannot feel alone. We are climbing the mountains, not going down."

"*July* 30.—Are we not together on this day—we three loving sisters, left for awhile here below to give thanks for past earthly happiness, and to press onwards to the blessed meeting in our Father's house? I fear our beloved Esther is worse. . . . . She will read this, and know how near we are to each other, as eighteen years of mercies give us only fresh cause for saying, 'He is faithful who promised, for every day His promises are made good.'

"Mrs. F. Dawkins and her three daughters, who have the rooms over ours, are a constant pleasure. Some friend or interest will always be sent us that we may not be too lonely. This châlet is charming—the perfect peace and quiet—no sound but the rushing river Avençon under my windows, which, though muddy like the Arve, comes fresh from the glaciers, and so spreads a freshness all around. Yesterday morning the Dent, which looks down upon us, was covered with snow, while here it was like a soft September morning. The great heat is quite gone, the air is so balmy it is life to breathe it, and I never tire of sitting in the corner of my wooden balcony and looking on those granite peaks."

"*Bex, Sept.* 3.—I have waited to write that this might

find you with Esther. How I shall look for your report, though, alas, now I feel it can but tell of that which one knows but never realises till the separation comes. I shall see you all three, the three who never can look on each other without bringing back the blessed past, and memories which will soon be changed to still more blessed realities. This may be your last meeting here; but I never can feel very sad when I think of our separation, though when it comes it is very different; but I have so strong a conviction we three shall not be very long behind each other, that it seems as if the meeting were nearer and more real than the parting."

My mother's meeting with her sister Esther, in the autumn of 1863, was indeed the last,—Mrs. Julius Hare passed away early in the following February, while we were at Rome.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Bologna, Nov.* 6, 1863.—Can it be twenty-nine years, my Luce, since we were here together? So it is, and as surely as our Lord Jesus was with us both, in those days of mingled joy and sorrow, so surely is He with us now: you, in your watching by a sick-bed, me in my wanderings far away. I wonder whether you recollect this picturesque old town and its beautiful pictures?"

"*Rome, Dec.* 4.—Nothing can live more quietly than we do here,—quite as much as at home. In the evenings Augustus reads to me something connected with the history of the day. There are endless interests, but as long as the weather keeps fine, we keep to the country and the views for drawing. . . . . As I walk over the Pincio on Sunday mornings, do I not think of those Sunday walks in 1834,

when first the inward flood of sunshine illuminated the outward darkness of my life, and revealed the beauties of the unseen world whither my Augustus had entered—and can it be thirty years since then? I ask myself. Why should one ever doubt or fear, when the past testifies so truly that 'goodness and mercy have followed' one through all of sorrow and joy?

"The dry elastic air here gives me new life, and I am able to be out for many hours daily. The sky is splendid, and the Alban and Sabine hills, covered with snow, quite lovely. We still sit to draw in warm places: in the Forum it is like summer."

"*Jan.* 28.—The continued anxiety about dear Esther sc presses upon me that I can think of little else. . . . . There is no place like Rome for times of sorrow, and where in the midst of the world, and a gay one too, one can be so retired and solitary. And there is something in the relics of past ages and all the old ruins so mournful, and yet, in the crumbling away of earthly grandeur, so speaking of the true 'Eternal City,' that one's mind is continually filled with thoughts of a future that cannot pass away. Then the Campagna, with its wild solitary aspect and lovely views, is so unlike anything else."

"*Rome, Feb.* 18, 1864.—On this day thirty years ago, you and I, dearest Luce, stood by the bedside and received the last breath of that beloved one who was then delivered from the burden of the flesh, and entered the rest prepared for those who love their Lord. And I can find nothing so congenial as to talk to you, my beloved sister-friend, on this day when you will surely be reading the same Psalm xc., and recalling the same scene in that room so near me now. From the Trinità de' Monti I look down daily on its windows, and can give thanks for the flood of light poured in upon me there, and 'take courage.' Thirty years! How is it all

but as a day—a short day in God's sight, yet how long a one in all that has been crowded into it. How many dear ones have been taken away in this space of time from our sight, how many been given to fill up in some measure the blank. And she, our Esther, who is now hovering on the border-land, was a blessing given, now about to be taken from us. Can we not trust the Lord in our sorrow, while we praise Him for His goodness? I am so glad to be here on this anniversary, so solemn and so blessed, and to be able to spend it in a visit to the cemetery so sacred to me. There the growth of the aloes is a token of the years that have passed since they were planted . . . . . and you and I are nearing the haven of rest where it will little matter whether joy or sorrow has been our portion, if only we are wholly the Lord's, 'strengthened, stablished, and settled' in His faith and love.

"In this place one needs no outward spiritual communion. It is enough when alone to commune with Him who is the same that was yesterday when Rome was in its glory, and is to-day in its degradation, and will be in the future whatever be its course—and who has fashioned the beauties which still gird it round, and which can be equally enjoyed in all ages."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*London, Jan.* 30, 1864.—Our almost sainted sister lies close to me. Her gentle voice can now scarcely be heard, still the love at her heart's door is as warm as ever. She can still read a little in her Psalm book, but the seeing any-one causes such terrible suffering, she does not attempt it. It cannot last much longer, and then—the meeting, not the parting!"

"*Feb.* 29.—Our beloved Esther is now rejoicing in the better world. . . . . Just after midnight on the 19th her

bell rang, and when the maid came in, quite in a clear voice, she told her to call her sister. As soon as she went in, she saw that the end was come. Esther pressed her hand strongly, stroked it tenderly, but could not speak. Only, in answer to L.'s inquiry, she said, 'All peace and mercy,' or some such words; and when L. said, 'Is Christ with you?' she said, 'Yes'—closed her eyes, and, like a wearied child, laid her head on the pillow, and without one struggle or even passing cloud over the mind, she was asleep."

M. H.'s Journal.

"*March* 4, 1864.—I have heard from Arthur Stanley of our dear Esther's funeral. . . . .

"It was at Highgate. She had expressed in her will, and also on a separate memorandum, a strong desire to be buried at Hurstmonceaux, but a short time before her death she called for her sister, and asked her how long she was likely to live,—'For if I last till the spring, I should still wish to be laid by Julius at Hurstmonceaux, but if not,—if the funeral is to be in this cold weather, the living must not be sacrificed to the dead, and I must be buried at Highgate.' So it was. Arthur says it was a raw, gusty, sleeting day. He read the opening part of the service in the chapel, and then they went in carriages up the hill, for the grave is nearly at the top of the cemetery, in the vault where her father and mother and Priscilla are buried, and where Julius had buried her mother and Priscilla together, and been so deeply affected, and had knelt by the open grave. The mourners stood, partly sheltered by a small shed, Arthur on a gravestone immediately at the foot of the grave, against a large cross, without a name,—which seemed to him well to suit the thought of her who was gone. There lay the three coffins below, and upon them her coffin descended, with a white flower or two thrown upon it,—and so that sacred

lamp went out—went out, to our mortal sight, but to be rekindled, we may believe, with a better and brighter, but still the same celestial flame, where no cruel wind or sleet or storm shall agitate its keen pure light for ever.

"Her poor old dog Phloss pined away from the moment of his mistress' death, pined and vexed himself whenever the undertakers came to the house, and on the night before her funeral laid himself down and died—died, the servant said, just like his mistress, with one long gasp of breath, and ended a life bound up in our recollections with Julius, with Havelock, from whom it derived its name, and Julius's dear friend, Tom Starr, by whom it was given."

The winter of 1863-64 we again passed at Rome, reaching it, by a terrible and trying journey, through the flooded country around Ficulle and Orvieto, where the unfinished railway, and the difficulty of obtaining post-horses, made travelling most difficult for an invalid. Once established in the Piazza di Spagna, however, my mother began to revive, and her comparative health enabled her to enjoy this Roman winter more than any other. It was especially rich in the society of friends, especially that of the venerable Caroline, Lady Wenlock, who was living close by, and who in her great age preserved evergreen her wonderful gifts of wit and anecdote, mingled with a most winning courtesy and careful thoughtfulness for all around her,—of two of the daughters of our cousin, Sir J. Shaw Lefevre, who were passing the winter at Rome with their aunt, Miss Wright, afterwards my mother's kind companion and comforter in many days of failing health and strength,—and of Dean Alford and his family, whose well-informed interest in all that Rome could offer, added a fresh charm to all we saw

there, as it has often done elsewhere. The first few weeks of this winter were perfect Elysium—the sketching for hours in the depths of the Forum, watching the sunlight first kiss the edge of the columns, and then bathe them with gold; the wandering with different friends over the old mysterious churches on the Aventine and Cœlian, and the finding out and analysing all their histories from various books at home afterwards; even the drives between the high walls, seeing the changing effects of sunlight on the broken tufa stones and the pellitory and maidenhair growing between them; the Sunday afternoons, almost invariably passed with my mother in the Medici gardens, walking under the pine-trees in the sun, and looking upon the distant Sabine mountains, in their chill, snow garb; the delicious excursions with the Alfords into the distant parts of the Campagna,—to Ostia, with its gorgeous marbles and melancholy tower and pine,—to Castel Fusano, with its palace, like that of the Sleeping Beauty, rising lonely from its green lawns, with its grand forest full of gigantic pines and bays and ilexes and deep still pools in the abysses of the wood, bounded on one side by the pathless Campagna, and on the other by the sea,—to Collatia, with its copses filled with violets and anemones, and its purling brook and broken tower,—to Cerbara, full of colossal caves with laurestinus waving through their rifts,—to Veii, with its long circuit of ruins, its tunnelled Ponte Sodo, and its columbaria and tombs. These are our winter memories, these and many quiet days spent alone with my mother amid Roman ruins and gardens, when her gentle presence, when the very thought of her loved existence, made all things beautiful and lovely to the companion of her life.

In the spring we revisited Sorrento and Amalfi, and then went to Courmayeur, at the foot of Mont Blanc, on its magnificent Italian side. As we passed through Florence we paid a last visit to Landor, then in extreme old age, looking most patriarchal in his white hair and beard. His mind was clouding, and he scarcely recollected us at first, but he remembered the family, and repeated over and over again the familiar names, 'Francis, Julius, Augustus, I miei tre Imperatori! I have never known any family I loved so much as yours. I loved Francis most, then Julius, then Augustus—but I loved them all. Francis was the dearest friend I ever had.' A few weeks after, his great spirit passed away. Towards the end of June we returned to Holmhurst, where my mother spent the whole of the summer.

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Holmhurst, Nov.* 22, 1864.—Sixty-six! Yes, so many have been the years of my pilgrimage, and surely they are drawing near to their close. What a solemn thought, yet how difficult to realise it! The last year has added another to the blanks made in my heart's treasures; in losing my loved Esther from this world I have lost one who, for twenty-seven years, has been a most loving friend, and for seventeen years a dear sister. Her calm wisdom and loving sympathy has made her ever the most precious of my friends, and I have been so closely bound up with her in her Hurstmonceaux life, that I feel no one can share in the recollections of the past as she did. She is—

'Gone, gone, but gone before,
Silent the name
Upon the lips where once
The music came.'

Like a gentle river she has passed away and been translated whither so many of her beloved ones had gone before, and now they are all members of the heavenly host awaiting the fuller and more perfect bliss of the glorified saints.

"May I, in my few remaining years, be fitted to join them, being clothed upon with the wedding garment of Christ's Righteousness. There is no other that can cover one's emptiness. Oh, in spite of all the discipline of this life, how poor and wretched are my attainments in the heavenly life! how slothful and dead to spiritual interests! May the Lord himself quicken me to greater earnestness in running the race set before me, to more faithfulness in the duties of my life, and more submission in the trials of this troublesome world, its anxieties, and its contrarieties. O Lord my Saviour, do Thou come and fill my heart, and enable me, forgetting what is behind, to press forward to the prize of my high calling in Thee. Then shall I awake and be satisfied in Thy likeness, and be united with the loved and lost ones, and with them join in praises to the Lamb that was slain, who is alone worthy to receive honour and blessing for ever and ever."

The winter of 1864-65 was a terribly anxious one. My mother's powers failed with the approach of winter, and she became daily more and more ill. Gradually the consciousness came that there was no chance of her recovery but through going abroad, and then came the difficulty of how to go, and where. We turned towards Pau or Biarritz because easier of access than Cannes, and because the journeys were shorter; and then there was the constant driving down to look at the sea, and the discovery that when it was calm enough my mother was too

ill to be moved, and when she was better the sea was too rough.

At last, on the 21st of January, we left home in the evening, and crossed to Calais the next day. The passage was unfortunate, for as the steamer was coming into Calais a thick sea-mist came on and everything was shrouded. Bells rang, cannons fired, blue lights went up, but the steamer could not find the entrance of the harbour. At last a light-ship was sent out to guide it in, and on reaching the pier my mother was unable to stand from exhaustion and fatigue. It was a question if we could go on, but at last we decided to do so, and had a terrible journey across the frozen plains of France to Paris, where she was alarmingly ill for several days. Then we reached Tours, where we were again detained for some days in dismal rooms looking out on a damp, leafless avenue. At Arcachon she had a temporary revival, and sate out in the broad balcony of the little inn near the sea, enjoying the unwonted sunshine and the glimpses of the arbutus forest.

Then we reached Pau, and established ourselves in the Hotel Victoria, in the Basse Plante. We had not been there long when my mother became much worse, and soon quite unconscious. She said she thought she could sleep, but while she slept I was struck by a strange look in her face, and touched her. Her hands were quite cold. In terror I moved her arm, it fell lifeless. I raised her head, it fell forwards.

When our kind cousin, Sir Alexander Taylor, arrived, she was apparently lifeless, and we were chafing her limbs. Very soon her expression became radiant, one smile suc-

ceeding another. Complete beatitude lasted with the same entire unconsciousness for sixty hours. I felt the more certain it was the end, because she seemed already in spirit to have passed the everlasting gates. After sixty hours she spoke, but her mind still wandered amid green pastures, where she was still gathering the loveliest flowers, and where she heard the angels singing to her. She said that her brother and sister, who had 'gone before,' had been with her while she was absent from us.

Soon she fell into a second and deeper trance, which lasted a hundred and twelve hours, and was succeeded by delirium, and then by a third trance, which lasted twenty-six hours—of absolute rigidity, icy coldness, neither the pulse or the heart beating, or any breath—an entire appearance of death. Then, from the gates of the grave, God gave my mother back to me.

Then we went to the Pyrenees, to Argelez, with its green valley of rushing waters, its splashing fountain, and its inn with the overhanging balconies; and afterwards to Biarritz, invigorating and delightful, with its rainbow-hued sea, and rocks amid which the waves either roar or grumble, as the wind wills them.

And we came home by St. Emilion, and Poitiers, and Amboise, with its castled height and primitive cottage-inn, which my mother so much enjoyed, and where I picture her sitting in the low whitewashed room, looking out on the broad river, ebbing slowly by in the golden summer sunset.

It was in this spring, just when my mother was restored to us, that another deeply felt blank was made in the narrow-

ing circle of her beloved ones by the removal, in the fulness of faith and hope, of Emma Leycester, a tenderly loved cousin, who had been almost a younger sister to her.

A. J. C. H. *to* A. F. M. L. HARE.*

"*Pau, Feb.* 15, 1865.—My two last letters will have prepared you for the sad news of my darling mother's state. She is indeed, I can no longer conceal from myself, fast fading away, and, with her, all the sunshine is fading out of my life. All Sunday she suffered terribly from her head; yesterday and to-day she has been almost unconscious. Lea and I have been up for the last two nights, and every minute of the day has been one of anxious watching. The frail earthly tabernacle is perishing, but one glance tells that her spirit, glorious and sanctified, has almost entered upon her perfected state. Her lovely smile, the heaven-light in her eyes, her angel-sweetness, who can describe?

" . . . All last night, as I sate in the red firelight watching every movement, and it seemed to me as if the end was coming, I thought of her hymn, so awfully solemn and real:—

'It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:

* The opinion of a friend from whose judgment I feel there is no appeal, has urged the insertion of these fragments of letters as giving the truest picture of my mother's strange illness.

Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.'

When the Master *does* come, she is always waiting. Has not my darling kept her lamp burning all her life long? Surely when the Bridegroom cometh she will enter into the kingdom.

"I cannot tell how soon it will be. I have no hope now of her most precious life being given back to me. It is a solemn waiting. . . . .

"*Feb.* 21.—My mother has been restored to me for a few days' breathing space, but I have not been able to count upon this; I cannot dwell upon hope. The feeble frame is so *very* frail, I cannot think she is given to me for long; but I glean and store up the blessings of each day now, against the long, desolate future.

"Last Sunday week she fell into her first trance. It lasted between sixty and seventy hours. During this time she seemed conscious of my presence when very near her, smiled sweetly, and even once murmured 'Dear;' but she was totally unconscious of all else around her, of day or night, of the sorrow and anxiety of the watchers, or of any pain or trouble. A serene peace overshadowed her; a heavenly sweetness filled her face, and never varied, except to dimple into smiles of angelic beauty, as if she were already in the company of the angels; and, indeed, perhaps she was, for—'I have not been alone,' were her first words on awaking; 'your Uncle Penrhyn and Aunt K. have been with me.'

"For the last sixteen hours she was in a death-like stupor. Then the doctor said:—'If the pulse does not sink, and if she wakes naturally, she may rally. This seemed granted;

at eight A.M. the next day she gently awoke. This was Thursday. There were three days' respite; but this morning, while her doctor was in the room, the stupor came on again. For some time her pulse seemed entirely to have ceased beating: since then, she has lain in a trance as before, not suffering, quite happy, scarcely here, yet not gone, *between* heaven and earth. I cannot describe the solemnity of the watching in the strange silence,—none of the usual outward phases of an illness; and as I watch, snatches from the hymns she has been wont constantly to read or repeat come to me so forcibly. Now these verses are in my mind:—

'Have we not caught that smiling,
On some beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were wiling
The soul from our earthly place?
The distant sound, and sweet,
Of the Master's coming feet.

'We may clasp the loved one faster,
And plead for a little while,
But who can resist the Master?
And we read by that brightening smile
That the tread we may not hear,
Is drawing surely near.'

"In the long watches of the night all the golden past comes back to me—how as a little child I played around my darling in Lime Wood—how the flowers were our only friends and companions—how we lived in and for one another in the bright Lime garden—of her patient forbearance of all injustice—of her sweet forgiveness of all injuries—of her loving gratitude for all blessings—of her ever-sure upward seeking of the will and glory of God,—and then my eye wanders to the beloved face, lined and worn, but glowing with the glory of another world; and in giving thanks

for thirty years of present blessing, should I not also give thanks, that not through the dark valley, but through the sunshine of God, my darling is entering upon her rest? . . .

"*Feb.* 26.—It is still the same; we are still watching. In the hundred and twelfth hour of her second trance, during which she had taken no nourishment whatever, mother spoke again, but it was only for a time. You will imagine what the long watchings of this death-like slumber have been, what the strange visions of the past which have risen to my mind in the long, silent nights, as, with locked doors (as the French would insist that all was over), I have hovered over the pillow on which she lies as if bound by enchantment. Now comes before me the death-bed scene of St. Vincent de Paul, when, to the watchers lamenting together over his perpetual stupor, his voice suddenly said, 'It is but the brother that goes before the sister.' Then, as the shadows lighten into morning, Norman Macleod's story of how he was watching by the death-bed of his beloved one in an old German city, and grief was sinking into despair, —when, loud and solemn, at three in the morning, echoed forth the voice of the old German watchman giving the hours in the patriarchal way:—'Put your trust in the *Divine Three*, for after the darkest night cometh the break of day.'

"Two P.M.—My darling has been sitting up in bed listening to sweet voices, which have been singing to her; but they were no earthly voices which she heard.

"Ten P.M.—She has just declared that she sees Ruth Harmer (a good, sweet girl she used to visit, who died at Hurstmonceaux) standing by her bedside. 'It is Ruth Harmer—look at Ruth Harmer,' she said. But it was not a voice of terror, it was rather like the apostolic question,—'Who are these who are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they?'"

"*Feb.* 27.—She has fallen into a third stupor, deeper than the others, and lies perfectly rigid. The shadows are closing around us, yet I feel that we are in the immediate presence of the unseen, and that the good Ruth Harmer is only one of the many angels watching over my sweetest one. Years ago she told me that when dying she wished her favourite hymn,—

'How bright those glorious spirits shine,'—

to be sung by her bedside; was it these words which she heard the angels singing to her? How strange that the scene I have so often imagined should be in a strange country, the only relations near having been strangers before; yet the simple people here are very sad, and there is much sympathy for us."

"*March* 10.—I think I may now write with comparatively less fear of a relapse; I believe that she is really being given back to us from the portals of the other world on which she was so long resting. The nurse went away, saying that fatal symptoms had set in, and that all *must* be over in three hours, when she returned; but in that time the dead limbs revived, the lips opened, the eyes began to see, the hands to feel. It had been a death-like trance of one hundred and ninety-six hours altogether. She remembers nothing of it now, and nothing of the illness which preceded it; but all her powers are gradually reviving and awaking. Throughout it has been less painful to her than any one, and it is so still."

"*March* 27.—My sweet mother continues in a most fragile and harassing state of health. Some days she is better, and almost well enough to enjoy reading a little, or being read to. On others, as to-day, her trembling increases to such a degree, as to prevent her occupying herself in any way. I need scarcely say how beautiful are her love and patience, how increasing the beatitude of her inner—

her heavenly life. 'Oh, how long it is since I have been at church!' she said last night. 'But you are always at church in your soul, darling,' I said. 'Yes,' she answered, 'that is the greater part of my day, meditation and prayer, and in the night I have all my hymns and texts to say.' On my birthday she gave me a most solemn blessing."

"*Biarritz, May* 12.—We have greatly enjoyed this delightful place, and the mother has quite recovered in its bracing air, though she had an adventure which nearly ended very seriously. We had heard much of the dangers of walking in the Bay of Bidart (about three miles from hence), but never really believed in a single wave flowing in unexpectedly for half a mile. Yesterday Miss E. Blommart went to draw with us in this very bay, and she and I stayed with our sketch-books near a ruined bridge, while mother and Lea walked on farther to the sands, which looked quite dry and very tempting, with the sea at an immense distance. Suddenly, while they were alone on the sands, one of these tremendous waves rushed in with great violence, and, almost before they perceived it coming, my mother was swept off her feet, and would have been carried out to sea if her companion had not planted herself as firmly and deeply as she could into the sand, and held her tight till the water receded. As it was they were completely drenched, but very thankful it was no worse. We have since heard of many instances in which people have been swept away and lost altogether on this spot."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*May* 31, 1865.—Lately you have been so near me in my dreams, which you know to me are quite a living reality, that I have never felt far off, and though I knew nothing of your movements, I felt all was well. . . . . And now comes a

letter from my own restored Mia, as if she had never been ill or from home.

"To think of you at your own dear home again—in that little church, among your flowers—to receive once more your dear letters is comfort enough. You can tell what it is, but I cannot write it. Only in constant prayer have I found comfort during your illness, and in thinking that we should not long be separated, but that the call to one would be the message to the other to be ready.... Each birthday reminds us how near the end may be. In three years we shall both have attained the allotted age of man, and may then take on our *souls' house* day by day, till called away to enter on our blessed inheritance."

"*August* 17, 1865.—In thinking of you, I am often made aware of one of the characteristics of old age. I hardly ever think or dream of you in your present home,—it is always Lime; I find myself there continually. I see the old trees, every spot both there and at the Rectory, and on Sundays sometimes it is almost as if I were at my little window watching the people come from church,—or, I am walking with you through your field, and turning into the lane from your wicket gate,—or it is Alton, still farther back,—or older days still on the lawn at Winnington and the hill at Alderley."

"*Abbots-Kerswell, Sept.* 30—Often, as I sit in my wood, I talk, or rather think, of you, and often perhaps our thoughts are meeting; but as for writing, it is not as in one's young days, when one came in from a long day as fresh as one went out, ready to sit up and write till twelve. Now I feel sensibly the infirmities of age, and when I come in, perhaps only from sitting out and walking a little, I am too tired to do anything; but as we enjoyed youth together, so now we can sympathize in old age, and feel how it also has its moon, and even sunshine—and, as Baxter says, the

communion of saints is now an article of belief, but believing will soon end in seeing and enjoying.

"This place is looking beautiful. We hope to get into our new house next year. In building it, I never feel I am preparing for *my* home, but for the dear M., and it is pleasant to feel that here I may now end my journey. As I sate to-day looking around, there was the brown beech, my own husband planted, grown into a large tree. Shall we ever sit together here, you and I—who can say? Here or elsewhere we shall be once more together, never more to be separated."

M. H. ("The Green Book").

"*Holmhurst, Nov.* 6, 1865.—Once more do I bid farewell to this peaceful home. After the trials and illness of the last winter and spring, it seems needful to spare others the anxiety on my account they suffered in the past,—and Rome, lovely Rome, is to be our portion. The summer and autumn have passed away in much outward beauty and inward comfort, and the rest to body and mind has done me good, and I trust fitted me to go on my way trusting in Him whose goodness and mercy have followed me in the past. May I be enabled to glorify Him more in the time to come, and wheresoever we go, be strengthened in faith to cast all my cares on the Lord who careth for us.

"In setting forth again I entreat Thy protection, my Lord and Saviour, for myself and my Augustus, that we may cheerfully accomplish all that Thou wouldst have us do. Keep us from all evil, accident, and illness, and, if it be Thy good pleasure, restore us to our home again. And to Thee, O Lord, do I commend this house and all in it while we are absent. 'Whether we live or die may it be to the Lord,' and may our earthly journey to the so-called 'Eternal City' be a type of our journey to the Celestial City, where

with the spirits of the justified we may rejoice in joy unspeakable in the presence of our God."

In November, 1865, we went out again to Rome by Genoa and the Riviera road, and then by the Maremma railway to Nunziatella, whence we had to proceed through the night in diligences, accompanied by mounted patrols as a defence against the brigands. The winter was passed in the upper floor of the beautiful Tempietto ("Claude's House"), looking down over the whole expanse of the city with its domes and towers. On leaving Rome we passed some days very pleasantly at Narni and Perugia, and then proceeded to Bellaggio, and crossed the Splugen in sledges, to visit the Bunsens at Carlsruhe.

The only variety to my mother's peaceful summer (1866) was a visit to Shropshire, and to Alton, where her poor friends welcomed her with a wealth of ever-green love, and where she gave a supper to forty of the older people in a barn, where the owls hissed overhead in the oak rafters. After the feast was over, she made the people a sweet little speech, praying that all present there might meet her at the Supper of the Lamb. It was her last sight of these old friends.

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Alton-Barnes, August* 14, 1866.– You can see me in this dear old home, for even now, though it is thirty-two years since I left it, there is little of change beyond one or two new cottages. There are the Downs, the White Horse, the primitive people, the tiny church and the rectory, still the same. You perhaps would think there were few now

left who remembered those old days, but though on each visit I find some gaps made, we gathered forty old friends to supper last night in the barn. On Saturday the school-children, seventy in number, had their treat.

"How surely does time heal all anguish! The sight of this place now causes no pain. It seems to bring back a dream of a former life—a paradisaical life, when an Adam and his Eve were walking together in that garden, and for a very few brief years were permitted to tread the path of life side by side. And as I cross the fields, go down the lane, and see John Brown still in his cottage, with head bent over his Bible, I could live over again those past days. Then there is still the now venerable white head of that grand old man William Pontin, who has so much to tell of God's goodness that he 'cannot satisfy himself with thanksgiving.' The golden sheaves cover the vast plains and sides of the Downs, and the peaceful hamlets are, as ever, lying in the valley."

M. H. *to* Mrs. Alexander.*

"*Holmhurst, June* 7, 1866.—Dearest Ma-man. . . . . My pen lingers in my hand as I write these words! The dear familiar old address to one who for the last three years has been to me a friend of the past, ever dear, but passed out of sight, mute and often unheard of. Yet so long as the frail earthly tabernacle incloses that beloved spirit, I must from time to time make an effort to come into its presence, and at least to find a place in the meditations and prayers of one whose heart is doubtless chiefly resting in the heavenly places, where so many beloved ones are gathered together, and awaiting her coming up thither. . . . .

* Mrs. Alexander ("Ma-man"), for so many years an honoured inmate of Hurstmonceaux Rectory, resided at Clifton after Archdeacon Hare's death. She died there in July, 1870.

"Cold winds, and now rain and damp, have kept up a cough I brought home with me, and till more genial weather is granted us I cannot quite get rid of it. Otherwise I am 'as common' (according to Hurstmonceaux phrase) at this season, restored to a certain portion of health and strength for the summer. One does not get younger at sixty-seven, and perhaps each year takes away a little slice of the powers of other days which still remain. Feeble, 'silly,'—one must be content to be,—in our weakness, seeking the more for strength and grace from above.

"How wonderful an example and encouragement is to be found in the 'Words of Comfort and Hope'* which *we* know were indeed wrought out, word by word, line by line, in and through bitter suffering! *There* was a triumph of faith, and you, dearest friend, were a help in time of need to accomplish and perfect it. May you also find the like consolation and hope in your own sufferings, and be made ready to enter into the presence of the Lord."

On the journey south in the autumn of 1866 we stayed to visit Ars, for the sake of its venerable Curé, who died seven years before, and of whose life so much has since been written.

A. J. C. H. *to* A. F. M. L. HARE.

"*Cannes, Nov.* 11, 1866.—On the night after leaving Paris we slept at Villefranche, near Lyons, and the next morning found a nice little carriage to take us to Ars.

"It was a pretty and peculiar drive: first wooded lanes, then high open country, from whence you descend abruptly upon the village, which, with its picturesque old church and the handsome modern one behind it, quite fills the little

* A collection of the letters of Mrs. Julius Hare was printed after her death under this title.

hollow in the hills. The village itself is almost made up of hotels for the pilgrims, but is picturesque at this season, with masses of golden vine falling over all the high walls. We left the carriage at the foot of the church steps, and ascended through a little square crowded with beggars, as in the time of the Curé. The old church is exceedingly interesting. In the middle of the floor is the grave of the Curé, once surrounded by a balustrade hung with immortelles, which are now in the room where he died. At the sides are all the little chapels he built at the different marked points of his life, that of Santa Philomena being quite filled with crutches, left by lame persons who have gone away cured. Beyond the old church opens out the handsome but less interesting modern building, erected by the Empress and the bishops, with a grand baldacchino on red granite pillars, and on the altar a beautiful bas-relief of the Curé carried to heaven by angels. In the old church a missionary was giving the pilgrims (who kept flocking in the whole time) a very beautiful and simple exposition on the life of Christ as a loving Saviour—quite carrying on the teaching of the Curé.

"At twelve o'clock a sister of charity came to show the Curé's room. It is railed off, because the pilgrims would have carried everything away, as they have almost undermined the thick walls in their eagerness to possess themselves of the bits of stone and plaster; but you see the narrow bed, the poor broken floor, his chair, his table, his pewter spoon and earthenware pot, the picture which was defiled by the demon, the door at which 'the Grappin' knocked, the narrow staircase from which he shouted 'Mangeur de Truffes,' the still poorer room down-stairs where the beloved Curé lay when all his people passed by to see him in his last sleep, the court shaded by ancient elder-trees, in which he gave his incessant charities,

and close by, the little house of his servant Catherine. She herself is the sweetest old woman, seeming to live, in her primitive life, upon the gleanings and the teaching of the past. She sate on a low stool at mother's feet, and talked in the most touching way of her dear Curé. When mother said something about the crowds that came to him, she said, 'I have always heard that when the dear Saviour was on earth, He was so sweet and loving that people liked to be near Him; and I suppose that now, when men are sweet and loving, and so a little like the dear Saviour, people like to be near them too.' In a small chapel of the school he founded, they showed some blood of the Curé in a bottle—'encore coulant.' Many other people we saw who talked of him—'Comme il était gai,' 'toujours gai,' &c. The whole place seemed cut out of the world, in an atmosphere of peace and prayer, like a little heaven. No wonder Roman Catholics like to go into 'retreat' there.

"We have been fortunate in finding a house at Cannes exactly suited to our quiet ways. It is a primitive cottage, on the way to the Croix des Gardes, quite high up in woods of pine and myrtle, upon the mountain side, far out of the town, and dreadfully desolate at night; but for the daytime there are exquisite views through the woods of the sea and mountains, and a charming terraced garden of oranges and cassia—the vegetation quite tropical."

"*Jan.* 8.—I have not known mother so well for years as this year in her hermitage amid the juniper and rosemary. She is so brisk and active, and the life is just what she likes, as she is able to sit out in the woods for five or six hours daily, and till the new year we have really had no winter, but glorious summer sunshine."

M. H.'s Journal.

"*Nov.* 9, 1866.—We have found exactly what we wanted in a cottage in a lovely situation. We mounted by the

Bellevue Hotel to the heathy hillside, and there, down a pathway, came to the garden of this house, to which a little shrine on the wall gives the name of S. François. At the turn of the road is a pergola of vines, cassia-terraces below lead to groves of orange-trees, and from the front of the house is a view of the castle and church of Cannes rising up against the sea, with the Isle Ste. Marguerite beyond. The companions of our hillside solitude are characteristic of the place, our maid Margarite who carols over her work in joyous Provençal ditties, in a free loud voice that is pleasant to hear, and Madame Bœuf, the mistress of the place, a hard-working woman, dressed in the broad hat of the country, who comes up two or three times a week with her two servants to gather the cassia-flowers."

"*Nov.* 30.—We have splendid weather: the bluest of skies and of sea and a fresh (not cold) air. The walks up the hills are easy and very pleasant, and I take my stick to help me up any rocks, and can sit there and look out on the scene below me, and think—oh there seems too much to think of at the end of life—of the past—of the future. I feel a great difficulty in fixing my thoughts where I would, on Him in whom all is centred, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' But He needs not our poor words or thoughts: in heart one can say, 'Thou knowest, Lord, that I love Thee.'"

"*Feb.* 12.—Throughout November and December the weather was most lovely, a very hot sun with occasionally a cold mistral day intervening, but usually I was able to sit out, and begin sketching again. Within a short walk were many small subjects fitted for my powers, and useful as practice. A charming terrace crossing the hillside leads to the cottage of Madame Addison and her boy Marius, and as we often passed her, we soon made acquaintance, and she was very friendly, sending us flowers, &c. Another

path leads to a fine old pine, with a little bastide near it. Higher up, a terrace walk leads down to an orange garden and the bastide of Madame Œillet,—a very picturesque spot with a lovely view of the Estrelles and of Cannes Amongst the walks, however, none are equal to the one up to the Cross. On a sunny morning it is truly delightsome to ramble up the forest road overlooking the snow mountains beyond Cannet and Grasse, and then on to the platform where the road divides into two and the Bay of Napoule appears on the opposite side with a foreground of heath and myrtle and pines, especially when, as I have just seen it, a picturesque shepherdess is tending a flock af goats in the wood with knitting in her hand and a little child playing at her feet. If we mount a little higher still, we reach the Croix des Gardes, a small iron cross planted in a large rock, from whence the view is more extensive still, and one can descend by a different path. In taking this round we daily fall in with Lord Mount Edgecumbe's children, the the three little girls walking and the baby-boy in a perambulator. These mountain rambles are most enjoyable, the glistening road where the granite and mica sparkle like diamonds being a sign of the extreme dryness, and the views around most lovely, especially at sunset, when the evening glow behind the Estrelles is like fire, with varied colours."

"*March* 12.—The most delightful of our excursions has been a day spent at Antibes with M. and Madame Goldschmidt. . . . . And now the almond-trees have exchanged their blossoms for green leaves, and the garden begins to look gay with tulips, wall-flowers, and anemones blue and red,—and the wild heath is covered with white blossoms."

"*April* 1.—Dean Alford has been here with us for a week, which has been a great delight, and since then I

have had the comfort of having Charlotte Leycester near me. . . . ."

"*May* 27.—We left Cannes on April 26, and have since been at Arles, and at Le Puy, with its picturesque streets and singular basaltic rocks. Hence by a wild forest road we went to the Chaise Dieu, where there is a grand majestic church like an English cathedral, and rejoined the railway at Brioude. We then passed several days at the lovely Baths of Royat, near Clermont, and reached home on the 18th. Oh! is there a day in the year more truly happy than this annual one."

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*Abbots-Kerswell, Nov.* 16, 1866.—You seem to have a very pretty resting-place (at Cannes), but you must not suppose we are in winter here. At this minute when I raise my eyes, the wood, no longer plantation, looks almost, I think, more beautiful than in summer with its bright red and yellow tints and dark fir mingling with the soft colouring of the fading larches and beech. . . . . You may well believe what the comfort is to feel here is my nest till I am called away to the home beyond. I do not envy you your southern skies, though I like to think of my beloved one there; only there are moments when a yearning after my dear Switzerland comes over me, but it soon passes, as I bound onwards in almost visible foresight of the coming day when not only all the loved spots of earth, but the whole extended creation, will open on our waking eyes.

"Of my life there is little to tell. You know just how the days glide by, hours like minutes, though I think as a home this is even more peaceful and delightful than I should ever have thought it could be without one's children. They never seem far off, and there is some interest or other every day in our little village,—none of our homes, not

even Corsley or Rockend, have been so all I could desire—uniting so much."

"*Feb.* 23, 1867.—There is hardly a day on which I do not feel near you. Whenever any fresh glow comes over my spirit, I fancy it echoed back by her who for so many years has gone along with me, and now as we are approaching the banks of that river which alone divides us from our heavenly home, I feel as if we were more than ever one. While you are reading Pressensé's 'Life of Christ,' I am reading Lange's, of whom I never tire: I always rise from it as if I had been living with our Lord and His disciples. I read no other books, for no others possess any interest for me, only the *one* Thing, the *one* Hope, the one true loving Friend of our souls. I cannot bear to be away from Him for a moment. I carry every care, every trouble, however small, straight to Him, and come away with such blessed answers of peace and rest,—not often actual joy, but as you feel—*peace*, not in oneself, but in Him."

"*April* 26.—If it had not been for the burden of the old man, which we must bear about with us to the end, I could say I had never been so happy as in the last few months; I have had such glimpses of the joy before us, such a sense of nearness to the unseen life, it has been at times almost too strong. I could hardly dare to think, all seemed so overwhelming, so far beyond anything we poor sinful creatures could dare imagine to be *ours*."

"*June* 6.—How many truths now seem clear as day to one, which we have been years in arriving at, sometimes almost thinking it was heresy, as the world would say, to believe such. And *now*, oh the blessed peace and rest in the full conviction that *God is love*, and not (as Macdonald says) only a great King on a grand throne, wielding the bolts of a Jupiter against those that take His name in vain; but that when we look for *our* King we shall find Him blessing

little children,—at table, with a fisherman's head on His bosom, and somewhat heavy at heart, that even he, the beloved disciple, cannot yet understand Him. If there is one thing more than another I can rest on and find never failing when in the poorest and lowest moods, it is the deep certainty of Christ's *love* for us, for us all. We so often look on His love, as we can see it reflected in our own, which is so far nearer allied to selfishness, that we do indeed see through a glass dimly We can now only love what is lovable, but *then* we shall see what infinite love was given us when there was nothing to love but what He himself gave."

"*Oct.* 15.—Did you see in the *Times* the other day about old age? when real decadence begins—and it said at seventy. And so I feel it. Every year now seems to tell more and more. New chinks appear in the poor mud cottage. May more and more glad warm daylight be let in, and I do hope I can say it is so; sometimes the bits of blue sky that appear look so blue, so bright, and the depths beyond so dazzling and pure, the dim eye of nature closes, only to make way for that of faith. I do not think an aged Christian ought ever to be sad, it is not merely that they may dwell on what is preparing for them, but what is preparing for *all*—for the whole groaning creation, and that even sin and wickedness and devils will be subject to the mighty power of the coming King, and find their proper place, and know and feel it could not be otherwise."

M. H. *to* L. A. H.

"*Holmhurst, June* 11, 1867.—'What joy, what peace can be like this, to feel that we are not our own but Christ's? that we are become members of His holy body, and that our life has been swallowed up in His? that we can rest in His love with the same undoubting confidence with which

a child rests in the arms of its mother? that if we believe in Him, we have nothing to fear about the feebleness and falling short of our services? for that He will work out our salvation for us—yea, that He has wrought it out. Who then is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died for us, to take away our sins, and is risen again for us, to clothe us in His righteousness, and sitteth at the right hand of God, ever making intercession for us, that we may be supported under every trial and danger, and strengthened against every temptation, and delivered from the sin of unbelief and all other sins, and girded with the righteousness of faith, and crowned with all the graces that spring from faith, and at length may be received into the presence of that Father into which our elder Brother has entered before us.'

"So speaks dear Julius to the beloved Luce.

"'It is only when love springs from the only pure source, as the love of God and of Christ, that it is thoroughly disinterested. For even the natural man desires to be loved by his brethren, and will love them for the sake of gaining their love; but when the natural man finds that his love is only met by thanklessness, it fades and dies. Christian love, on the other hand, in its outward workings is like God's love—it embraces the thankless as well as the thankful. This then, if we love Christ, is what we must strive to do for Christ.

"'In the day when He makes up His jewels, in that day will the souls of all those He has redeemed be gathered into a crown of glory around His eternal head.'

"So says the beloved Augustus to his dear Luce."

M H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Holmhurst, July* 14, 1867.—A year and a half have passed since I last wrote in this book, a time in which great

troubles and illness have come to us, no less than much mercy and comfort. . . . . In the quiet of our home I hope I may record more of spiritual life. I am able here to dwell more on the unseen, to seek more light and love, and to search the Holy Scriptures with greater attention. It is not indeed by 'frames and feelings' that one's Christian state can be tested, yet these and all other fruits of the Spirit do suffer and vary according to the inward communion with the Holy Spirit of our God. . . . . Let me endeavour then more and more to arm myself against all the temptations around by the Word of God and by His Spirit. Never was it more needful to 'watch and pray,' to be 'steadfast and unmovable,' to 'hold fast the sound words,' than now, when on every side errors abound and controversy embitters. Every shade of false doctrine in turn comes forth to do battle with the simple 'truth as it is in Jesus,' and then how hard it is 'to speak the truth in love,' to be uncompromising and faithful, and at the same time bearing and forbearing with the opinions of others, and to bring forth the truth believed in with loving gentleness. For this, one must seek to possess more of the mind of Christ, and be filled with His Spirit, to endure what is contrary, and testify to the blessed truths He has revealed. And faith too is wanted, not to despond, though heavy clouds may cover the sky. The sun will shine forth unto the perfect day; though for a time it may be hidden, we know 'the Lord reigneth,' and in this firm persuasion let me not doubt, or fear that sin, or error, or hatred can ever shake the Church of Christ founded on the Rock. Only let it be my aim and prayer to be built upon it myself, so will not the great water-floods prevail, and fixed and immovable I may hope to stand when the Lord shall come and I am called to His presence, where all mystery will be unveiled and we shall know as we are known."

M. H. *to* MRS. ALEXANDER.

"*Holmhurst, Oct.* 26, 1867.—My dearest Ma-man must have a few parting words. I say parting ones, for one feels it to be so in crossing the Channel, although, alas, westward and eastward part us equally now; our union can only be in spirit, there where no sickness or sorrow even now can separate those who are 'one in Christ Jesus,' and we are advancing closer and closer to that perfect union, where all that is mysterious here, and trying to faith and patience, will be cleared up, and shine forth in the glory of the Saviour's love.

"We are very busy packing up again, regretting the necessity of leaving the comforts and beauty of this home for foreign travel and strange places; but the fogs and damp come to warn me of the needs be.

". . . . I linger over the close. So much of tender memory crowds on me as I turn towards the beloved friend of those blessed days when we were side by side with those who now 'inherit the promises.' May we, dear Ma-man, follow them, and may all our suffering prepare and fashion us to be meet for that inheritance of glory."

A. J. C. H. *to* A. F. M. L. HARE.

"*Oct.* 27, 1867.—Our summer is ended, and the time is come to flit to the south, and leave our pretty Holmhurst again for seven months.

"All summer mother has been well. My worldly thought opposed her going to visit those who had wronged her in the last three years, but her forgiving spirit looked beyond mine, and she took her own way and went. She playfully called her journey 'a voyage in the Pacific Ocean.'

"When I returned from Northumberland in September she was still well, able to walk in her garden, to drive, to

interest and amuse her many guests, to enter into every subject of conversation. I often wonder whether I value these blessed hours of her well life enough. I cannot value them too much—the times when she is able to tell me so much of her past life and of the thoughts and feelings of other days—when, in answer to my murmurings at the ingratitude she has often received, she has always some noble answer of sweet forgiveness—when her heart, amidst all the troubles of the world, seems to cling in such perfect repose to the breast of her Saviour.

"She sits much apart in her own room now, and reads more. She realises in her Bible the sentence of St. Chrysostom, which says, 'All holy Scriptures are a garden full of the sweetest flowers—a paradise always refreshed with gentle winds and delightful rain.'

"Three weeks ago came a sudden and severe bit of cold weather, and she was grievously affected by it. The ailment from which she suffered when we were in London increased, and she has often been sadly trembling and helpless. It is then, in her weakness, that my sweet mother is even far more precious, far more touching to me, than in her health. There is a simplicity in the gentleness with which she adopts all the means proposed for her recovery which goes to one's heart; there is a childlike smile on her face when the mind is not quite able to *apprehend* any idea newly presented which is far more affecting than the quickest or the cleverest answer could be; and then the gleams of recovery are so unspeakably precious.

"All evening I have been sitting at her feet. You can picture her, in her large arm-chair, with her little table by her side with candles and her spectacles and books—Lea coming in and out occasionally to bring things, or see how she is getting on. She talked of old Mrs. Piper, the village schoolmistress at Hurstmonceaux, who had left her that

chair, how she, good old woman, had often said her prayers in it,—how, when perplexed by troubles without, or wicked neighbours around her, she used to go up to her room, and in that chair tell all her sorrows to God. Then I read to her, out of Goulburn's 'Personal Religion,' a chapter on 'When thou art old another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not.' The very text seemed so applicable to her being taken abroad just now. She was able to listen to it with pleasure, but was obliged to go to bed directly afterwards, when her 'good-night, my dearie,' was more than usually loving and lovable.

"You can see our evening—only one out of so many quiet evenings of our solitary life with each other, in which no one else has a share. We are to go to-morrow if we can, first to Paris and then if possible to Rome; but it is terrible to be setting out when she seems just on the verge of a serious illness, and I do so pray that when we walk for the *last* time together through the valley of the shadow of death, it may be in her quiet room at Holmhurst, surrounded by all the associations of her sacred past—*not* in a foreign journey, *not* in a strange inn. . . . ."

Our journey out to Rome was marked by a terrible accident, our horses taking fright at some navvies emerging with torches at night from a half-completed tunnel near Sestri, dashing up a bank, and throwing the carriage over from the rocks by the side of the road. The carriage was broken to pieces, but its three inmates escaped without serious injury. The shock, however, naturally increased my mother's feebleness; and though she arrived in safety at Rome, before February she was too weak to move from one chair to another. Her cousin, Miss Leycester had joined us before her illness assumed an apparently hopeless aspect.

A. J. C. H. *to* A. M. F. L. HARE.

"*Feb.* 9.—There is no improvement in my dearest mother's state. If there is a temporary rally, it is always followed by a worse attack, and intense fits of exhaustion. On Tuesday, Lea and I took her to the Monte Mario, and she sate in the carriage while we got out and gathered flowers in the Villa Mellini. That day she was certainly better, and able to enjoy the drive to a certain extent, and to admire the silver foam of the fountains at St. Peter's as we passed them. I often think how doubly touching these and many other beautiful sights may become to me, if I should be left here, when she, with whom I have so often enjoyed them, has passed away from us to the sight of other and more glorious scenes.

"It is in these other scenes, not *here*, that I often think her mind is already wandering. When she sits in her great weakness, doing nothing, yet so quiet, and with her loving, gentle, beautiful smile, ever on her revered countenance—it is surely of no earthly scenes that my darling is thinking. In the night now I am often seized with such an irresistible longing to know how she is—and then I steal quietly in through the softly-opening doors, and watch her asleep by the light of the night-lamp. Even then the face, in its entire repose, wears the same sweet expression of childlike confidence and peace."

"*Feb.* 10.—Mother is better and up again—bright and smiling. Last week when poor Mrs. C. died, Mrs. R., not knowing it, sent to inquire after her. 'E andata in Paradiso,' the servant Francesco said quite simply when he came back."

"*Feb.* 25.—My dearest mother has gained very little ground for the last fortnight, and continues very weak and ailing. Yesterday, for the first time for ten days, she went

out; she was carried down in a chair by Benedetto and Louisa, and went with C. L. to the Villa Doria. In the evening her breathing became difficult, and she had all the symptoms of violent bronchitis: to-day she is much worse."

"*March* 5.—It was just after I wrote last that her two doctors declared her lungs were paralyzed, and recovery impossible; and since then eight days have elapsed, in which night and day I have never left her side, constantly expecting the end. Mrs. Woodward and Miss Simpkinson have been here in turn, her most devoted nurses. On Saturday morning we all knelt round the bed, feeling that every instant must be the last. 'It is the Valley of the Shadow of Death,' she said; 'it has come to that at last. I have always tried to be ready for it. . . . It is a very dark valley, but there is light at the end. . . . No more pain. . . . The Rock of Ages, that is my rock!'

"'The Lord comfort you and bless you, my child,' she said to me; 'don't fret too much. *He* will give you comfort. Be reconciled to all the family, darling; love them all, this is my great wish. Love, love, love—oh! I have tried to live for love—oh, love one another; that is the great thing—love, love, love.' And then after she had sent messages and her blessing to all her own nephews and nieces, and after a long pause, she said, 'Tell your sister that we shall meet where there is no more controversy, and where we shall know thoroughly as we are known.'*

* My sister really went before. On May 25, 1868, with the same faith and courage which had sustained her through a sad and stormy life, she passed, by a sudden and terrible death, to the many mansions of an all-reconciling world. We found this sad news awaiting us on the day of our return to Holmhurst, having had no warning of any previous illness. (My sister had joined the Roman Catholic Church in the spring of 1854.)

"All through that night, and the two following days and nights, the state continued much the same, her strength gradually sinking, but whenever she was conscious, the most loving words, the most beautiful forethought for all. On the night of the 2nd of March she rambled gently about 'going home,' and asked if 'Death was always so long in coming;' then 'My health will all come back to me soon, no infirmities and no pains any more.' On the 3rd she suffered so much that I felt if God called her I could only be lost in thankfulness that the pain was over—but I could not leave her for a moment. Could I afford to lose one look of those beloved eyes, one passing expression of those revered features? So I sit beside her constantly through the long hours, moistening her lips, giving her water from a spoon, &c.

"Yesterday morning her face altered and fell. It seemed like the last change, but her expression was one of transcendent happiness. Then in broken accents she said:—'I am going to glory. . . . I see the light. . . . I have no pain now. . . . Oh, I am so happy . . . no more trouble or sorrow or sin . . . so extremely happy. . . . May you all meet me there, not one of you be wanting.' As I leant over and asked if she knew me, she said, 'Yes, I know and bless you, my dearest son . . . peace and love . . . all sin and infirmities purged away . . . rest . . . love . . . glory . . . *see* Christ . . . glory everlasting.'

"'Oh be ready.'

"'Let peace and love remain with you always. . . . That is my great wish, that strife may cease from among you . . . peace and love . . . peace and love.'

After saying this, she solemnly folded her hands together upon her breast, and, looking up to heaven, said, 'O Lord Jesus, come quickly, and let all these meet me again in Thy kingdom.' . . . As she said this her eyes seemed fixed on

another world. Soon after, when I was alone with her, she said to me, 'Yes, darling, our love for one another on earth is coming to an end now. We have loved one another very deeply. I don't know how far communion will still be possible, but I soon *shall* know, and, if it be possible, I shall still be always near you; I shall so love to see and know all you are doing, and to watch over you; and when you hear a little breeze go rustling by, you must think it's the dear old mother still near you.' She drew Lea's head down to her and kissed her, and said, 'You've done too much for me. I cannot reward you now, but the Lord will. Tell J. and all the servants that I was sorry to leave them, but I'm quite worn out; it was all for the best. You and Augustus will stay together and comfort one another when I am gone; and you'll bear with one another's infirmities and help one another. The great thing of all is to be able to confess one has been in the wrong. . . . . Oh peace and love, peace and love, these are the great things.'

"Soon after, in a pause of suffering, she said, 'It's very difficult to *realise* that when you are absent from the body you are present with the Lord.' Then, turning to Mrs. Woodward, she said, 'You have been very good and kind to me, dear Mrs. Woodward. I'm going fast now to my heavenly home. You will comfort Augustus when he is left desolate. You know what sorrow is; you have gone through the dark valley. . . . . It seems so much worse for others than for me.'

"In the night, when a little wandering, she said to me, 'Oh, it is quite beautiful. Good-bye, my own dearest; I can scarcely believe you will look up into the clouds, and only think of me as there . . . but you must also see me in the flowers, and in my friends, and in all I have loved. . . . I shall always think of you, and you will think of me. I shall spring up again like the little violets, and shall put

on an incorruptible body. . . . I shall always be floating over you, and watching over you somehow. We shall never be separated. . . . I am quite worn out. I thought I should not get better after my last illness, and I was only given back to you for a little while. I have always felt very weak, but I shall be quite *well* now.'

"On the morning of the 4th, her doctors left her, saying that the case was now utterly hopeless, that the strongest medicines could now have no more effect than water—that there was in fact nothing more that could be done. She still spoke at intervals.

"'I am all straight now—no more crookedness.'

"'Rest now.... but work, work for God in life.'

"'Don't expect too much good upon earth.'

"'Don't expect too much perfection from one another.'

"'Oh how happy I am! I have all I want here and hereafter;' and, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, 'The Lamb—the Lamb is the *life*.'

"She said much else at this time, in her slow and difficult utterance. All through those days and nights it is she who has comforted and exhorted us, and not we her. Every power of mind, of intellect, and memory, has been given back, lighted from another world. She has seemed to read all hearts and thoughts. 'God,' she said, 'had opened her mouth to speak to us.' And though I can tell the words she said, I can never give—no description can—an idea of the unearthly beauty of her face, of her uplifted eyes, of her trembling hands clasped solemnly in prayer or raised in blessing. It was in that last night, that in a moment of inexpressible glory, in which all we who were watching seemed carried up with her in spirit to the very gates of God, that she seemed to see the heavens opened, and spoke with rapture of a beautiful white dove that floated down towards her.

"From that time her pain has all gone. She remains with us, she struggles for breath, but she only says, 'I am so happy—oh *so* happy—all I wish for on earth and all I wish for in heaven;' and since Tuesday morning she has scarcely ceased praying, generally aloud, and cheering and blessing us with wise and holy words. Several times she has since seen beautiful gardens of the flowers which never fade—last night the white dove hovering over her. It has been a passing from one rapture to another, from one holy vision to another. She says I will not let her go; but I would not call my darling, my blessing, back to me, when she is so happy. I write all this now, because I feel I cannot write when it is over."

I insert these fragments of a journal letter written at the time, because otherwise I feel it would be quite impossible to give any idea of all that this illness was, an illness in which those who loved and watched her always feel that my mother's "last words" were spoken, though for two years and a half more her precious life was given back to us. On the 10th of March she began to rally, and on May 3rd was able to be moved from Rome to Spoleto, and afterwards to Este, in the beautiful luxuriance of the Euganean hills, whence, after a short visit to Berchtesgaden, we returned to Holmhurst.

L. A. H. *to* M. H.

"*March* 20, 1868.—I feel as if you were hardly come back again. I have been taken up with you so far on your heavenward journey, all common-place expressions seem powerless to say what I am feeling now, on hearing you are

sent back again for a time,—only I know it must be for some blessed purpose of love to us who are left. May that purpose be answered, and may all who love you and felt alike in losing you, be drawn nearer to each other in the joyful thanksgiving of receiving you again."

"*June* 22.—You can see me now, my own Mia, when I tell you I am sitting in my bedroom window with the balcony full of flowers. It is near eight in the evening, and after most refreshing rain, everything looks revived. The parting rays of the setting sun are shining over the distant fields, and lighting up some grand clouds which look—as I love to think they sometimes do—a fitting throne for the King of Glory when He comes, and oh that the hour was come. Often at night I get up and look out with a vague hope and feeling that I may see some strange sign in the heavens, and, though I know it is only a vain feeling, the thought, the hope of that coming is so constantly in my mind's eye and such overflowing joy to rest on, I love to think that what now would be called a visionary hope, *will* before long be a glorious reality, and somehow I cannot feel as if there would be any terror. I think, though it may not be so then, as if my one heart's cry would be, 'This is our Lord. We have looked to Him, waited for Him, and lo! He comes.' And I do so love to think of you, my sister-friend, a sharer of almost every thought for so many years, now once more near, as if we were really side by side. I could not feel you nearer, everything I am enjoying I know you are, that is, God's beautiful creation—the flowers, the birds, the rippling brook; it is the only thing in which we do not grow old. I feel in all else the full weight of seventy years, daily increasing infirmities knocking at the door of the old house, and telling me that the walls are shaking and I must be ready.

"Oh, at this moment if you could see the view—the

bright glow over the nunnery*—the dark cloud and then the roseate ones behind—such an evening as you and I have often enjoyed together, but never, perhaps, as truly as we do now. All that is sad is past, all that is glad and beautiful lies before us. Sometimes, as memory glides over the past, and scenes come back, almost with startling reality of presence, I feel for the moment a shame, a shrinking from self, as if I had been so undeserving—so wretchedly undeserving of all the mercies given; and then I feel as if I could never have loved with such an intensity of gratitude the Saviour *from* sin, if I had not sinned and in some measure learnt to hate the sin. Now a thought or imagination only, which is of Satan, or the World, or the Flesh, is like a deadly sting, and I turn from it as though it were abhorrent to my nature. Does it not show there is a *new* nature, and yet, *till* we leave the flesh, the old man will still be alive.

"I think I can say now with truth that I am miserable if I leave go of that guiding Hand one moment; there is such an indescribable sense of rest, of confidence and peace, when walking with Him; and does any word describe the life of faith more than that—'walking with God?' our will His—only happy when doing what is His will.

"Now the sun has nearly departed, and there is that grey, sepulchral opal colouring which at once carries one to the view of Mont Blanc from Geneva, as I have watched it so often. My Paradise on earth, in thought, is Switzerland; and for the heavenly one it is to me so material a place. I never am weary of going through all the imagery given us to dwell on; I think, as Milton says, 'what if earth be but the shadow of heaven?' and things therein 'each to the other like, more than on earth we think.'

* There is a Roman Catholic convent on the hillside opposite Abbots-Kerswell.

"Now good-night; my window is still open, and I can hear the murmur of the brook as I stand at it; the birds are going to roost, and my grey owl is setting up a solitary hoot preparatory to his evening ramble."

"*July* 1.—My seventieth birth-day was a very calm and peaceful one, in June weather as bright as one looks back to in *Prison-bar* days, when one so eagerly looked out in the morning to see what the weather was. But oh, as you say, would we go back? I cannot tell you the secret *joy* with which I felt and feel the age of man is attained; and now I may reasonably prepare and watch for the call, though most glad to receive and enjoy all earthly blessings. *But*, while there is sin within and without, I cannot imagine any aged Christian can ever *wish* to remain, though we must be patient; but the thought of all we are going to, of all we are for *ever* leaving behind of sin, and infirmity, and weakness, sometimes fills my eyes and heart to overflowing."

Those who knew her in her solitary spiritual life, apart from the world, dwelling more upon the invisible than the visible, will feel that the last lines are a fitting close to the extracts from the letters of Mrs. Marcus Hare (L. A. H.) A very few months after (March 15, 1869), she entered beyond the veil. Her illness was very short and painless; and, as she had wished, alone with the faithful maid who had been the constant companion of her widowhood, in her home at Abbots-Kerswell; and in that churchyard she is buried, in the shadow of its grey church-tower. In this beloved sister-friend, my mother, with one exception, lost the last of that loving circle who had grown up around her, and had shared her interests and sorrows through life.

M. H.'s JOURNAL ("The Green Book").

"*Sept.* 13, 1868.—How much was this day rejoiced in years ago! a day which gave us our beloved Julius, and was therefore one of united praise to our Esther and myself! Now it is a thing of past history. Some scattered ones look back, and regret their lost ones, and recall past scenes; but all goes on as if no Hurstmonceaux Rectory had ever belonged to us, no such loving days been ours.

"So does this world carry away on its waves one after another of life's fondest visions, and other scenes and persons take the place of the departed ones. But in our heart of hearts surely they still lie deep, until again they shall rise into living communion when the Lord shall come, and call us forth to meet Him."

M. H. *to* MRS. ALEXANDER.

"*Holmhurst, Oct.* 2, 1868.—. . . . The tidings which I receive of my beloved friend seem at least to convince me of the renewed fact which I last year saw with my own eyes, that dearest Ma-man, the precious companion of so many past years, the sharer in its joys and sorrows, the preserver of its blessed memories, still lives and in heart and mind remains unchanged. A brief but dear vision that was of you, dear friend, when I, last autumn, sate by your sofa and seemed once more to be restored to the thoughts of the Rectory-life. So little of that favoured time now is left to me, that it has a dream-like character, when the clouds open, and manifest that which has passed from sight though not from remembrance. And I doubt not that to you too, the sight of any fellow-traveller of those former days recalls them vividly to mind. Your restful life, unvaried as mine is by changes of scene and society, affords you more leisure

for retrospection than I find, to whom the fatigues and duties of every present day are too much to allow strength for great thought on things not immediately present.

"But I am rambling on as if we were side by side, while you may like to know more of these present things which surround me. Alas! I am sorry to say this month is come with its warning note of departure. The summer is past and autumnal gales are preparing for winter's cold. So before I am set fast, and the usual collapse of power comes, we must take flight southwards, where a prolongation of warmth may keep up the strength that has been so wonderfully restored.

"I fear the unusual heat of the summer will have been less favourable to you than to me. While I revelled in the Italian climate, and enjoyed my garden—its flowers, its shade, and its sea-breezes—you, probably, were panting under the heat and longing for cooler days. I never found it too hot, and the delightful repose in one's own home, after foreign life, was doubly welcome, when troubles and anxieties crowded on me, and one needed so much to cast one's cares upon Him 'who judgeth *righteously*.' Truly I can say now as ever, that He did not forsake me in time of need, and has upheld me when most tried. And so we must believe it will be to the end. Sickness and sorrow will endure, perhaps increase, but is He not faithful who has given Himself for us, the same now as yesterday? To cling to His love, to rise above the mists of earth—its controversies, errors, falsehoods, and even our poor and imperfect attempts at holiness—into the pure and perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, this, dearest friend, is my desire as I know it is yours, and may God bless it to each of us through our divers paths, and in the end unite us where all will be clear, all holy, and all peace.

"This, our Holmhurst Hotel. has been full all summer.

Now it is 'closed for the season,' and Mrs. Gidman (Mary Lea) will again have to exchange her kitchen activities for travelling ones. The time is short for unpacking what remains from the returned boxes of May, and re-packing them for our approaching migration, for we are intending to start, weather permitting, about the 12th, that we may cross the Alps before snow and frost beset us.

"Of public affairs, how much we should have to discuss were we together! Of the downfall of the Bourbons in Spain, of the advance of Romanism in England, and of various other matters. As it is, these must be left, and summed up in one prayer—'Thy kingdom come'—one of righteousness and peace.

"I seem to have told you nothing in these pages—nothing of my doings or thinkings—nothing of the past or present; yet, by piecing even these fragments with your knowledge of the old friend, you may arrive at some additional hints of the reality. On the 22nd of November next, if I arrive at that day, you may think of my threescore and ten as completed, and 'surely goodness and mercy' have followed all these years of my life. For you, what can I wish more than that so long as you continue here, 'joy and peace in believing' may be your portion, and your 'rest be glorious' when it is so appointed. You have my truest love, and my prayers that we may meet in 'His presence where there is fulness of joy.'"

To the same (after our return from another winter at Rome).

"*Holmhurst, May* 27, 1869.—I have been longing to send my beloved friend a visible proof of my existence ever since we returned home. We found all well here, and Augustus is now recovered from his severe illness—a fever

of three months. I was kept well till the late spring, and we have much cause to be thankful.

"You will know how great is the fresh sorrow that has befallen me. Since my other two dear sisters have passed away, scarcely any loss could have so deeply grieved me. A life-long friendship is broken, as far as this world is concerned, and, after all, we *reason* about past and future, we *live* and *feel* in the present. The blank is so great of her dear letters. But I must not grudge her the gain. She longed to depart, and be with Jesus, and her last letter was one of rejoicing.

"Well, we are nearing our haven more and more, dearest Ma-man . . . and now I must close my letter, though I would fain linger over the many recollections that crowd upon me, as I turn to you, dearest friend, the partner of so many joys and sorrows. What can we say, but that they are all swallowed up in the one great whole of God's love in Christ Jesus, and we have but a short time now before faith will be changed to sight, and prayer to praise."

M. H. ("The Green Book." The last entry.)

"*July* 25, 1869, *St. James's Day*.—Another day of fond remembrance is here! The Rectory scenes rise before my eyes—its master's loving thankfulness as he looks upon the comfort of his life, given to him as on this day—'the ladye's' kind words of wisdom and encouragement—and the mistress in grateful and humble reception of all tokens of love bestowed.

"Yes, it was a happy, united fellowship, now severed by the hand of God, who has taken from evil to come those who were then so precious, and who are now released from the toils and troubles here, to enjoy the fulness of joy in His presence. Shall we grudge them such a birthday of

gladness? No; rather may we press onward where they are, to be, like them, ever with the Lord!

'So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.'"

XX.

THE SUNSET BEFORE THE DAWN.

"No smile is like the smile of death,
When all good musings past
Rise wafted with the parting breath,
The sweetest thought the last."
Christian Year.

WE left England for Italy for the last time on the 21st of October, 1869, after a pleasant little visit to Archdeacon Harrison at Canterbury. In order to evade the early snows on Mont Cenis, we took the longer route through Germany, and spent several days at Carlsruhe with our old and kind friend Madame de Bunsen. At Verona my mother was well enough to walk in the beautiful Giusti Gardens, which we had so often enjoyed together, and at Vicenza she found almost equal enjoyment in the gardens of the Marchese Salvi, to which we had admittance, and which were close to our hotel. We spent a week at Vicenza, finding in its lovely neighbourhood quite the ideal Italy—rich foregrounds of vines trailed from tree to tree, and terraces of roses, with the background of the peaked and snow-tipped Alps. My mother was so unequal to long journeys, and so much enjoyed the few sights she was still

able to see, that the end of November only found us arrived at Pisa. Though already much affected by the cold, she was still so far well that I was able to be absent from her for two days at Siena and S. Gemignano. It was during this time that I received her last precious little letter.

M. H. *to* A. J. C. H.

"*Nov.* 30, *half-past eight* A.M.—The sparrow in its nest with blinking eyes tells its young one that she has had a better night, only a few croaks and much sleep. The parent bird hopes the dark sky will like yesterday change to a bright one, and that the absent bird will fly about to its heart's content and then return to the shadow of her wings."

Soon after I had rejoined her at Pisa, and when she was increasingly ill and suffering, a catastrophe occurred which forcibly detained us for many weeks afterwards.

A. J. C. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*Hôtel de Londres, Pisa, Dec.* 11, 1869.—How little you will be able to imagine all we have been going through in the last twenty-four hours. We have had a number of adventures in our different travels, but this is by far the worst that has ever befallen us. However, I must tell our story consecutively.

"For the last three days mother has been very ill. On Thursday morning she had an attack of fainting, and grew worse throughout the day. Yesterday morning she was rather better, but still in bed and very feeble indeed.

"The rain, which has lasted for so many weeks, has lately continued to fall day and night in torrents. The Arno was much swollen. I saw it on Thursday, very curious—quite up to the top of the arches of the bridge.

"Yesterday, Friday, Madame Victoire * came to dine with Lea, and afterwards she came in to see us, and then Flora's children came in to be shown pictures. I think it must have been half-past three P.M. when they took leave of us; Lea went with them down the passage. Soon she came in saying that little Anna said there was 'such an odd water coming down the street, would I come and see;' and from the passage window I saw a volume of muddy water slowly pouring down the street, not from the Arno, but from towards the railway-station, the part of the street towards Lung' Arno (our street ends at the beautiful Spina Chapel) remaining quite dry. The children were delighted and clapped their hands. I was going out to see what had happened, but before I reached the foot of the staircase the great heavy waves of the yellow flood were pouring into the courtyard, and stealing under the door of the entrance-hall.

"The scene for the next half hour baffles all description. Flora and her mother stood on the principal staircase crying and wringing their hands, the servants rushed about in distraction, and all the time the heavy yellow waters rose and rose, covering first the wheels of the omnibus, the vases, the statues in the garden, then high up into the trees. ..... Inside the carpets were rising, swaying on the water, and in five minutes the large pieces of furniture were beginning to crash one against the other. I ran at the first minute to the Garde Meublé, and dragged our great box up the stairs; it was the only piece of luggage saved. Then I rushed to the salle à manger, and calling to Flora to save her money from the bureau, swept all the silver laid out for dinner into a table-cloth and got it safe off. From that moment it was a *sauve qui peut*. P. and I handed rows of

* Victoire Ackermann, for forty years a faithful servant and friend of the Hare family. "Flora" (Madame Limozin) was her daughter.

jugs, tea-pots, sugar-basons, &c., to the maids, who carried them away in lapfuls. In this way we saved all the glass; but before we could begin upon the other side of the salle, where the best china was, the water was up to our waists, and we were obliged to retreat, carrying off the tea-urns as a last spoil. The whole family, with Amabile and all the old servants, were now down in the water; but a great deal of time was lost in the belief that a poor half-witted Russian lady was locked up drowning in her room on the ground-floor, and in breaking in her door; though when at last the lower panel of the door was dashed in, the room was full of water, and all the furniture swimming about, but the lady had gone out for a walk!

"As I was coming up from the lower rooms with a load of looking-glasses to the stairs, a boat crashed in through the principal entrance, bringing home the poor lady, and two others, English, who had been caught in the flood at the end of the street, and had been in the greatest peril. The boatmen refused to bring them the few steps necessary until they had paid twenty francs, and then refused altogether to bring a poor Italian gentleman, who had no money to give them. Victoire insisted upon taking advantage of this chance boat to return to her own house; it was a dreadful scene, all the women in the house crying and imploring her to stay, but she would not be dissuaded from embarking. She arrived after several hairbreadth escapes. When she reached her own house the current was so strong, and the boat was dashed so violently against the walls, that it was impossible for her to land; but at length the boat was driven under her larger house, which is let to Marchese Guadagna of Florence. Sheets were let down from the upper windows, and she was fastened to them, and those above began to draw her up; but when she reached the grille of the first floor, and was suspended in mid-air, the current carried

away the boat, and at the same moment the great wall in front, opposite S. Antonio, fell with an awful crash. The Guadagna family, however, held tight to the sheets, and she was raised at last, but, when landed in the upper room, fell upon the floor insensible. However, this morning the Marchese has passed in a boat and announced her safety.

"The walls were by this time falling in every direction, with a dull roar, into the yellow waters. The noise was dreadful; the cries of the drowning animals, the shrieks of the women, especially of a mother whose children were in the country, wringing her hands at the window of the opposite house. The water indoors was rising so rapidly that it was impossible to remain any longer on the side nearest the principal staircase, and we fled to the other end, where Pilotto, a poor boy in the service who had been dangerously ill of ophthalmia, was roused from his bed, and, ill as he was, was more use than any one else in receiving the clocks, bedding, and all small movable articles which I could rescue from the rooms on that side. We had saved the greater part of the china, when, just as I was descending upon one of the washing-stands, a huge wave swept it off with a crash before my eyes; after which I jumped upon a sofa to cut down poor old Felix's portrait, and the sofa floated away with me like a boat. The great difficulty in reaching things was always caused by the carpets rising, and making it almost impossible to get out of the room again. The last thing I carried off was the 'Travellers' Book,' all the other books were lost. (I have been obliged to follow my own especial history, because I do not know what happened on the other staircase.) It was above half-past five P.M., I think, when we were finally obliged to come out of the water, which was then icily cold.

"Meantime the scene in the street was terrible. The missing children of the woman opposite were brought in a boat, and drawn up in sheets, and the street, now a deep

river, was crowded with boats, torches flashing on the water, and lights gleaming in every window. All the poor hens (thirty) in the henhouse at the end of the balcony were making a terrible noise as they were being slowly drowned, and even the pigeons and ducks were so frightened they could not escape, and several floated dead past the window. The garden was covered with cushions, tables, chairs, books, and ladies' dresses, floating out of the lower rooms. There was great fear that the omnibus horse and driver were drowned, and the Limozins were crying dreadfully about it, but the man was drawn up late at night from a boat, whose crew had found him on a wall, and the horse still exists on the terrace you will remember at the bottom of the garden, where it is nearly out of the water. The street was covered with furniture, carved armoires, &c., floating down into the great current of the Arno. The cries of the drowning animals were quite human.

"Meantime, my poor mother had lain perfectly still and patient; but about six P.M. as the water had reached the last step of the lower staircase, and was mounting higher, we had our luggage carried up to the third floor, secured a few valuables in case of sudden flight, as they would have allowed us to take no luggage in a boat, and began to get mother dressed. There was no immediate danger, but if another embankment broke there might be at any moment, and it was well to be prepared. Night closed in terribly—a heavy black sky, and waters swelling round the house, every now and then the roar of a wall falling in the neighbourhood, and beneath us the crashing of the floors and the furniture breaking up in the lower rooms. Mother lay down dressed; most of the visitors walked the passages to watch the danger-marks made above water on the staircase, and to try to comfort the unhappy family in what seems likely to be their total ruin. It seemed as if daylight would

never come; but at six A.M., though only seven steps of the staircase were uncovered, the water was certainly an inch lower

"It was strange to come back to daylight in our besieged fortress, with nothing but water beneath us and all around. There had been no time to save any food, so there was only one loaf and some cheese, which was dealt out in equal and very minute rations, and every one had to economize the water in their jugs (no chance of any other) and the candles in their bedroom candlesticks. A saucepan had been brought up to our room, and this was the only cooking utensil saved. As the morning wore on, all the visitors, armed with the iron rods of their beds, were placed at the windows overhanging the great balcony, because it was observed that the wooden hen-house would not bear the force of the waves much longer. At last the grand moment came, the hen-house broke up, the thirty corpses of the drowned hens floated by, and were all hooked up in turn. Then at eleven o'clock the corpse of a drowned hen was boiled down in the saucepan. and we all partook of it with the most intense enjoyment, and at two P.M. another drowned hen, and so on. Happily all the guests are perfectly good-tempered and accommodating, and no one makes any difficulties.

"This morning I spent chiefly on the stairs at the water's edge hooking what I could; sometimes a chair was washed by, sometimes a jug, a basin, or a piece of clothing. This afternoon the Vicomte de Vauriol, with a boat, has broken into one of the rooms towards the garden and saved some valuable boxes of money, &c., which we have all been guiding with sheets let down from the balcony to the stairs where they are landed as at a wharf. Madame de Vauriol herself had a narrow escape from a sitting-room on the ground-floor. She was lately married, and the whole of her magnificent trousseau has floated away over the country.

"The alarm had so far subsided that we were able to put the mother really to bed this morning. We shall hope to be delivered soon, but when we cannot imagine, as the railways to Leghorn, Spezia, and Florence must be under water, and besides, just now (four P.M.) comes news that the Government have cut the railways to let the water pass through from the town (which they surround like a wall) into the country."

"*Dec.* 19.—Mother has been so ill ever since the catastrophe, that there is no chance yet of our being able to move, though now the waters are subsiding, the smell of the mud is quite overwhelming. Seventy persons have been found drowned near this, including a mother and seven children who had shut their door against the waves, and not being able to open it again, perished together in one room."

"*Dec.* 27.—Mother is slightly better, but neither her health nor the weather allow of our moving. Rain still falls in incessant torrents both day and night, mingled with snow, thunder, and lightning, and it is almost dark at midday."

M. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*Rome, Jan.* 12.—Oh, with what thankfulness did I quit Pisa, most especially to be delivered from the terrors of a renewed flood, for up to the last the constant cry was 'L'Arno è sbordato—L'aqua viene!' &c. All the way to Leghorn the rails were only just above the vast expanse of waters, but the bridge was not broken down, as it had been twice before. And when we reached the neighbourhood of the Tiber, it was almost equally frightful, the water above the hedges, &c. It was midnight when we arrived here."

We found a delightful apartment at Rome in No. 33, Via Gregoriana, but only two days after our arrival my mother

had a terrible fall, which stunned her at the time, and from which she never entirely recovered. On the 7th of February she had a slight paralytic seizure, and a more severe one on the 13th of March, after which she was in the greatest danger for some time, and she was never able to walk or to use her left side or arm again.

A. J. C. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*Feb.* 19.—The mother has rallied again to a certain degree of power, but is able to do very, very little—a very few verses in the Bible is the most she can read. Our lovely view is a perpetual enjoyment to her, the town beneath us so picturesque in the blue indistinctness of the morning, and St. Peter's so grand against the golden sunsets."

M. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*March* 7.—After going down to the bottom I am slowly creeping up again, but it seems as if I should never end this long winter's illness, and my weakness gets more and more. Mrs. Woodward is, as ever, most kind to me."

A. J. C. H. *to* Miss Leycester.

"*March* 26.—My darling mother is now in a very peaceful, happy state—no longer one of suffering, which is, oh such a rest to us! She is now able to articulate, so that I always, and others often, can understand her. She feels painfully the great weight of the useless limbs, but we are a little able to relieve this by making tiny pillows of cotton wool, which support them in different places. We have plenty of kind help. Mrs. Woodward comes and goes constantly, and on Monday night we were pleasantly surprised

by the arrival of Amabile from Pisa, who is quite a tower of strength to us, as Lea's intense devotion and motherly tenderness for her poor helpless mistress, could not have kept her up under the ever-increasing fatigue. I sleep on the floor by mother's side, and scarcely ever leave her."

"*May* 15.—The weather has been absolutely perfect. I never remember such weeks of hot sunshine, and yet never oppressive, such a delicious bracing air always. The flowers are quite glorious, and our poor people—grateful as Italians always are—keep the sick-room constantly supplied with the loveliest roses ever seen.

"But, alas, it has been a very sad week nevertheless, and if I ever allowed myself to think of it, my heart would sink within me. My dearest mother has been so very, very suffering, in fact there have been few hours free from really acute pain, and in spite of her sweet patience, and her natural leaning only towards thanksgiving, her wails have been most piteous, and the flesh indeed a burden. . . . Dr. Grigor told Lea it was the most suffering phase of paralysis, and that it usually produced such dreadful impatience, that he wondered at her power of self-control, but from my sweetest mother we never hear one word which is not of perfect patience and faith and thanksgiving, though her prayers aloud for patience are sometimes almost too touching for us to bear. She thinks with interest of the story of the centurion's servant—'grievously tormented.' She is constantly repeating hymns, and her memory for them is wonderful, indeed they are her chief occupation."

"*May* 26.—Terrible as the gulf seems between us and England, we hope to set out on Monday. Each day now is a farewell. Mother has been able to go several drives, and has used each of them to see some favourite place for the last time,—the Coliseum, the Parco di San Gregorio—the

Lateran—and, last of all, the grave at the cemetery of Caius Cestius. The sentinel allowed her little carriage to pass along the turf, and so she reached it and took leave of it, knowing she could never see it again. Many former servants and poor women we have known here have begged to see her once more,—they all kiss her hands with tears on taking leave, and are most of all affected by her helpless state and sweet face of patience."

"*Florence, June* 1.—Monday was a terribly fatiguing day, but mother remained in bed and was very composed, only most anxious that nothing should occur to delay the departure, and to prove that she was quite well enough for it. At five P.M. Mrs. Woodward came and sate by her while we were occupied with last preparations, and at six Miss F. came. At seven mother was carried down, and went off in a little low carriage with Mrs. Woodward and Lea, I following in a large carriage with Miss F. and the luggage. There was quite a collection of our humbler friends to see her off and kiss hands. At the railway the poor Maria de Bonis was waiting, and she and Mrs. Woodward remained with mother, and had her carried straight through by the side entrance to the railway coupé which was secured for us. We felt deeply having then to take leave of the kindest of friends, who has been such a comfort and blessing to us—certainly, next to you, the chief support of mother's later years. 'Oh how beautiful it will be when the gates which are now ajar are quite open!' were her last words to mother.

"The carriage was most luxuriously comfortable, little sofas to let down, and so much room, every appliance for an invalid—nothing like it in England. Mother slept a little, and though she wailed occasionally, it was no worse than an ordinary night. The dawn was lovely over the rich Tuscan valleys, so bright with vines and corn, tall cypresses, and

high villa roofs; she quite enjoyed it. She was carried straight through to a carriage on arriving here, and so to the hotel."

The remainder of the journey to England was managed by slow stages and several days' rest in the reviving air of Macon, and at last, on the 16th of June, with almost as great surprise as thankfulness, we found ourselves at Holmhurst.

For some time my mother continued in such a state of utter prostration from the effort she had made, that she was scarcely able to notice the fact of her having arrived safely in her beloved home, but then she regained a certain portion of strength, and for four precious months she was restored to be our joy and blessing. She never recovered the lost power of her limbs, but she was able almost every day to be carried down to her garden, and to sit for hours amongst her flowers. In her great helplessness she seemed to find each hour too short for her outpouring of thanksgiving, and as if she was unable to see anything *but* the silver lining of all her clouds, so incessantly did she dwell upon the abundance of her mercies, so unfailingly did she rejoice in the love and beauty which surrounded her. Her dear cousin, Miss Leycester, passed the whole of September with her, and many loving friends and nieces came in turn to cheer and comfort, and went away feeling that they themselves instead were cheered and comforted. Her memory seemed not only unimpaired but intensified. She could repeat the whole of the Psalms and innumerable hymns, and they seemed to soothe and help her whenever her pains returned.

A. J. C. H.'s JOURNAL.

"*July* 21.—The mother often *talks* to me in her hymns. To-night when I left her, she said, with her lovely sweetness, 'Good-night, darling,

> 'Go sleep like closing flowers at night,
> And Heaven your morn will bless.

'I never *wish* to leave you,' she said one day. 'I never wish for death—always remember that. I should like to stay with you as long as ever I can.... I try so not to groan when you are here; you must not grudge me a few groans when you go out of the room.'"

"*July* 18.—'I had such a sweet dream of your aunt Lucy last night. I thought we were together again, so that I could speak to her, and I said, "How I *do* miss you," and she said she was near me. I do not know if I had been thinking of—

> 'Saints in glory perfect made
> Wait thine escort through the shade.

I think, perhaps, I had been thinking of that.'"

"*July* 19.—'Yes, I know the Psalms, many in your uncle Julius' version too. Many a time it keeps me quiet for hours to know and repeat them. I should never have got through my journey if I had not had so many to repeat, to still the impatience.'"

"*August* 7.—'Read me the end of the Pilgrim's Progress, about the entering upon the Land of Beulah; that is what I like to dwell upon.'"

"*Oct.* 20.—'I always think that walking through one of the Roman picture galleries is like walking through the Old and New Testament, with the blessed company of apostles and martyrs by one's side.'"

"*Nov.* 4.—My mother has been almost free from pain for two months, with many hours of real pleasure in the flowers and sunshine. She has been up in her chair daily from two to five P.M. Sometimes she has even been able to write down some of her 'Ricordi.' After tea I have generally read to her, concluding with a chapter and some hymns. Last night I read Luke xvi. and a hymn on 'Rest,' which she asked for. When I was going to wish her good-night, she said, 'I do hope, darling, I am not like the ungrateful lepers. I try to be *always* praising God, but I know that I never can praise Him enough for His many, many mercies to me.' I could not but feel in the alarm which so soon followed, if my dearest one never spoke to me again, what beautiful last words those would have been, and how characteristic of *her;* for at two P.M. that night I was awaked by the dreadful sound which has haunted me ever since the night of March 12 in the Via Gregoriana. It was another paralytic seizure. . . ."

"*Nov.* 9.—There is no great change—a happy, painless state, the mind very feeble, all its power gone, but peaceful, loving, full of patience, faith, and thankfulness."

"*Nov.* 16.—And since I wrote last, the great, the unutterable desolation, so long looked for, so often warded off, has come to me.

"On Thursday, the 10th, my mother was much better, though her mind was a little feeble. I felt then, as I feel a thousand times more now, how strangely mistaken people were who spoke of the trial her mental feebleness might be to me. It only endeared her to me a thousandfold—her gentle confidence, her sweet clinging to supply the words and ideas which no longer came as quickly as they used, —made her only more unspeakably lovable. On this day I remember that she mentioned several times that she heard beautiful music: this made no impression on me *then.*

"Friday, the 11th, was one of her brightest days. I forget whether it was that morning or the next that my darling told me she had had such a beautiful dream of her childhood and of Adderley, 'and old Lady Corbet, who first taught me to know what was beautiful.'

"At two P.M. she was helped up, and partly dressed, and sate in her large arm-chair by the fire, with her pretty old-fashioned cap on, and a nice little scarlet cloak which Miss Wright had given her. She wrote a little letter, and then I read to her. After her tea at four o'clock, I sate at her feet, and she talked to me most sweetly of all the places she had admired most in the different stages of her life—of Llangollen, in her childhood, and Capel Curig, and the beech-wood at Alderley—of Rhianva, and of many places abroad, especially Narni, and Villar in the Vaudois, of which I had been making a drawing. Then she asked to have one of her old journals read, and I read one of Rome, and she spoke of how much happiness she had enjoyed there—though she had endured much suffering. She spoke of the pines in the Pamfili Doria. She was especially bright and sunny. I remember saying to her playfully, as I sate at her feet, 'Take a little notice of me, darling; you do not take enough notice of me,' and her stroking my head and saying, 'Oh, you dear child!' and laughing.

"At six o'clock she was put to bed. Afterwards I read to her a chapter in St. Luke—'Let this cup pass from me'—and sate in the room till half-past nine; and except her own tender 'good-night,' when I went down-stairs then, I cannot recollect that she spoke. I remember looking back as I opened the door, and seeing my sweet mother lying upon her side, as she always did, and her dear eyes following me with a more than usually tender expression as I left the room.

"When I went back again in an hour she was very ill.

. . . She scarcely spoke again; and, as for all those thirty-six hours which followed I never left her, they all seem to me like one long terrible night. I remember nothing distinctly. . . . Each hour of Saturday night I became more alarmed. Towards dawn, kneeling on the bed, I said the hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and some of the short prayers in the Visitation of the Sick, but she was then fading rapidly, and at last I said the hymn, 'How bright those glorious spirits shine,' which we had agreed should only be used as the sign that I *knew* that the solemn hour of our parting was surely come. I think that then my darling knew this too. About half-past nine A.M. all suffering ceased. My mother, whose eyes were fast closing then, fixed them upon me with a long, long farewell look of her own unfathomable, unsurpassable love; then turned to Lea, then again to me, and then, as I rang the bell at my elbow, and her other faithful servants, in answer, passed sobbing into the room, and stood at the foot of the bed, my darling, my most precious mother, just when the first stroke of the church bell sounded for morning-prayers, gently, very gently, with a lovely expression of intense beatitude fixed on something *beyond* us,—gently sighed away her spirit in my arms.

"When the sweet eyes closed, and the dear face lost its last shadow of colour, I came away. As I passed the window I saw the first snow-flakes fall. But she is beyond the reach of winter *now*—snow and frost can never signify any more.

* * * * *

"And since then her precious earthly form has been lying, with her hands folded on her breast as if she were praying—the dear lame hand quite supple now, and softly folded upon the other. Her face has lost every sign of suffering, and even of age, and her features are smooth and white, as if

they were chiselled in marble. Her closed eyelids and sweetly curving mouth express the most perfect restfulness. The room is draped with white and filled with flowers. Two large camellias stand at the head of the bed, making a kind of bower, beneath which she lies. On the table, draped with white, are all her own especial objects—her now sacred relics—her bronze wolf, her little gold tray with her spectacles, smelling-bottle, &c., and all her special hymn-books.

"At first I went in often in my great agony, but I did not draw down the sheet, but now I draw it down and look at my dearest one in her solemn, unearthly repose. . . . This wonderful beauty is God's merciful gift to comfort me."

* * * * *

I have copied these fragments from my journal at the time. I could not go over that time again afresh. Perhaps to others they will be of no interest . . . . but I will just leave them.

The funeral was on Nov. 21, at Hurstmonceaux. For her, with whom every association was sunshine, all the usual signs of a funeral seemed out of place. There was no gloomy hearse, no 'panoply' of grief; but her coffin, wreathed with flowers, lay in the drawing-room at Hurstmonceaux Place, and thither those who loved her most—the children of her brother and sister, with their husbands and wives, and many old friends—came to follow her to the grave. Through the well-known lanes the precious burden was carried by eighteen bearers in white smock-frocks, looking (said one who saw them from a distance) "like a great band of

choristers," to the old church on the hill-top, connected with so many sacred memories. Many of the poor, who so tenderly loved her, were present in the church —many who had wept with and for her by the graves of her lost and loved ones gone before, and laid in that churchyard.

There—not far from the ancient storm-beaten yew-tree, beneath which Julius and Marcus are buried, but more in the sunshine, on the terraced edge of the churchyard, looking down upon the Level, which she used to delight in as like the Roman Campagna—is our sacred resting-place. A white marble cross marks it now. It is only inscribed—

MARIA HARE.

Nov. 22, 1798; Nov. 13, 1870.

Until the Daybreak.

These family Memorials are ended now. Nearly all those who shared my mother's gentle companionship have passed away from earth, and we may believe that with her they "inherit the promises."

The story of their quiet life is one which tells how they were led heavenwards by no strange turning, but through a straight path leading through various scenes, and thickly fraught, as most earthly paths are, with alternate joys and sorrows. If this story shall help, guide, and comfort any after pilgrims in the same common way, it will have fulfilled the wishes of her who, in that hope, permitted it to be

written, as well as those of the writer—her most desolate son.

"Day after day, we think what she is doing,
In the bright realms of air;
Year after year, her gentle steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

"Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which Nature gives;
Thinking that our remembrance, tho' unspoken,
May reach her where she lives."

THE END.

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